THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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OCT. 13, 1928

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William Hazlett Upson — Charles Brackett — Isaac F. Marcosson — R. G. Kirk

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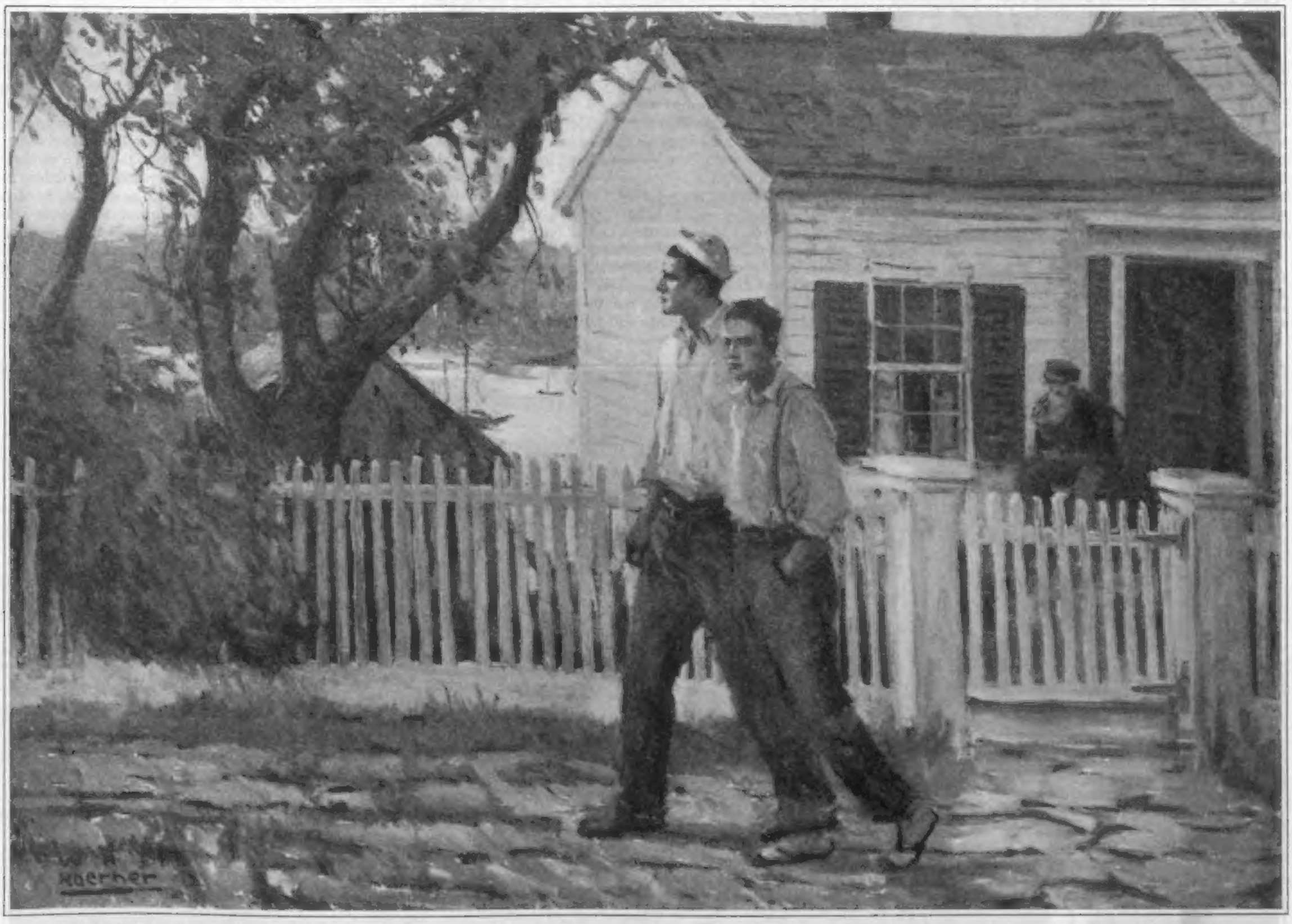
A SON OF ANAK



"Quiet Place," Thad Said Softly. "They Don't Seem Excited at Our Dropping In on Them." "Everyone in the Place is Watching Us," Bram Assured Him

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE dingy little sloop called the Bargee—the name was painted in orange letters framed in black across the stern—crept out of Burnt Island Thoroughfare and crawled at a snail's pace eastward across the bay. Her sails were shabby, her white paint was not so white as it might have been, and her appearance was in every way disreputable.

She seemed a painted ship upon a painted ocean, so leisurely she moved. A little later on, toward sunset, a breeze would arise, but just now there was scarce any stirring of the air at all. The sea lay like a prairie, smooth and slumbering; and from somewhere to the southeast, past the Western Ear at the foot of Isle au Haut, there came a slow and sighing movement, a gigantic undulation. Thus the sea which appeared to be so flat was in fact a series of planes inclined at slight angles to one another. Long surges a quarter of a mile from crest to crest, each crest no more than a foot or so above the trough which lay between them, slid in from the open ocean and broke in a sleepy tumble of rushing foam across half-tide ledges here and there. From the deck of the sloop these swells were scarce perceptible, but a swimmer would have found that from his point of view the nearer islands were hidden now and then behind a slant of water.

To the southeastward lay Kimball Island, and behind it the high land of Isle au Haut; Kimball Head and Moore Head and Western Head beyond; to the north a scattering of tiny islands, clotting thick and thicker toward Deer Isle. Once upon a time, as the old tales used to run, a giant dwelt hereabouts. The giant was made of ice, and his fingers scratched deep gouges in the earth from north to south. The gouges, as long as they stay ashore, are valleys; they dip into the sea and become bays. The higher land between them forms ridges and mountains and promontories and scattering strings of islands like flung beads. Thus the coast is fringed with capes and cut by bays and sounds and fiords, deep and narrow. So about the sloop now lay a scene of startling, rugged beauty. Blue water shaded toward green against the rocky shores; the islands lay each in a mat of color; green spruce and fir and hemlock and some pine darkly clothed the farther hills. To the northeast lay Mount Desert; northwest, the heights by Camden. And there the sun drew low, seemed about to dip into a cloud mass where a thundershower was remotely brewing.

Bram Dickery was not particularly attentive to the beauty of the afternoon. The sun on the water hurt his eyes, and he would have preferred a more constant breeze. Only the murmur of a little eddy under the broad stern and the fact that there was a smooth belly in the sail assured him they were making progress at all. He sat sprawling by the wheel, his eyes half closed.

Dickery was a big young man—an extremely big young man—and his garb revealed the fact. His only garment appeared to be a stained pair of overalls. Below it his bare feet appeared, and his gaunt ankles halfway to the knee, for the overalls were chopped off raggedly, as though the tailoring had been done with a dull knife. His chest and shoulders and his arms were a deep brown that was almost black from long exposure to the sun. His skin, it might be guessed, lent itself to such a blackening, and the disorderly mane of his black hair and the blue stubble on his chin made him seem even darker than he was. By the long angle of his legs as he sat there, you might reasonably have guessed his height above six feet. He could, when he chose, stand six-feet-four. His frame was tremendous, but it still presented a lanky, youthful aspect, for his bones were not yet burdened with the load of flesh for which they were designed.

When he broke training at the end of the football season eight months before, he weighed two hundred and three; he was ten pounds above that now, and would be heavier. He had been recognized last November as the best tackle of the year. Some critics had questioned his wit, his ability to diagnose plays and to suit his movements to a sudden emergency, but no one had caviled at the ferocity of his charge, the destructive fury with which he blocked incoming ends and the appalling fashion in which he overwhelmed the opposing quarterback when he went down the field under punts. One expert wrote:

Dickery doesn't need to figure out where a play is coming. He just knocks down the whole opposing team. When he blocks an end, the end stays blocked; and five touchdowns were scored by his team on fumbles resulting from the fierceness with which he tackled punt receivers.

The fact that Dickery had also lost the big game of the year by allowing himself to be tricked into too deep a charge on a critical play was a matter known only to the coaches and to one other man. Not even Dickery knew, for the coaches were too kind for recriminations, and the other man was Dickery's friend. His name was Thad Gilson. He had captained the team and played quarterback, and just now, as naked as the day he was born, he sprawled fast asleep across the hatch forward of the cockpit, with a rolled oilskin coat for a pillow and his arm across his eyes. His body from head to foot was a golden brown, and beneath the golden skin the muscles lay in smooth bands. The sun found a glint of red in the flax of his hair and across the stubble on his chin. Dickery looked toward him now and then, and when he did so the big man's black eyes had an almost feminine softness in them—since Thad could not see.

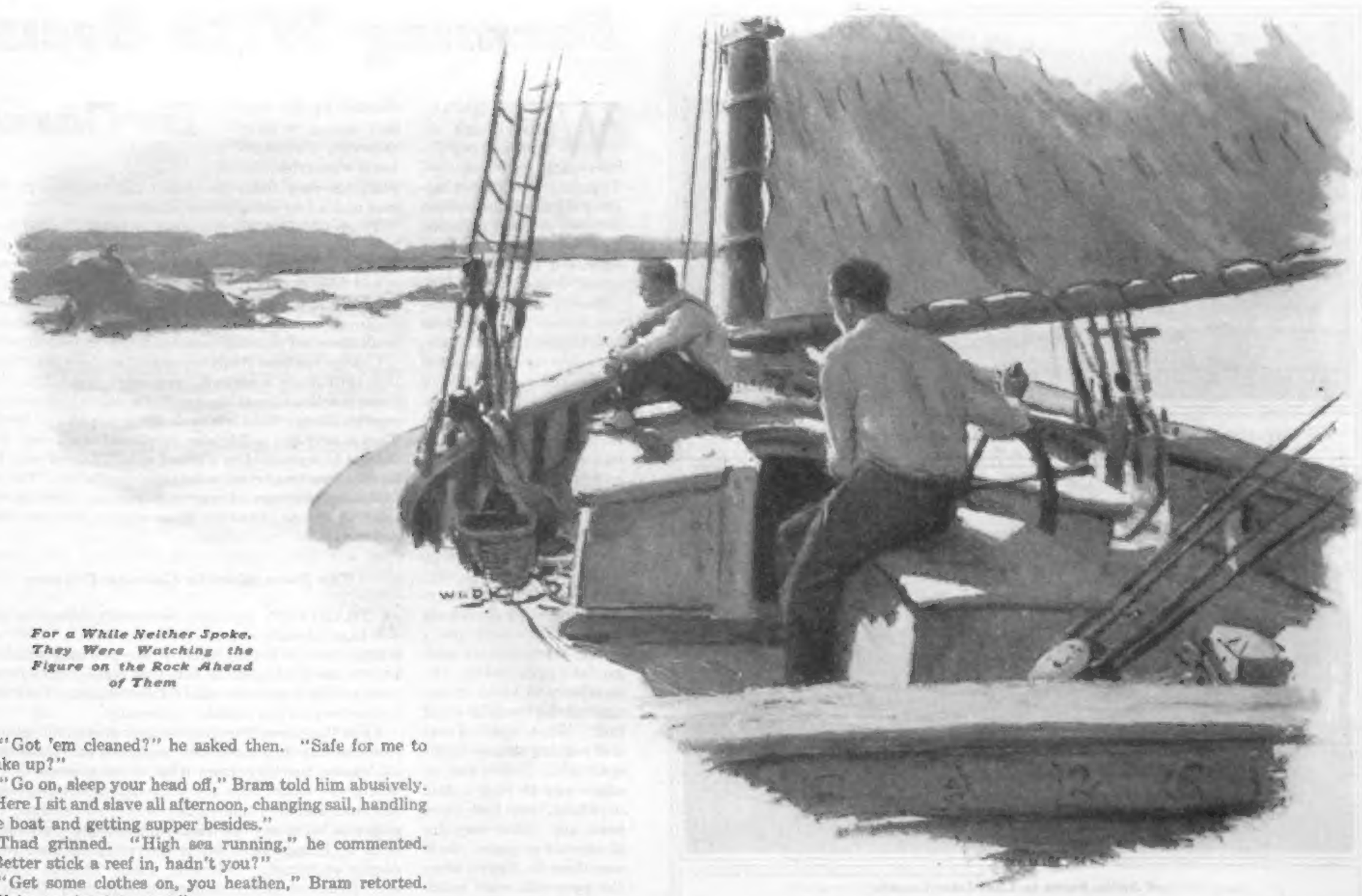
It has been said that they were friends, but the statement bears repeating for the sake of emphasis. Dickery was a New Englander; his summers since his infancy had been spent at Friendship. Gilson's home was in Iowa. Bram Dickery's father was wealthy; Thad's had been a country editor and was now sixteen years dead. Also Thad's mother had died two years before, and his four years at college and the three years at law school which he and Bram expected to share together were the fruit of his own efforts. This summer along the Maine coast was Bram's project. He had suggested that they take his twenty-four-foot knockabout, but Thad good-naturedly insisted that the adventure be on even terms, so they were reduced to this sloop, bought secondhand from a disgusted fisherman at terms within Thad's reach. The craft was able; it would stand any weather, but its paint was scabby, its sail was dotted with blue mold, the engine under a box in the cockpit was asthmatic and indifferent to the demands upon it, the hold was redolent of fish, and the forecastle, in spite of a coat of whitewash and what scrubbing the two had been able to accomplish, smelled of stale grease and kerosene. For a month past they had been drifting indolently into ports and harbors and out again, going where they chose, stopping when they were so minded, proceeding when they wearied of their anchorage.

After the first fortnight Bram forgot to swear at their craft; Thad had found it wholly delightful from the first. It was Thad's first vacation in nine years, since heretofore his summers had been turned to fruitful industry. He devoured leisure gustily and without scruple. Just now he slept and Bram sprawled at the wheel and the sloop inched its way along.

They had anchored for a while at noon to fish, and three haddock lay in a bucket by Bram's feet. Now and then he looked down at them resentfully and tried to look away again and forget that they were there. But after a while, with a muttered word of resentment at the necessity, he bestirred himself, dropped a loop over one spoke of the wheel and picked his way past Thad's sleeping figure to the forecastle companion. He reappeared with a knife and a bit of board and sat down by the wheel and began to clean the fish. The Bargee demanded no attention.

Ahead of them, a mile or two away, a wooded island lay in the eye of the sun; and Bram now and then looked in that direction, or gave the wheel an imperceptible turn. For the rest, he busied himself with the fish. The offal he dropped over the stern and a gull discovered it from afar and came to sweep up a tasty bit. Other birds saw this one and hurried to the feast. Sometimes they caught up fragments in their bills from the water without ceasing their flight, but one of the heads proved too large for such handling, and three or four of the birds alighted to quarrel over it, settling their wings in a fashion that suited them. Their movements were full of grace; the curve of their wings as they flew, or the spreading arch of their pinions as they were folded, soothed the eye with new beauty in each movement. But if they were beautiful they were also noisy; their harsh, scolding cries disturbed the sleeping man. He opened his eyes, saw what went forward, and promptly closed his eyes again. Bram did not observe this movement; and not till the sound of splashing water advised him that the cleaning was done, the washing begun, did Thad open his eyes once more.

For a Moment She Stood There, Looking Out at Them. Then She Said Gravely, "Father, Supper's Ready!"



For a While Neither Spoke. They Were Watching the Figure on the Rock Ahead of Them

"Got 'em cleaned?" he asked then. "Safe for me to wake up?"

"Go on, sleep your head off," Bram told him abusively. "Here I sit and slave all afternoon, changing sail, handling the boat and getting supper besides."

Thad grinned. "High sea running," he commented. "Better stick a reef in, hadn't you?"

"Get some clothes on, you heathen," Bram retorted. "We're coming into port."

The other looked forward. Ahead of them the island lay in the glare of the sun. On its southern point trees stood like skeletons against the flame which lay along the sea behind them.

"Going in there, are we?" he asked.

Bram nodded. "Gas," he explained. "Salt pork. Coffee. Bread."

Thad got up and stretched himself like a cat. He went forward to the bow and poised there for a moment, then dove cleanly. A moment later he came to the surface beside the sloop and blew noisily and floated there as the Bargee slid past him. A dory trailed astern, and he took a stroke or two and laid hands on it and clung for a little, relaxing deliciously as the tingling water flowed along his sides. When he tired of that, he swam forward once more and his head rose dripping above the level of the deck as he pulled himself aboard by a line that dangled there. He stood wiping the water from his body with his hands.

"I can swim circles around this racer of yours," he called jeeringly, and Bram grinned.

"Stick these fish downstairs," he directed. "They'll be broiled if they stay in the sun, and we can't eat yet. I'm going overboard."

Lee Wing

He stood up and twisted his big shoulders free of the straps of his overalls, and his great body stabbed the sea. Thad took the fish down into the forecastle, emerged with a towel and dried himself, gave Bram a hand when the other climbed aboard. He lighted a cigarette and gave one to Bram and they smoked silently for a moment. Then Bram reached down the companion for his towel. Thad descended into the forecastle and emerged in shirt, overalls and sneakers. He took the wheel as Bram went below.

The sun was nearer the banked clouds. From somewhere up the bay came the staccato of a motorboat, and Thad looked that way and saw a two-master, two or three miles away, with a dory half out of water tied at her stern, an engine in the dory lending the schooner power. Bram stayed below. A whisper of wind came along from the southeast, faintly ruffling the water. The island lay now not more than a mile ahead of them, and Thad fumbled in a locker and found a chart and unrolled it, studying their position. This must be Split Apple Island, he decided. From where they were it appeared to be a single island, but the chart showed a narrow channel running through its middle from east to west. The island was small—little more than a mile across. By the chart, there was a harbor on the northeast side.

Bram was the navigator, but Thad had found a fascination in learning these waters, in studying the chart dotted with depth figures, with hieroglyphic abbreviations, and with symbols that represented buoys and beacons and range lights, and the like. He was fascinated by the curious names of the islands; liked to roll these names across his tongue. The beauty all about delighted him, and the novelty of this whole experience had roused in him an eager interest not only in their own movements but in each individual whom they encountered. Bram had made some attempt to modify these enthusiasms. After Thad had embroiled them for the third or fourth time in matters that were in no way their concern, he spoke in harsh terms.

"You little sap," he protested. "You're no blooming Don Quixote!"

They had just picked up a lobster-pot buoy broken adrift from its mooring, and Thad had insisted on cruising back and forth in an effort to find the line from which it had worked free. A rifle shot from the nearest shore, whistling over their heads, warned them away.

Thad grinned. "That's all right," he retorted, "if he wants to lose his pot. I was just trying to help him."

"Yeah," Bram agreed, "and get a bullet for your pains. You've got to leave things alone around here."

But Thad was not cured, nor was he like to be. If they saw what appeared to be an empty dory afloat upon the bay, or if they sighted a man adrift in a silent motorboat, or if they watched a fishing sloop tacking in an apparently aimless fashion to and fro, Thad always wanted to investigate to discover what the trouble might be.

"Might need our help," he argued. "And if they don't, there's no harm done."

Bram snorted his disgust, but Thad good-naturedly continued to ignore the other's protests till Bram gave up those protests in despair.

Just now, as the sloop drifted toward Split Apple Island, making a little more way as the breeze picked up, Thad surveyed the chart. The island—or rather the two islands which were considered one—was almost circular, but on the south a point extended a little way offshore; and beyond it, by the chart, there lay a few scattering rocks and ledges bedded in a bar of sand. Thad, peering ahead into the eye of the sun, tried to make out the forms of these rocks, but he could not see them in the glare. To the southward, however, he did discover the spar buoy, black against the brightness, which marked the tip of the bar. It was time to run northerly, toward the harbor; but Thad, inattentive to such matters, held the sloop on her way, her course westerly, directly toward this bar.

Bram came on deck by and by. He had shaved, and the blue beard on his chin had given way to a suggestion of pallor.

Thad grinned and asked amiably, "Got a date tonight?"

"Trying to look respectable," Bram retorted. "Someone's got to."

"Man," said Thad admiringly, "he's even put on socks!"

"You better stay aboard," said Bram disapprovingly. "Or if you land, pretend you don't know me."

"What perfume do you use?" Thad asked sweetly; and Bram chuckled and came back to sit on the other side of the wheel.

"Bring her up that way," he directed. "Where you going?"

"Who cares?" Thad retorted. "What'll we do when we get there?"

"You better go shave, or wash your face or something," Bram suggested. "I'll take her."

"I'm going to raise a beard," Thad announced.

"Yeah!" Bram commented. He was squinting toward the sun, now about to dip behind the clouds. Thad swung the wheel, and the Bargee, with a creak of gear, obligingly turned more to the north.

"Let out that sheet some," Thad suggested.

Bram shook his head; he took the wheel and put the sloop back upon her course.

"Wait a minute," he protested. "Look ahead there. You see what I see?"

Thad obediently looked. The sun had gone; its radiance still filled the sky, but there was no longer such a blinding glare upon the water. Against this modified illumination Thad saw now the string of ledges off the south point of the island. Two or three hundred yards offshore one rock

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A Farm Landscape in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE LANCASTER CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

A Dairy Farm in Lancaster County

A One-Ton Hog Litter in York County, Pennsylvania

Farming With Secu-

By Garet

WEEDS in the Old Dutchland of Pennsylvania have such names as devil's grass and wild morning-glory—a subtle distinction between evil and affliction by view of the source whence it cometh and the intent thereof.

Nearly everything that can happen to agriculture has happened to it here, save only the experience of failure and a conviction of distress. Power and knowledge have worked their amazements. In the harvest of 1828 there were counted 102 men and women reaping a field of wheat by hand with sickles. The observer who left this exact fact had a statistical mania; or it may be that he supposed he was leaving a comment everybody would understand on a master farmer who took no chances with the weather and hired at one time all the hands he could find. What else? There was nothing strange in the spectacle. There was no other way to reap a field of wheat, nor had there been any other way for thousands of years. So it was done in Egypt when the pyramids were building. After reaping came threshing. One mighty with the flail could thresh sixteen bushels in a day. Roughly, the labor of nine on the soil was required to produce, above their own needs, a surplus of food sufficient to sustain one urbanite. Therefore nine-tenths of the population was agricultural.

Change Accepted

NOW only one-quarter of the population is agricultural. One man on the soil feeds, besides himself, three urbanites; and there is yet a surplus. The grain that was cut and shocked by 102 men and women in that crowded Pennsylvania wheat field 100 years ago may today be reaped and threshed by two men and a boy using power machinery.

To an Old Dutchland farmer in 1828 it would have been impossible to impart the mechanical idea of a tractor. A literary description of it would not have surprised him at all. He was expecting such terrors to come before the end of the world, according to the Book of Revelation. Now he digs his potatoes with it and hauls them to Pittsburgh and Baltimore in motortrucks.

Change has been freely accepted, for there is acting in this agriculture a shrewd, responsive mentality; but there is acting also at the heart of it still a very old and wise tradition. That is what keeps it so rich and lovely. That is why the soil retains its primal sweetness, why Nature is persuaded to a mood of candor and why the land is free from certain economic maladies. The inflationary delirium of war and postwar time hardly touched it. So, likewise, there was no disaster from deflation.

The Pennsylvania German Country

A TRADITION that may be exactly defined is perhaps already dead. This one lives. There are many places in Pennsylvania where you may touch it, but its true hold upon life is in that region which for no very precise reason we call Old Dutchland. York and Lancaster counties contain it generally.

From the names they gave to their group habitations, from the way they made their two cities with the houses all leaning together, from what is reminiscent of Old World eye patterns in the landscape and farmsteads, and from a kind of time mellowness in all textures, you might be led to say the tradition is foreign—race memories of Europe here longer surviving because more deeply enshrined. Coleraine, Little Britain, Fulton and Drumore—there settled the English Quakers. Carnarvon for the Welsh dissenters. East and West Donegal for the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. Moravians at Lititz, with the graveyard in which the men and the women, the married and unmarried, and the children, are buried in separate aisles. Manheim, settled by the Germans; there was Baron Stiegel with his precious Stiegel glass. Ephrata of the Cloisters, founded by German pietists. York and Lancaster were named for the two houses whose contest for rule of England produced the War of the Roses. The red rose is Lancaster City's formal emblem. Her streets—and those of York, too—are named for dukes and queens and kings. Each county built a city, and one city is like the other, only that one is York and one is Lancaster. One makes tire chains, safes and vaults, cigars, wall and roofing papers and refrigerating machinery. The other makes locks, watches, linoleum, umbrellas and silk textiles.

In both the industry is native—that is to say, it originated where it is. In both cases it relies on native labor, and does so by choice. It has absorbed all that part of the population that is no longer required to till

A Market in York, Where Farm Produce is Sold Direct to Consumers

A Lancaster County Farmstead. Three Generations Have Lived Here

rity and Independence

Garrett the soil. Both cities are directly and systematically supplied with food by native agriculture. It follows from these last few facts that the relations between urban and rural life are intimate.

Lancaster City invites Lancaster County to dinner and salutes it thus:

To the Lancaster farmer, who produces 90 per cent of the state's tobacco; who from an acre of ground can and does produce more bushels of corn or of wheat than the farmer of any other county in the United States; who makes Lancaster County outstanding in the production of milk, butter and eggs; who feeds and trades cattle to such an extent that Lancaster has the largest cattle market east of Chicago; who is so abreast of the times that Lancaster County stands Number One among the counties of the nation in value of production per acre—the business and professional men of Lancaster City and of the Lancaster Chamber of Commerce bid you welcome.

This is praise on the facts, in no manner exaggerated, and yet a thoughtful gift to such as may sometimes ache for want of it. The dinner is made up wholly of Lancaster County products, down to the cigars, with the source of each thing—the celery, the beef, the mushrooms, the potatoes and the corn—specifically mentioned. But that is nothing strange. So also are all the private tables in the city set with native food products, by habit and preference.

What will appear is that the tradition acting deeply in agriculture acts also in the relations between agriculture and industry, and then in industry itself, and the total result is a complex life transacting itself in simple rhythms.

As to whether it is, or was to begin with, an Old World tradition, that altogether depends on what you mean. No pioneers brought more wisdom to the founding of American civilization. Few loved less the things they left behind them. They were dissenters, nonconformists, mystics, soul rebels all of them. Their Old World memories were of persecution.

Each to His Choice

THE English Quakers, who were not the best farmers, took the northland.

The Germans preferred the middle land, where the soil's lime content was high. Many of these were Mennonites from the Palatinate, a place on the Rhine between Bavaria and Alsace; and of the Mennonites alone there were at least four sects—the old, the reformed, the Amish who wore buttons and the stricter Amish who fastened themselves in with hooks because they thought buttons too worldly. These last are sometimes called Hooker Mennonites. The Mennonites of all sects called themselves the Plain People. Other Germans were Lutherans, Seventh-day Baptists, Winebrenners, Tunkers, or Dunkers, and pietists so extreme that they founded at Ephrata the Camp of Solitary Brethren and led a monastic life, until they added also the Spiritual Virgins and instituted then an austere conventicle life.

The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians were English and Scotch people who went to Ireland as lessees of the Irish rebel estates confiscated by the English crown. Having been persecuted by the English king as religious nonconformists and by the Irish as enemies, they were sick of their leases before they ran out. About 1700 they began to migrate hither. These took the southland, especially in York County, not for the soil but for the landscape more, loving its romantic and mysterious qualities.

What a curious racial foundation! Could there have been an imported tradition there?

Early Farming

ONE can hardly imagine it, nor anything more in common among so many sects than a sense of freedom to save their souls. Even this was not complete. The more extreme cults, particularly the Seventh-day Baptists, with their feet washings, their nocturnal communion ceremonies and their Sabbath-keeping on Saturday, which meant working on Sunday, were persecuted by their neighbors.

Nor had they any tradition of agriculture to be commonly practiced. Their life was extremely crude. They drove wagons with log wheels; they ground grain in hollow stumps. As late as 1830 a pleasure carriage was a novelty and a scandal, called a chair. Travel was by horseback. They were not good farmers, really—not until they turned their minds to it, and that was long afterward. They cleared away the timber and sowed wheat, barley and corn, without any sense of rotation or what the soil would stand, until they had almost ruined it. Some of it went barren or would produce only buckwheat. Clover to restore

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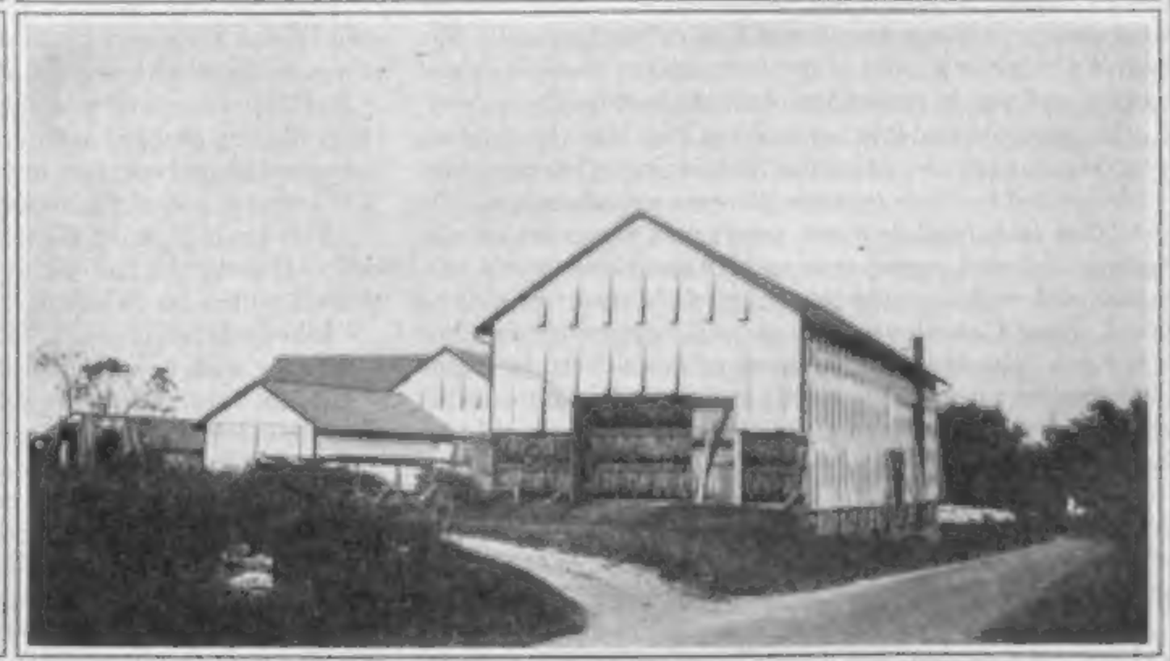
Swine Breeders of York County, Pursuing News of the Latest Ideas

Potato Growers Also Pursuing News of the Latest Ideas

A Lancaster County Farm Homestead

Wheat is Still Ground Locally in This Old Pennsylvania German Flour Mill



A Tobacco Farm in Lancaster County

EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"COME here, darlings," Katherine the Great called to her young, "and speak to your Great-aunt Genevieve."

As usual on winter afternoons when no one was expected, Lena, their nurse, had apparently disguised her charges as ragamuffins, but it couldn't be helped now. Katherine pulled the shabby tam o' shanter from small Katherine's head as soon as she came near enough and gave a dab at her smooth hair.

"Mummy," Katherine the Small said, "can we play tiddledywinks in the kitchen with Jenny before supper?"

"Go and shake hands with your Great-aunt Genevieve, darling," Katherine said.

Katherine the Small advanced, holding out her hand, and curtsied mechanically while she repeated her question:

"But can we play tiddledywinks with Jenny in the kitchen before supper, mummy?"

"And this is Patty," Katherine said brightly, ignoring her older daughter while she pulled off her younger daughter's tam o' shanter, fluffed up her curls and advanced her. "What do you say to Great-aunt Genevieve?"

"How do you do?" Patty mumbled. "But can we, mummy?"

"I want you to ask Lena to put some pretty dresses on you, and then I want you to come in here and play for a while. Aunt Genevieve lives a long way away and we see her so seldom. Afterward you can have your tiddledywinks with Jenny if Jenny will let you."

Katherine the Small said "Oh, dear!" under her breath, and flounced a little as she went out of the room with Patty.

Doug's Aunt Genevieve went right on with what she had been saying before the children entered:

"She's a good woman, but not what I call a spiritual-minded woman, if you know what I mean. She's certainly not the helpmate for a young man who intends to make his future in the church."

Doug's Aunt Genevieve was the wife of a bishop and she had a gift for making Katherine feel as though she, Katherine, were one of the poor of the diocese and a rather unworthy case. Nevertheless, Aunt Genevieve was the godmother of Katherine the Small. She hadn't a chick or a child of her own, and as she had lots of money, and was in possession of all the best family jewelry, Katherine could find it in her heart to wish that the children would manage to be just a little bit winning in her presence.

She waited for their return with some apprehension while she tried to formulate some intelligent comment on the material-minded young woman of Aunt Genevieve's narrative, although she suspected that she'd never be able to use it. Aunt Genevieve rarely paused long enough to allow comment. Not that Aunt Genevieve was a chatterer. Her conversation unrolled like yards and yards of good sensible cloth from a bolt—the sort of cloth institutions would buy for their inmates.

"But then I don't know who is spiritual-minded nowadays; I don't know who has a sense of spiritual values. I often say to William, 'William, we live in an age of robots.' Do you know what robots are?"

"Yes," Katherine said; but it turned out to have been a rhetorical question, and Aunt Genevieve wasn't going to be done out of answering it herself.

"They are mechanical men made to work for the world. People aren't people any more. They are machines."

Aunt Genevieve herself seemed to Katherine to have all the warm humanity of an electric ice box, but it was easy to nod acquiescence.

The children came back in dotted dresses like small bright blizzards. They had on their bronze slippers, too, and it was quite apparent that they expected some appreciation, but Aunt Genevieve never even looked at them.

They seated themselves on an ottoman. Flap, flop, flap, the bolts unrolled.

It developed that the material-minded young woman had only secured Aunt Genevieve's momentary interest by presuming to become engaged to some Mr. Leech. Mr. Leech, Katherine was led to believe, had been rescued from her by Aunt Genevieve's direct intervention.

The children began stretching out their legs to see if they could touch the stand that held the fire irons. If they did, it would upset with a great clatter.

Katherine Frowned and Shook Her Head at Them So They Stopped, But Plunged Into a Long Whispered Conversation Between Themselves, Just Under Audibility

Katherine frowned and shook her head at them so they stopped, but plunged into a long whispered conversation between themselves, just under audibility. Presently Kit Kat scurried out of the room.

"Mr. Leech," Aunt Genevieve dissertated, "is what I call a thoroughly fine young man—a crusader. I don't think I go too far in calling him a crusader."

"Is he a relation of yours?" Katherine asked, for no reason.

"I only wish he were," Aunt Genevieve replied.

Kit Kat returned with a small target under her arm and her hands full of bows and arrows.

"I don't think we'll have any shooting games in here," Katherine murmured, under cover of a long paragraph from Aunt Genevieve about Purpose.

Kit Kat stopped dead still. "Yes," she said.

Katherine knew there would be shrieks if she were firm. "In that corner then," she yielded, and her expression never changed from one of reverent attention to Aunt Genevieve.

"It seems to me that all we can do in this world is try to make the path easier for those who are going to help. That's what your Uncle William and I believe."

The stock of bolts Aunt Genevieve had to display that afternoon was apparently inexhaustible. In their corner, the children practiced archery with impolite absorption accompanied by small squeals.

At last Aunt Genevieve rose to her feet and said, "I must be going: the roads are very bad." She then noticed what the children were doing. "Gracious!" she said. "Couldn't they put out our eyes with those things?" It was the sole remark she had made about them.

Katherine the Small said immediately, "Oh, no! You see, they have rubber tips. They couldn't hurt you."

"Well, I'd prefer not to be hit with one," Aunt Genevieve observed, and left.

"I think at least she could have said they were pretty children," Katherine the Great said in her account to her husband. "She might have said, 'They have no manners whatever, but they're enchanting to look at.' That wouldn't have violated the truth; but she never gave any evidence that she knew they were in the room."

"It's too bad," Doug Calder commented, "seeing that she's got every one of the Medcraft jools."

"How did she happen to get them, and not your mother?" Katherine asked.

"Oh, she came by them honestly," Doug said. "We have a family habit of speaking as though she'd slipped them out from under Grandmother Medcraft's pillow when grandmother was in her last agony, but as a matter of fact, when the estate was divided, mother, who had a growing family, was very glad to get cash instead of pearls and diamonds."

"Well, they're perfectly beautiful," Katherine sighed. "She had on a great mustard plaster of rose diamonds today that I suppose is part of them, and since they're family heirlooms ——"

"And since she hasn't a chick or a child ——" Doug carried on.

"I was thinking of that this afternoon," Katherine observed; "and then it occurred to me how strange it would have been if Aunt Genevieve had had a chick."

Doug laughed. "I wish the Calder sisters could have been at their best," he said. "What did you say to the young ladies after she left?"

"I told them I was sorry, but I hadn't been proud of them."

"Did that break their little hearts?"

"It did not. They were terribly interested. Kit Kat said, 'Why weren't you proud of us?' I said, 'Because you acted like savages before a guest.' Kit Kat asked, 'How did we act like savages?' I said, 'You acted as though you weren't interested in her.' Then in unison they cried, 'But we weren't interested in her.' 'Very well,' I said, 'in future I think you'd better not come in the room when I have guests until you've acquired some interest in grown-ups.'"

"That was a threat and a half."

"Well, I managed to imply that my drawing-room was going to be filled with the most fascinating people in the near future—clowns and pirates and all the nice people out of the Little Colonel books. It was really quite successful. They sniveled a little, but I was firm. Heaven knows, I don't want them to turn into awful, artificial, mannerly children, but I'm not going through this afternoon again. There's only one consolation for it. I don't suppose I'll see Aunt Genevieve again for at least a year, shall I?"

"You never can tell about Aunt Genevieve," Doug said. "She's a swooper. Sometimes she'll swoop down three or four times in quick succession, then it will be years before she appears."

"Now We Will Sing Again"

The threat of Katherine the Great to withdraw the freedom of her drawing-room from her daughters was made more or less toothless by the fact that, two days after Aunt Genevieve's visit, Katherine the Small came down with whooping cough, and so the children couldn't see anyone anyway.

It was not unexpected. Three weeks before, Kit Kat had been exposed to whooping cough in school, and she had a marvelous gift for reacting to any germ just as sound medical books said a child would. Moreover, as was usual with Kit Kat's diseases, she didn't have it badly, nor yet extraordinarily lightly—just a reliable, unmistakable case.

"I don't know that it isn't rather more comfortable than Patty's method," Katherine said in commenting on it to Doug. "I suppose Patty's a more robust child, but she's erratic."

"You don't think she's waited all this time and is now going to come down with whooping cough, do you?" Doug asked, aghast.

"No, I'm almost convinced that those few coughs she gave way back last Christmas were whooping cough and all the whooping cough she's ever going to have. If you remember, I rather suspected that they were at the time."

"Well, it's slick to have whooping cough checked off the list, anyway," Doug said. "Next season measles."

That was the day Patty gave her first whoop. Thereafter it seemed as though Patty were bent on demonstrating what a real attack of whooping cough could be. The Calder house was not particularly small or badly built, but you could hear Patty's whoops from one end of it to the other. The household had been somewhat worn down by Kit Kat's bout with the malady, but as Patty worked into her crescendo every individual under the roof with her began to look as though he or she had been drawn through a knot hole equipped with special splinters.

Whooping cough is the most dramatic of complaints. Hearing her struggle for it, one couldn't believe Patty would ever catch her breath again, and Patty wasn't long in appreciating the advantages to which the drama could be put. For five years Patty had been a younger sister. With the whooping cough, she became an absolute empress.

"Don't do that, Kit Kat," someone was always saying. "It will make Patty cry, and you know that if she cries she whoops."

Patty enacted strict laws for the conduct of her court. Lena or her mother or Jenny the cook was allowed to be present when she was having a seizure. Katherine the Small and Doug were absolutely excluded.

"Why do you shut Kit Kat out?" her mother questioned.

"Because she laughs," Patty announced.

"But I don't laugh," Doug protested. "Why should you keep me away too?"

"Because you look worried," Patty told him.

Doug resigned himself to the lack of some mysterious technic of lightness, but he hated not to be of help. As for Katherine the Small, who had expected to revel in her convalescent freedom from school, she went back to her books the instant the doctor permitted her to, with no protests and a grateful heart.

As soon as the worst of Patty's sickness was past, Doug had to carry Katherine the Great away for a couple of week-ends almost bodily; and before the twelve weeks of it were ended, even Lena the stalwart and faithful had to be sent away on a vacation and Jenny installed in her place.

That was completely satisfactory to the children. Jenny was Norwegian and as pretty as some rose-and-gold goddess of cold northern springs. She was near enough to being a child herself to know all sorts of games and plays; and Easter, which was coming upon them, filled her with an excitement she communicated to her charges.

The house seethed with the promise of rabbits and eggs and flowers; and to make Easter even more exciting, the celebration of Patty's birthday, which had fallen at the very peak of her malady, had been set for Easter too. She'd had her presents, but not her party. Though Patty was guaranteed to be beyond the contagious stage, Katherine didn't think her daughter's nerves were up to the strain of little guests; so, with infinite diplomacy, Patty had been brought to decide that a party of just family would be nicest. As a matter of fact, what Patty was to have on Easter was her cake.

Jenny, who particularly worshiped Patty, wouldn't let her substitute in the kitchen bake or even help with the cake, so special did it have to be, so giddily ornate.

Even that wasn't all. On Maundy Thursday, when Doug, who had received a disturbing letter, burst into the nursery to communicate its contents to Katherine, he was greeted with shrieks from the inhabitants: "Oh, Mr. Calder!"—from Jenny. "Don't look, daddy!"—from Kit Kat; and a peremptory "Get out of here!"—from Patty.

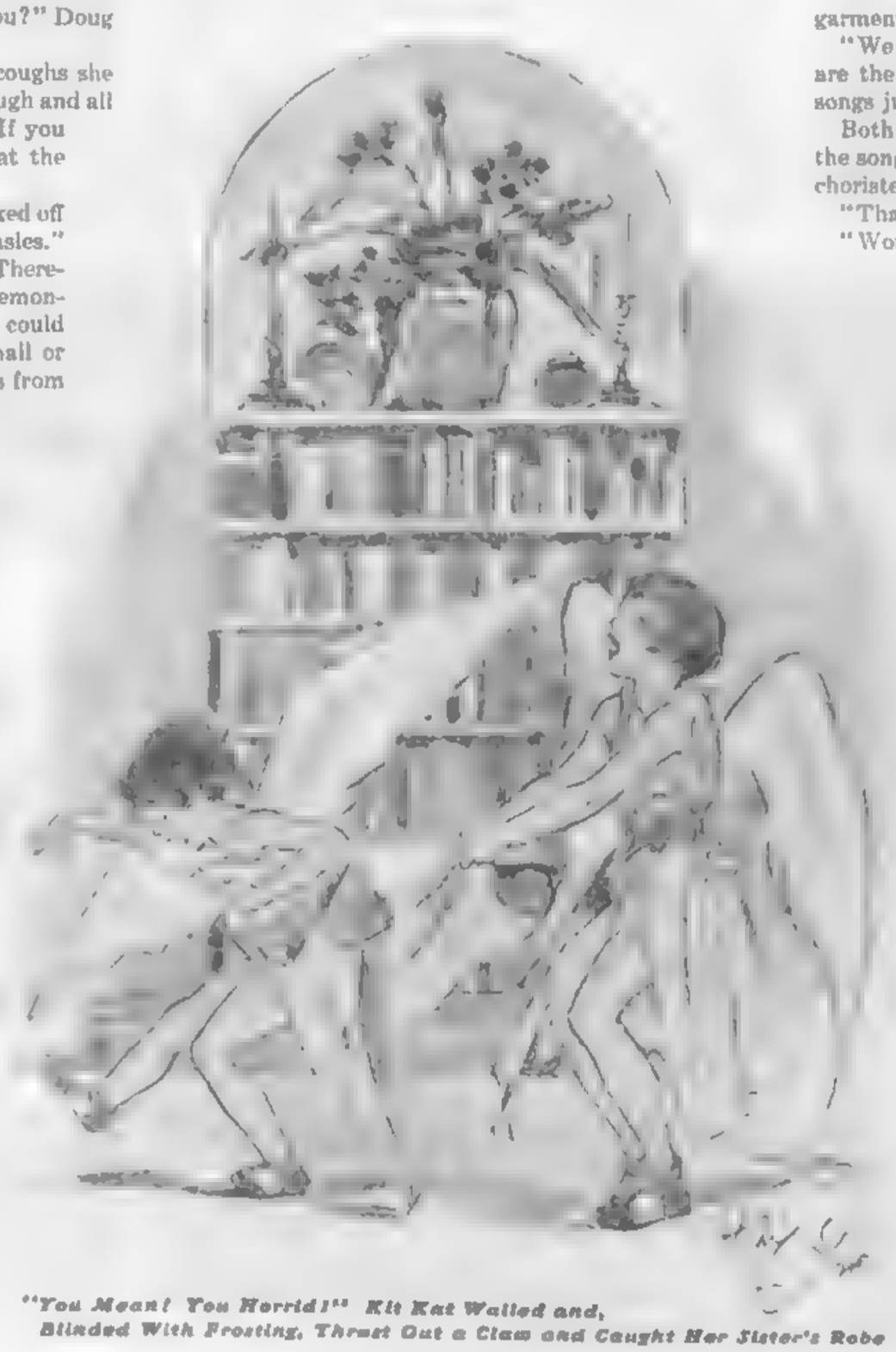
Doug stood in the door stupid with surprise. The children were being pinned into some sort of garments by Jenny.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"It's a surprise," Kit Kat wailed.

"It was going to be a surprise," Patty sobbed in correction of her big sister.

Jenny calmed them: "It will be better to tell daddy so daddy can help you into them. Remember, Sunday is my day off. I will not be here. Someone will have to help you pin on the wings."



"You Mean! You Horrid!" Kit Kat Wailed and, Blinded With Frosting, Thrust Out a Claw and Caught Her Sister's Robe

"Angels Ever Bright and Fair"

Doug hadn't realized that Sunday was Jenny's day off. That made the news he had received much worse.

"Oh, yes, to have daddy will be fun," Katherine the Small said.

"So we can surprise mummy."

"Let me tell daddy," Katherine the Small begged Jenny.

"I will tell him," Patty announced.

"Let Patty; because Patty has been sick," Jenny decided.

Pale but glowing, Patty came close to Doug in the white garment, which turned out to be of crêpe paper.

"We are going to be Easter angels," she said. "These are the beginnings of the dresses. We are going to sing songs just like real angels."

Both children were as yet tone-deaf, so Doug judged that the songs would be like those of the less musical heavenly choristers, but he knew enough to be enthusiastic.

"That will be great!"

"Won't mummy be surprised?"

"She certainly will."

"You will have to pin the dresses, Mr. Calder," Jenny said. "And I will fold the paper into wings and leave them in the drawer to be pinned on."

"Where's mummy now?" Doug asked. "I've got to talk to her."

"She's in the dining room. We made her promise to stay there and keep the door shut."

"That was cautious of you," Doug laughed, and went downstairs.

"I told you Aunt Genevieve was a swooper," he broached his news to Katherine. "I've had a letter from her."

"She's not coming again!"

"I'm afraid she is, but only for a few hours."

"When?"

"Easter. The bishop is preaching in Hartley and she wonders if she can come for Sunday luncheon and bring a young man who's being sent here as curate."

"Damnation!" Katherine said.

Instantly, with one of those curious marital changes, Doug felt that it was a very good thing that Aunt Genevieve was coming.

"Well, is there any reason why she shouldn't?" he asked tartly.

"None except that it's the worst day she could have chosen, with Jenny off and the children expecting a party and worn out anyway, and a cornfield hand in the kitchen."

"It doesn't matter about food."

"Doesn't it? I know those spiritual-minded people, once they settle down with a knife and fork. Did you say she was bringing someone with her?"

"Just this curate."

(Continued on Page 93)

BRIGHTER BRITAIN

Britain's Great Airport at Croydon

An Air View of the Morris Motor Plant at Oxford

By Isaac F. Marcosson

NOT long after the war an enterprising British publicity agent created the slogan Brighter London with the idea of lightening the metropolitan gloom. Gay colors were worn, shows jazzed and life generally pepped up. It helped to make the people forget the long travail they had endured and the business slump that followed. Today that admonition may well be enlarged to Brighter Britain, because it expresses the mood of the whole nation.

This does not mean that the economic millennium has arrived. John Bull still has a long way to go before he can sit back with folded arms and view with satisfaction a complete return to normalcy. Unemployment persists around the million mark; key industries such as coal, cotton, rubber and steel remain more or less in the dumps and trade returns continue fickle. Despite these factors, there is a newborn buoyancy of spirit. A psychological something, difficult to analyze, inspires the country with a large degree of optimism. After many false starts the old land seems to be turning the corner at last.

This optimism has a definite basis. For the first time since 1914 the labor sky is clearing, not through compulsory arbitration but considered conciliation. A program of mutual benefit for employer and employe is shaping as a result of the Mond-Turner conferences. If carried out it will give Britain immunity from the costly dislocation, due to trade-union excesses, which have been her principal handicap.

Empire Consciousness

BUT this is only a phase of the cheering picture. Combined marketing schemes are beginning to lift coal out of the slough of despond A quota system is giving a new film freedom for better or worse. Industry becomes more close knit through constantly increasing trustification. A budget surplus supplants chronic deficit. The volume of exports of British goods during the last six months has been 8 per cent greater than in 1914. Empire consciousness is being capitalized in terms of expanding oversea trade.

The empire consciousness is worthy of brief analysis, because it has helped to accelerate the new British trade movement in which we participate. Formerly Britannia wrapped the union jack around herself and looked upon dominion commerce as her divine right. Interfamily business became a tradition upon which that proverbial sun never set. The rest of the empire, with no disloyalty to the mother country—its kinship was proved with blood and sacrifice in the World War—shied at being coddled. It wanted both economic and political self-determination, and they were realized in 1926, when the British Commonwealth of Nations was created. It meant the scrapping of the word "empire," but it also fostered a new economic relationship based on practicality and not sentiment.

In consequence Britain's sales to India have risen from $350,000,000 to more than $420,000,000, while those to Australia and New Zealand have increased from $220,000,000 to $406,000,000. Now we get to the link with the United States. Once we struck our world-trade stride, we fastened our hooks into the eight major units of the empire structure. Last year we sold them $2,000,000,000 worth of goods, or about two-fifths of our total exports. The British viewed this penetration with alarm until they discovered that increased purchases from us, mainly of commodities that England could not manufacture, helped to build up a larger buying power, whether in India, South Africa, Australia or Canada.

Britain's New Five Million Cubic Foot Barney Rolls-Royce Airship R-100 Now Nearing Completion at Howden, Yorkshire

The growing economic relationship between Britain and her various dominions has been stimulated by the activities of the Empire Marketing Board set up by the government in 1926 to develop preference for imperial products. Its appeal is embodied in the admonition: "Whenever you can find empire produce, whether grown at home or overseas, that is satisfactory in price and quality, buy it in preference to foreign produce." By colored posters, advertisements, displays at exhibitions and during shopping weeks, the appeal is broadcast.

The Empire Marketing Board does not stop at promotion of products. It has initiated movements to fortify them. Among other things, it enabled the Imperial Bureau of Entomology to buy and maintain the strangest zoo in the world, in which the parasites that prey on fruits and cereals are collected and studied. In the interest of the stock owners and flock masters it has also inspired a study of empire grass crops which includes investigations in Scotland, Australia, Kenya and New Zealand. Realizing that the tropics are the empire hothouses, the board has further subsidized tropical and subtropical agricultural research by giving considerable subsidies to the Imperial College in Trinidad and the Amani Institute in the highlands of Tanganyika.

A Crown Jewel

ANOTHER condition, almost equally revolutionary, must be understood in order to appreciate the turn in the tide of affairs. It grows out of what that diverting French observer, André Siegfried, called the passing of England's economic hegemony.

Few people need be told that the backbone of Britain's one-time economic supremacy was coal, reenforced by a shipping that ruled the seas. The age of coal, which marked the zenith of her power and prosperity, began with the conclusion of the Napoleonic Wars and continued with little interruption until the outbreak of the World War in 1914. Britain's vessels went out laden with coal or manufactured products and returned with raw materials. They had cargoes both ways. Coal did not belie its name of black diamond, because it was the principal jewel in the kingdom's industrial diadem.

The second factor that made for economic conquest was Britain's position as principal workshop of the world. Manchester's textiles and Sheffield's cutlery, for example,

were universal staples. Bulwarking coal and manufactures was the pound sterling, which dominated nearly every major international financial transaction London was the money center and England the international broker.

Then came the great change. Other nations, first Germany and later the United States, began to dispute Britain's industrial supremacy. Despite this competition, England might have maintained the old equilibrium to a large extent but for the triple disaster that engulfed coal First was the advent of oil to stoke the furnaces of power afloat and ashore. Close upon this change was hydroelectric development. Europe, from Sweden to Italy, bristled with plants that harnessed water force and enhanced man's independence of the mined product.

These twin agencies were bad enough, but a third broke in the shape of labor conflict within the British coal belt. It crowned England's mounting misfortunes. The four coal strikes since 1912 almost demoralized an industry already menaced by an excess of pits and unscientific methods of production. The last coal strike—it precipitated the famous general strike in 1926 cost the kingdom £300,000,000, or $1,500,000,000. Money loss merely comprised a single detail in a chronicle of trouble, because the long stoppage lost Britain many old markets. They went to Germany, Poland and the United States.

Coal suddenly changed from asset to distinct liability and became synonymous with chaos. Britain waked up to the fact that she had depended too much on coal. It was the old story of having all the eggs in one basket.

The Blackest Industrial Spot

NOT only was coal dethroned but the complements to the old supremacy reared on coal shrank because of high cost of industrial production. Again you find the cause rooted in labor exactions. Britain began to lose prestige in her old selling stamping grounds—notably China, Argentina, Brazil and Canada. Formerly she had mainly paid for her heavy imports with exports. Now, with exports fading, she faced immense adverse balances of trade that thickened the national economic gloom.

Although these complications were probably inevitable because Britain had not kept pace with industrial progress, the crisis was precipitated by the World War. As many authorities have pointed out, England economically is the most vulnerable of all nations. Any outstanding world event instantly reacts destructively on her. During our Civil War, for example, she was hard put because of the embargo on cotton. It followed that the world conflagration not only sapped her man power, made a temporary dent in her financial resources but almost upset the whole economic status. New ills began to infect the national body, not the least of which was the widespread unemployment.

Ben Turner, President of the Trade Union Congress

For these more or less familiar reasons you can readily understand why the impression obtained in many quarters that Britain was down and out. This was notably the case in 1922, when the postwar boom flattened, and in 1926 when labor intimidation disheartened even the stoutest. Every time Britain rose up to rebuild her trade fences some new blow was dealt by a labor strike and she was forced back to her knees. It looked as if any narrative of her activities would be a continuous serial of woe.

British determination laid the general strike low and inspired the new order which began last year when the decks were cleared. It is now beginning to bear fruit. This is why the 1928 record of the march of British events is a chapter of hopeful endeavor. It mobilizes every force in the kingdom, labor included, for the first time since the war and postwar blight began, and likewise reaches out to take toll of imperial resource and reorganization.

Let us begin with what is literally the blackest industrial spot namely, coal. It has serious political potentialities as well, because the communists have exploited the miners in an effort to promote class war

At the start you must be told that three handicaps oppress the British mining industry. The first is that there

Lord Rothermere

William R. Morris, the Henry Ford of England

are too many miners. At the time I write not less than 250,000 miners are out of work. Mining is the only job they know and they have become an unassimilable element in the labor situation.

Second is the fact that there is an excess of mines. Many are unprofitable, but are operated because they have been in families for generations. Precedent dictates that they be kept going

Third is the high cost of production due to union restriction and failure to mine by machinery. It costs Great Britain nine shillings and sevenpence a shift, whereas Germany does it for eight shillings, and Poland for three shillings and ninepence This devastating overhead applies to the export operation as well. The railway rate from the Polish coal fields at Dantzic, a 400-mile haul, is the equivalent of three shillings and fourpence a ton, while the carriage from South Yorkshire to Hull, for example, a distance of fifty miles, is five shillings and sixpence a ton

As you have already seen, coal exports are vital to Britain's economic well-being because they help to redress the trade balance. In 1913 exports reached 73,400,118 tons, whereas last year they were a little over 50,000,000 tons.

Britain therefore faces the stupendous problem of reorganizing the whole coal industry. Since the war every production district has operated practically at a loss. During the first quarter of this year the total deficit was £2,212,039 as compared with £2,868,952 for the last quarter of 1927. Although these figures show a reduction on the red-ink side of the ledger, there is obvious need of drastic readjustment.

Many schemes have been advanced. They range from nationalization to a single huge coal trust. Midway between these two extremes lies rationalization—the process which the Germans have successfully applied to their industry. It means elimination of nonessential plants, increased output and intensive consolidation of export effort. This plan is now shaping.

Before it could be put into effect friendly relations between the operator and the miner had to be reestablished. In this respect circumstance worked for the employer. Lean years have depleted the war chests of the miners' union and actual self-preservation dictates reason. The comparatively new nonpolitical miners' union, which I described in these pages last year, is making strong headway against the old-line body. In consequence the British miner is producing more coal today than ever before and is glad to have the chance to do it. Last year's production was only 28,500,000 tons less than the 1913 output. Furthermore, machine cutting—it has constituted only 16 per cent of the coal mined—is being introduced on a wider scale. The menace of the German output, 69 per cent of which is machine-produced, will therefore be minimized

One significant change has manifested itself during the last six months in a growing fusion of big coal interests The latest step in consolidating the coal trade was the acquisition by the Amalgamated Anthracite Collieries of the properties of the Gwaun-cae-Gurwen Colliery Company and the Vale of Neath Colliery Company, including the Rock Colliery Company and the Penhydd Colliery. These are at present the second largest producers of anthracite coal, with an increasing output which is expected shortly to equal that of the Amalgamated Collieries.

The initial phase in coal reorganization—that is, the reduction of overhead through amalgamation and otherwise—is therefore in operation and marks a distinct advance. Sped-up output, however, requires immediate markets. Here again Britain faces her usual complication, because all Europe is in the throes of coal overproduction. Poland, for instance, increased output to meet the deficit created by the British coal strike in 1926. Coal has become one of her principal meal tickets. The mines must be kept active So it is with Germany, only to a lesser degree. Overproduction has meant a price war which struck Britain at the time when she needed a big coal revenue. She had just begun to galvanize her exports when this new crisis developed.

Fighting Foreign Competition

BRITAIN met it with an agency that reflects her awakened commercial spirit. It is a cooperative marketing scheme which counters Continental competition with an elastic price schedule, backed by coordinated effort. This is precisely what the Rhenish-Westphalia Coal Syndicate in Germany has done for years.

Practically the whole British coal-producing domain has been divided into four marketing areas. They are called Scotland, Northeastern, Midlands and South Wales. Every operator contributes threepence a ton to a pool for promotion of sales. Each area is allowed a quota for export and every effort is bent to get its product afloat. This helps to

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Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister

BIG BUSINESS

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS
Western Office,
Harvester Building,
San Francisco, California.
April 19, 1924.

Mr. Alexander Botts,
Biltmore Hotel,
Los Angeles, California.

DEAR MR. BOTTS: We have just received a letter from Mr. Spencer K. Yerkes, president of the Bianca Beach Development Corporation, requesting information about Earthworm tractors. Mr. Yerkes states that he is starting the development of a resort property near Los Angeles and will have to do a great deal of grading. We have written him that you will call on him, and we are depending on you to secure his order for as many tractors as his proposed work requires.

Very truly yours,
J. D. WHITCOMB,
Western Sales Manager.

"Sit Down, Mr. Botts," He Said. "Have a Cigar"

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY.
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT.

Date: Monday, April 21, 1924.

Written from: Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles, California.
Written by: Alexander Botts.

YOUR letter came yesterday. I called on Mr. Yerkes this afternoon. And I have every reason to suppose that I am about to put across one of the most important deals that I have ever handled since I first became a salesman for the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company. Mr. Yerkes is a big business man in the largest sense of the word, and it is therefore lucky that you intrusted this job to a man like myself, who is able to handle big things. When I tell you exactly what I have done so far you will realize what a tremendous proposition this is, and you will see that I am handling affairs with great skill and gradually working things around to the point of getting a big order.

I did not call on Mr. Yerkes in the morning. These big business men usually spend the time before lunch in reading mail, dictating letters and similar activities, reserving the afternoon for callers. It is therefore a great mistake for a salesman to call on an important prospect in the morning. Furthermore, I find that I am always in better shape to handle the subtle details of a selling talk if I have slept fairly late and not hurried myself at breakfast.

Accordingly I did not make my call until three o'clock in the afternoon. The office of the Bianca Beach Development Corporation is very large and handsome and in every way worthy of the high-grade business which it carries on. The outer office was large and airy. The young lady at the telephone switch took my card in to Mr. Yerkes and returned in a moment or two to usher me through a small gate, across the large outer room and into Mr. Yerkes' private office.

Never before have I seen such a splendid room. There was a thick Oriental rug on the floor. There was a tremendous carved mahogany desk that must have cost at least a thousand dollars. There were mahogany chairs and mahogany filing cases. In one corner was a small office-type electric refrigerator and water cooler of the latest design. And on the walls were several genuine oil paintings of California scenery and Spanish-type stucco houses. Everything was quiet, refined and richly luxurious. And the whole room seemed to be murmuring "I cost money." Naturally I was very favorably impressed.

Mr. Spencer K. Yerkes turned out to be a lean and efficient-looking man between thirty and forty years of age. He shook hands with me most cordially, and I was at once struck by his great natural charm and pleasing personality. And before I left I came to realize that he is also a person of intellect and imagination—a truly big man, capable of handling big things in a big way.

"Sit down, Mr. Botts," he said. "Have a cigar."

"Thank you," I said, taking one.

"I am a business man; my time is valuable. You are also a business man and your time is valuable. Let us get down to brass tacks at once."

"If you will tell me," I said, "what sort of work you are planning, I will be pleased to recommend the machinery necessary for doing it. Until I know exactly what you are going to do, I cannot talk intelligently."

"Quite right," said Mr. Yerkes. "I have a feeling, Mr. Botts, that we are going to get along very well."

"I am sure of it," I said.

"What I am planning to do," said Mr. Yerkes, "is to build a town. I have purchased a tract of twenty-five hundred acres. It includes two miles of ocean beach, and it extends back about two miles into the hills. At present the land is entirely unoccupied, but it is within easy driving distance of Los Angeles, and I am going to make it into the city's most beautiful suburb.

"I have bought water rights up in the mountains and I am going to build a five-mile aqueduct which will give Bianca Beach the finest water supply of any town its size on the coast. I am going to lay out streets and boulevards, parks and golf courses. As the ground is hilly, I will have to do a lot of grading. I will have to move a lot of dirt and I will probably need a lot of tractors to do it."

"When it comes to moving dirt," I said, "the Earthworm tractor is the wonder machine of the century. I have pictures and testimonials here in my brief case, and I am prepared to prove to you that the Earthworm tractor is exactly the machine you want."

"Never mind all that," said Mr. Yerkes, holding up his hand. "I already know the reputation of your company. In fact, I have already figured out that I will probably want twelve of your ten-ton machines."

"I have my blanks right here," I said, "and you might just as well sign an order for them right away. We can ship them out of Oakland tomorrow."

At this Mr. Yerkes smiled. "You are a fast worker and a splendid salesman," he said, "and it is a pleasure to do business with you. But I am not quite ready to sign an order."

"If there is anything more you wish to know about our tractors," I said, "I would be most happy to inform you."

"No," said Mr. Yerkes, "I have no doubts about your tractors. But I am a very conservative and cautious business man, and I have doubts about the buying public."

"What do you mean?"

"I am undertaking a very large enterprise," he said. "I have already spent two hundred thousand dollars for the land and fifty thousand dollars for the water rights, and I am planning to spend an even five million in development. I have every reason to suppose that the project will be a great success. There will be five thousand lots from a quarter to a half an acre in size. If I can sell these lots at an average price of five thousand dollars each, I will take in twenty-five million dollars. If I sell only half the lots, I will still make a handsome profit."

"It certainly looks like a good proposition," I said.

"Yes," said Mr. Yerkes. "But I am conservative. My friends say I am insanely conservative. I do not wish to go ahead until I have tested the reaction of the public. I am therefore offering two hundred lots at the absurdly low price of one thousand dollars each, five hundred dollars down and the rest on easy terms if desired. If I can dispose of this offering, I will have proof that the buying public is in the mood to support my scheme. But until I get this proof I will not move one grain of dirt; I will not spend one cent in development."

"I should think," I said, "that at that price the lots would go like hot cakes."

Mr. Yerkes' reply showed that he is a deep student of psychology. "You might think so," he said. "But the average man is very dense and matter-of-fact. He has no imagination. When you show him a tract of land that is covered with greasewood and cactus, without a street or a house in sight, he refuses to buy a lot at any price. He is a doubting Thomas. But the man of imagination sees more. With his mind's eye he gazes into the future and visualizes

"Have You Got Your Money Yet?" Asked Mr. Schwartzberger

the scene as it will be in a year or two. He sees hundreds of beautiful white stucco houses, with their red tile roofs, set in lovely rose gardens. He sees smooth concrete streets and sidewalks, a luxurious country club, a velvety green golf course, and crowds of bathers swimming in the glorious ocean surf or wandering up and down the pure white sands of the beach. The man with imagination buys his lot now for only a thousand dollars. Two years hence the common man will pay five or ten times as much for his. Would you like to see the plans and pictures of the development?"

"Certainly," I answered.

Mr. Yerkes then spent half an hour showing me maps and architect's drawings, and by the time he finished I will have to admit that I was completely sold on his proposition. He is going to have a five-hundred-thousand-dollar country club that will be as magnificent as anything anywhere in the West. And the plans for the new hotel, the Pompeian swimming pool, the Florentine fountain and the civic theater indicate that they will be artistic masterpieces of the first magnitude.

"It almost makes me want to buy a lot myself," I said.

"Evidently," said Mr. Yerkes, "you are one of the people with imagination. But I am not trying to sell you a lot today. However, I would like you to come out and look at the property. I am taking out a party of prospective buyers tomorrow. I would like you to come along, look over the ground and check up on the grading and dirt-moving work which I am planning. With your expert knowledge, you ought to be able to tell me whether I am right in my estimate that twelve ten-ton tractors is what I need."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," I said. "I am glad to help you in any way that I can."

"Splendid!" said Mr. Yerkes. "Meet me here tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

"I will be here," I said. "Good afternoon."

Then—as I am always very careful not to trespass upon the time of a busy executive—I took my departure at once.

"Mr. Jensen is in the Same Line of Business as You," Said Mr. Schwartzberger

I have described my call on Mr. Yerkes very fully so that you can see what a very big man he is and what a very big order he is going to give us. With a man like Mr. Yerkes, it does not pay to be in too much of a hurry. But I am going to camp on his trail until these two hundred lots are sold and I get his order for the twelve ten-ton Earthworms.

Yours,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY

SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: Tuesday, April 22, 1924.

Written from: Los Angeles, California.

Written by: Alexander Botts.

This has been a thrilling day. And when I relate everything that I have done you will see that I have been right up on my toes all the time, that I have handled things in just exactly the right way and that on account of my efforts we are likely to get an even bigger order from Mr. Yerkes than I had hoped. In fact, it would not surprise me at all if we sold him twenty ten-tons and about six five-tons.

At exactly two minutes before nine this morning I walked into the office of the Bianca Beach Development Corporation. I sent in my card, and at exactly nine o'clock Mr. Spencer K. Yerkes himself came out and greeted me.

"Good morning, Mr. Botts," he said. "I see you are punctual. You are a man after my own heart. We will start at once."

"I am ready any time you want to go," I replied.

"Good!" said Mr. Yerkes. "I am putting on a real selling drive today. I have advertised in the papers and I am sending out several busloads of prospective buyers. Besides this, I have gathered in three very important prospects, whom I will take out in my private car. These men are all reasonably wealthy and I hope to sell them a dozen or more lots apiece. I am expecting that you will ride along with us."

"I should feel highly honored," I replied politely.

"Very good," said Mr. Yerkes. "And there is one thing more. I take it you are pretty well sold on this little development project of mine?"

"I think it is a wonderful thing, Mr. Yerkes," I said. "I am sure it will succeed."

"Splendid!" he said. "Then I shall probably call on you to help me a little in my selling campaign. I can tell that you are a natural salesman, and it wouldn't hurt things at all if you were to talk up this proposition of mine with these prospects. Furthermore, I would be very glad if you would tell them that I have bought a lot of tractors from you and that the work of grading is going to start at once. It is just as much to your interest as mine to sell these lots. The sooner we get them sold, the sooner you will get your order for the tractors."

"That's right," I said; "you can be sure that I will do everything in my power to help you."

"Thank you," said Mr. Yerkes. "I know I can count on you."

He then took me into his private office and introduced me to the three important prospects. They were ordinary-looking, uninteresting, middle-aged business men.

"I want you to meet Mr. Alexander Botts," said Mr. Yerkes. "He is the representative of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, and he has just sold me twenty ten-ton Earthworm tractors."

[Note: As you can imagine, these words fell upon my ears with a most pleasing sound. The day before, Mr. Yerkes had spoken of only twelve, but now he had evidently changed his mind and was thinking of twenty.]

After we had shaken hands all around, Mr. Yerkes served us some refreshments out of his little trick electric refrigerator, and we then went down and climbed into Mr. Yerkes' car.

It was a splendid eight-cylinder Italian creation, as fine as any I have ever seen. It must have cost at least ten thousand dollars, and it caused my esteem for the owner to mount even higher than ever. Mr. Yerkes is quite evidently a man who considers that the best is none too good for him.

We were soon rolling smoothly along through the Los Angeles traffic. Mr. Yerkes sat at the wheel and beside him was one of the three prospects. The two others sat with me in the rear seat. The man beside me was a rather stolid German-looking person by the name of Joseph Schwartzberger. I at once engaged him in conversation and gave him a very good sales talk on Mr. Yerkes' real-estate proposition. In doing this I was, of course, indirectly helping myself and the Earthworm Tractor Company; for, as Mr. Yerkes had pointed out, the sooner these lots were sold, the sooner we would get the order for the twenty tractors.

Unfortunately, Mr. Schwartzberger seemed very dumb and unreasonable. He kept gazing at the scenery as we drove along and seemed to take very little interest in my glowing descriptions of the splendid development work which Mr. Yerkes was going to do. His mind kept wandering off the subject, and he kept talking about orange growing—which had nothing to do with the Bianca Beach development at all, as the ground there is too rough for orchards. Several times he asked me whether Earthworm tractors were any good for working in orchards. If I had let him ramble on, probably we would have talked about nothing but orange growing. However, each time he brought up the subject I very skillfully changed the discussion to the consideration of the new Bianca Beach five-hundred-thousand-dollar country club, the Pompeian baths or some other feature of Mr. Yerkes' project.

It took us about an hour to reach Bianca Beach, and here I got a very pleasant surprise. Mr. Yerkes had certainly put on his selling drive in splendid fashion. For a quarter of a mile the main road was lined with rows of American flags, flapping bravely in the breeze. There were several dozen enormous billboards announcing the sale of lots in the new Bianca Beach development. And artistically placed amid these billboards was a large tent containing pictures and descriptive literature, and also a large plaster-of-Paris relief map of the project, showing Bianca Beach as it would look when completed. This map was a veritable work of art. The ocean was painted blue, the beach white and the hills green. And there were hundreds of little model houses stuck around amongst thousands of little artificial trees and shrubs. Just outside the tent was a large brass band of at least fifty pieces, which, as soon as we arrived, struck up The Star-Spangled Banner.

There were a dozen or more salesmen and other assistants preparing for the crowds which were expected later. Mr. Yerkes spent ten or fifteen minutes checking up in his efficient businesslike way to make sure that all arrangements had been attended to. Then he took the three important prospects and myself for a short walk to see the principal points of interest in the future town.

The property looked very much as Mr. Yerkes had described it to me in the office. There was a beautiful wide beach washed by the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean. Behind the beach the land was rough and hilly, rising irregularly toward the high mountains five or six miles away. The ground was sandy and covered with bushes and tough grass.

The whole place had been surveyed and the proposed streets had been neatly marked with little white-painted wooden stakes. At the street corners were neat little signs with names such as Rose Lane, Desdemona Boulevard, Nightingale Road, Delphinium Drive, and so on. I was interested to learn that Mr. Yerkes had selected these names himself—which shows that he has the soul of a poet as well as the mind of a business man.

There were also stakes showing the position of the five-hundred-thousand-dollar country club, the Pompeian swimming pool and other features.

As we looked around, Mr. Yerkes showed us the plans and pictures of the future improvements, and described them so vividly that I could almost see them rising up in all their beauty and grandeur from the sandy waste lands. Mr. Yerkes must have been right when he said that I was evidently a man of imagination. The three important prospects, however, seemed to be very unresponsive, and this was particularly the case with Mr. Schwartzberger. It took his dense intellect at least ten minutes to comprehend what Mr. Yerkes meant by the Pompeian swimming pool. Apparently Mr. Schwartzberger had never heard of Pompeii and missed entirely the significance of the word "Pompeian." *(Continued on Page 160)*

JUST STUDENTS

By BOOTH JAMESON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"And You Ought to See the Stadium at One of the Big Games," He Said. "Sixty Thousand People Gone Crazy. It's — Say, Do You Know How to Type?" He Asked Abruptly

GARVEY HARRIS languidly filled his pipe, rose from the small table and sauntered to the street door, absently paying for his orangeade as he passed the wicketed cashier's desk. He paused in the doorway of the little shop, noting with quiet approval that the shady street had still preserved its Gothic respectability during his three months' absence. Across from where he stood, a slender gray spire thrust its way upward through the trees, as though it were standing on tiptoe for a last glimpse of the setting sun. On both sides of the spire, and all along the far border of the street, were graystone buildings of a respectability equally Gothic.

On the sidewalk near the buildings several groups of young men were gathered in timid clusters, talking to one another with spasmodic animation and otherwise giving evidence that they were nervously trying to appear at ease.

Young Mr. Harris glanced coldly at them, quickly crossed the street and brushed through the center of the nearest group. His manner was frankly rude, and in this rudeness he obviously found pleasure. Indeed, it might have been thought that his reason for crossing the street was solely for the purpose of walking offensively through an inoffensive gathering of young men of about his own age.

There was apparently little difference between him and the young men—a man of forty would have classed them together as boys; and he might further have classed them as sons of well-to-do parents. Yet there was a difference which, though superficially slight, was generally regarded in the community as being a bridgeless chasm, and the evidence of this chasm was sartorially expressed. The timid young men wore, as emblems of timidity, small black caps no larger than saucers; with uniform regularity their shoes were black, and their trousers matched their coats.

Young Mr. Harris' trousers did not match his coat; below his brown tweed jacket his legs were voluminously and creamily white flanneled. As he walked, his flannels flapped, wrinkled, straightened themselves and flapped again, as though of their own volition; it might have been thought that his trousers were doing the walking and that his legs merely followed their lead.

Possibly the wearers of the black caps considered this to be the case; they automatically gave way before him, not as boys before another boy, but as inferiors before a symbol of authority. And similarly, it was evident that he did not think of them as people—they were Black Caps placed in his way to be pleasantly awed and thrust aside.

The thrusting aside was actual and physical. One member of the little group was negligent about yielding to the creamy trousers the room that was their due, and as a result he had the uncomfortable sensation of feeling Mr. Harris' shoulder come into sharp contact with his own.

"Sorry!" Mr. Harris said coldly, without turning his head, and he went briskly into the arched passageway immediately behind the group.

So briskly businesslike was his manner that it might have been suspected of being merely a manner, though the Black Caps were as yet incapable of judging except by appearances—they were innocently above suspicion.

Garvey Harris went into the nearest archway because he had to go somewhere; something within him demanded that he continue his air of being absorbed in the exclusive mysteries of his own caste, and in compliance with this demand he made use of the archway as a convenient means of rapidly disappearing from the view of unworthy spectators.

The vaulted passage led him to a large courtyard; on all four sides it was inclosed by the sparsely ivied walls of the surrounding buildings. In these walls were openings, placed with agreeable irregularity; heavy wooden doors stood ajar, revealing shadowy entries; leaded windows of various sizes peered forth from beneath stone eyebrows, and oriel bays swelled gracefully into the court.

Most of the windows were open, and from these Gothic orifices came sounds suggesting that their purpose in being open was not to ventilate but to dispose of the sounds by allowing them to escape into the courtyard. The effect was that of a music store with every available phonograph playing a different record.

Mr. Harris paused on the paved crosswalk. The sounds did not cause him to pause—a year's experience had inured him to orchestral monstrosities. He paused because he could think of nothing to do next. Somewhat self-consciously he wandered down the walk, trying gallantly to keep up the appearance of jaunty exclusiveness. Ahead of him, in the sunny angle of the buildings, stood a solemn gathering of young men. Amply knickerbockered and blatantly at ease, they represented—to Mr. Harris—the epitome of effortless and desirable nonchalance. Their knickerbockers produced in him the emotions that he hoped his flannels had produced in the awe-struck bosoms of the Black Caps.

As he walked forward he began dimly to perceive that he was caught in a trap. He did not wish to venture aimlessly into the proximity of these overlords, yet he was aware that this proximity could not be avoided. He was walking toward them and could not stop; if he stopped and went back he would seem ridiculous, and to seem ridiculous meant disaster. Sternly he went on.

Coming nearer the formidable gathering, he saw that the two most nonchalant young men of the exquisitely nonchalant assembly were gravely spinning tops; the others conversed in confidential monotones. Mr. Harris now felt that his errandless advance was dangerously like an intrusion. Desperately he sought in his mind for a reasonable excuse. The mere fact that the boys ahead of him wore golf knickers and that two of them seemed idly to enjoy the gentle exercise of top spinning filled him with panic.

On his left the building bulged slightly in a small bay; the four windows of this bay stood open, the one nearest him displaying a pair of brown shoes supported by violently wool-stockinged ankles. The position of the shoes indicated that their owner was lying flat on his back, probably on a window seat, and that for better convenience he had allowed his feet to extend where they would. And

the wool stockings plainly demonstrated that they were an adjunct of knickers; yet Mr. Harris rejoiced at the sight of them—he was saved.

He joyfully cut across the grass, showing the top spinners that he had a definite mission.

"Hey, Stan Parr!" he called out.

The shoes waggled and withdrew, and simultaneously the upper portions of a smooth-haired young man appeared.

"'Lo, Garv!" he said, sleepily extending his arm for a handshake. "When did you get back?"

"Got in from the shore 'bout three hours ago. Have a good summer?"

"No, thanks; just had one," Mr. Parr said, evidently according to formula. "Say, Garv, there's something you might do for me. It's not much to do, really, but it would help me out a lot, and ——"

"It isn't anything like what you got me into at the country club at home last Fourth o' July, is it?" Garvey said uneasily. "That girl you got me to cut in on and I never got away from for three ——"

"Not at all! This really isn't a favor to me; it's a favor to you. You see, I drove on from home all alone—that is, nearly all alone. Now what I'm willing to let you do is this: I'm willing to let you ——"

"I bet you're going to lay me an egg!" Garvey said with calm pessimism. "I haven't any idea what you're willing to let me do, but I know whatever it is, it's terrible."

His scant respect for a member of the knicker-wearing caste can be explained by the fact that he had been acquainted with this particular overlord ever since both of them had first worn knickers as a prelude to long trousers. Golf knickers therefore ceased to be insignia of aristocracy and became merely the clothing of a friend.

"I'll bet it's terrible," he repeated. "But tell me what it is. I might do it—I'm just that simple."

Mr. Parr, thus encouraged to proceed with his request, rested his chin thoughtfully on the window sill.

"This is the dope," he said: "I picked up a couple of girls when I was driving down here today, and I'm going to let you go with us and take one of 'em to the movies. That's what I'm willing to do for you."

"Do I get my choice?" Garvey asked shrewdly. "Can I choose which girl I take?"

"No," his friend said firmly. "Nothing doing. They're both plenty cute and you're lucky to get a look at either."

"Where did you pick 'em up—Jersey City?"

"I did not. It was on a detour, about a hundred and fifty miles from here. They stepped right out in front of my car and swung their knapsacks at me."

"Knapsacks?" Mr. Harris said quickly. "Knapsacks mean hitch-hikers, and hitch-hikers mean big fat girls in pants. I've seen 'em! I've seen enough hitch-hikers to know that much. They haven't got 'It.' I've seen ——"

Stanley Parr allowed him to go on with his discourse concerning the general obesity and lack of magnetic appeal of hitch-hikers, but after a time he raised his chin from the window sill and smiled at his friend. It was a world-old smile, knowingly jocose; then his expression changed to one of offhand politeness.

"Of course, if you feel that way about it, Garv, why, all right," he said. "These are pretty nutsy babes and I can get anybody to take care of either one of them for me. Anybody'd be glad to, once they saw these two. Jerry and I are taking them to dinner, and after dinner he's got to go up to New York. So I thought maybe you'd like to take his place with one of the girls for the movies."

Garvey saw that it was time to abandon the humorous vein derogatory to the probable contours and personalities of his friend's guests.

"Jerry Clark? Your room mate?" he said. "What's he have to go away for, his first night back? Why can't he go to the movies?"

"He's got to go up to New York to see his family; they're just getting back from Europe and the boat lands this evening."

"Can't he wait till tomorrow?"

"He says not. But I can easily get someone to take care of Élise, if you'd rather not. I can ——"

"Wait a minute. I didn't say I wouldn't take her to the movies; I was just thinking about it."

"Go ahead," said Stanley. "But don't get exhausted and don't take too long. If you're not going to do it I want to know so I can get somebody else."

"Well, you know I'd like to, Stan—you know I would. But —— What did you say her name was?"

"Élise; the other one's Zula. Will you do it or ——"

"What—what kind of girls are they? I mean, what are they like?"

"They're plenty fancy, all right. They've been working up in Maine this summer, and now they're trying to get to Florida. Are you going to ——"

"But what sort of work?"

"They were waitresses, Zula said," Stanley explained patiently. "They're nice snappy girls; you're not getting sucked in. Just let me know one way or another."

"You don't think it would look—look queer if I did take her to the movies?"

"Queer?" Stanley said coldly.

"Yes; I mean, would it be running it out or something?"

"Running it out?" Mr. Parr's voice became openly censorious. "What are you doing that you have to be afraid of running it out? Look at Jerry—he wants to be president of the club, and he's going to get it too; and he has a good chance at one of the class offices. And I don't think he'd mind two or three other little things that might come his way if he's careful. Look at him! And he's glad of the chance to take Élise to dinner."

"Yes, I know," Garvey said, flushing. "But you two are—well, you're both sort of settled; you can do pretty near what you like. I mean, nothing can really happen to you. But the way it is with me, why, I can't tell what might happen; nobody in my class knows what—well, none of us knows what is going to turn up. You know how it was with you, maybe, this time last year. You—you know what I mean." He writhed, inwardly cursing the system that put off the agony of club elections till the middle of the second year. Mr. Parr easily divined his thoughts.

"You've got nothing to worry about," the knickered young man said reassuringly. "You stand pretty high down at our place; just keep your head and don't do anything to queer yourself. Don't ——"

"That's what I mean, Stan. I know it's all right to have girls down to games and the Prom, and maybe a few week-ends. But this way, in the middle of the week, and a couple of waitresses, wouldn't it look like I was running it out?"

"You forget it!" Stanley said heartily. "Even if somebody did think that, you wouldn't have to worry. It's four months till club elections, and all the boys at our club are strong for you. Of course, I can't say it's a certain

(Continued on Page 117)

"Stanley Wanted Me to Stay Here and Get a Job So I Could See Him All the Time," Zula Whispered. "Yes," Élise Returned. "So'd Garvey Want Me To"

TURN OUT THE GUARD

By Laurence Stallings

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

COL. STONEWALL JACKSON BUTT was cooling his heels in the Canal Zone in April, 1917. He was an undersized officer with all the truculence of a terrier, having entered West Point some thirty years before by a scant half inch. After achieving his colonelcy he had taken up sidehurns of a whitish texture, and they conferred upon him the distinction of a finely bred Sealyham terrier.

In 1903, on the Island of Luzon, a Moro had thrown a bolo at him and cocked one eye for him. This lent the colonel one utterly doggy side—which he chiefly turned at naval officers. His apathy toward seafaring men was the result of a youth spent in the household of an ancient family of military tradition, where it was dinned into his ears that failure to grow would inevitably result in his attending the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. He had made the necessary West Point height through terror lest he be confined at Annapolis, a place seemingly designed to school dwarfs for duties in the cramped spaces aboard a man-o'-war.

There were two things rankling in Colonel Butt's heart as he cooled his heels in Colon some two weeks after America's active interest in European army matters: Chiefly, there was a deep mortification of pride because his colleagues at Washington had declined to recall him for service in France. Secondly, it galled him to realize that Stonewall Jackson Butt, Jr., was an officer in the United States Navy.

The colonel might have been even more deeply mortified to have overheard Butt, Jr., in the wardroom of the United States Naval Collier O'Leary, explain his father's failure to be among the first officers to go.

"My father," he said, "is a Bayardist—a fellow who believes in leading his troops. If he were sent to France, his bloody pugnacity would result in his being made a major general. But regardless of rank, he would lead the first wave of any operation he might be supposed to direct. This would result in his death. But the War Department believes that the only bad major general is a dead major general. Obviously, it will keep him at Panama for the duration."

Lieutenant Butt, junior grade, United States Navy, came ashore at Panama in May, 1917, his ship being en route to Guam for a two-year cruise on the Asiatic Station.

Lieutenant Butt Swept Wanda Porcinus Off Her Feet in a Whirlwind Courtship Beneath the Very Walls of Old Panama

"How are you, lieutenant?" asked the colonel, accepting the naval officer's salute from his doggy side.

"Shipshape," said Lieutenant Butt, smiling pleasantly and taking the other side.

The colonel was astonished to find the lad the handsomest Butt in all the annals of the house. His four years at Annapolis had filled him out and his face was that of the young Saint John. In the service a handsome son is a distinct asset. The colonel relaxed the Sealyham look and began to be charming.

"Shall we go drink to each other's health?" said the colonel, who rarely began drinking before sundown.

"The old swab," thought Lieutenant Butt affectionately, "must be getting a little rummy." He had been told years before at Annapolis that army officers drank themselves into retirement when inevitably they perceived the folly of their careers.

The colonel was busy thinking up ways to be kind to his son. Colonel Butt thought the surest road to his trust lay through the neck of a bottle, since he believed navy men to be sots once the full disaster of a life at sea broke upon them.

"Let's go," said the colonel, "to the Panama side and have a glass of Pernod fils. I know a café where they make a beautiful absinth frappé."

"Absinth in the morning?" thought the naval officer. Yes, it must be true that colonels were rummies. But he did not wish to offend the old gentleman. He spoke politely:

"Don't you think it would be better to lay a keel of Pilsener first? Then we can fit her with the Pernod armor plate and toss a few brandies down the hatch for ballast. You used to stow away the brandy, I recall."

With difficulty, the colonel overcame his disgust for nautical metaphors. He was an abstemious man, drinking only a little brandy and water before and after meals. His son's ready willingness to acquire a stinko bun at noon smacked of a navy man's two hours' liberty ashore from a cruiser.

"Oh," said the colonel with terrific bonhomie, "we'll just feel out the enemy before we issue rations. After that we'll deploy and engage the whole Barleycorn army in detail." The colonel was proud of his repartee. Trust the old army lingo to match any seafaring gab!

"Righto," said Butt, Jr. "My ship's bound for the Asiatic Station for a two-year hitch in hell. I want to be poured on her tonight, full and by."

"You dislike going to the Asiatic Station?" the colonel asked the lieutenant, keenly watching that Saint John face.

"I'd rather be scuttled in forty fathom," the sailor said bitterly: cruelly adding: "After all, one of us ought to be in this war, father."

"It is the very question I wish to discuss with you," the colonel said, and lapsed into unbroken silence until they presently came to a striped awning jutting from a plaster wall. Beneath the awning were iron tables and the uncomfortable little chairs that drinkers must occupy in foreign countries.

The colonel raised his watered cognac and the lieutenant blew the froth from his brew.

"Army," said the naval officer, raising his glass.

"And Navy forever!" the army officer countered, clinking rims. They drank down deep. Lieutenant Butt caught the waiter.

"Stand by for boarders," he said.

"Reload 'em," said Colonel Butt. They smiled at each other.

"Stonewall," said the colonel to his son, half an hour later, as they were throwing in a third Grand Marnier for ballast, the Pernod armor plate being fitted tightly to their ribs, "there is a very lovely girl stopping here with her father."

The lieutenant was silent. He remembered that his father used his given name only on portentous occasions.

"She is," said the colonel, "of a most distinguished Middle-Western family."

The lieutenant preserved his silence. He had been taught at Bancroft Hall to make no important strategic dispositions until the enemy gave a hint of his mission. That his father regarded any Middle-Western family as distinguished was odd for one who considered all things west of the Shenandoah Valley as unworthy of any distinction whatsoever.

"Above all," said the colonel, boldly unmasking his true disposition, "her father is a member of the House Committee on Naval Affairs."

This was tantamount to revealing the left flank, and the naval officer immediately changed his course. "The Naval Affairs Committee?" He looked his father over shrewdly. "Where is she, you say?"

"Her father," the colonel said, "usually brings her here at noon. He is very fond of a sweet red Spanish wine they sell here. Marquis de Riscal I think it is called. That is why I brought you here."

"Ask the waiter," he requested his father, "if he has any chewing gum or cloves—and let's not have that onion soup."

The colonel knew the Spanish word for cloves, and he changed the soup to consommé Madrilene.

"After all," said the army officer, showing his doggy side in the warmth of the ballast he had taken aboard, "a naval officer's wife does not matter. He grows to love her and is afforded the pleasure of her company half his days. If he dislikes her, he is away at sea and free of her half his time. It is fifty-fifty either way a navy man may take it." The colonel laughed.

The Millionth American Had Arrived to Settle That Old Score With Lafayette. They Would Presently Pay It and Open New Accounts With Half His Descendants

The naval horizon was clouding up. Visibility was low. Colonel Butt changed h- attack. "When I m-ried your mother," h said, "I had only your interests at heart. I had my whole military career before me, but her father was one of the original stockholders of the Pullman Company and I had to think of the future of my child."

"I know," said Lieutenant Butt with some bitterness "That's why my class at Annapolis always refers to me as Gawdge. I'd wake up as a plebe to find fifty pairs of boots standing outside my door."

The colonel w- hardly sympatheti- "The girl I have chosen for you," he said, "is charming, and her father is not bad f r a congressman. He has immense political power If you marry his daughter, you have only to keep sober and refrain from striking your admirals when you are drunken, to become an admiral yourself some day: whereas I married solely for your welfare and am still a colonel "

Lieutenant Butt reflected: "The girl might not have me."

"The young lady is exactly your height," responded his father immediately.

"If I thought," said the younger man, his handsome dark eyes narrowing and his clean jaw squaring nautically, "that it would really be possible for her to get me duty on one of the destroyer patrols with Sims, I'd marry a pituitary monster, congressman father and all. '

"I'm sure she will," the colonel said

"No, father," Lieutenant Butt said patronizingly. "When women marry naval officers for love, they keep 'em at home the first cruise. After that, they keep 'em at sea."

"Sometimes I think you are too stupid even for the naval service," Colonel Butt exploded instantly.

"You forget yourself," the Annapolis man said angrily. "It is a pity West Point deprives a man of his manners."

The father bowed an apology in some heat. "The young woman would dearly love to spend the war years in Paris. Can you not see her cheering up the wounded French officers, happy that her husband is commanding one of the patrol boats operating out of Brest?"

The Colonel Sprang to His Feet and Clicked His Heels: for a Large Man and a Lovely Girl Had Entered the Cafe

The colonel sprang to his feet and clicked his heels; for a large man and a lovely girl had entered the café. The large man wore a sleazy linen suit that bagged over a statesmanlike belly festooned in watch charms of secret orders. Behind the man walked a girl in pink organdie a fairly young and large-calved girl who seemed to propel and control the man ahead of her by waves of a Hertzian vitality. She smiled for the colonel's bow, exposing strong teeth and large snapping blue eyes. The eyes rested finally upon the lineaments of the young Saint John.

"The lady is here," said Colonel Butt. "I should be happy to beg the pleasure of an introduction "

Lieutenant Butt was inspecting the girl, who now sat three tables away and facing him.

"The old hulk's a water-logged windjammer" he said. "But she's as pretty as a racing ketch."

"You'll be bound for Admiral Sims' division," the colonel coaxed, "the day after your marriage."

"She's the kind," said Lieutenant Butt, "that you make love to without any thought of marriage." He spoke admiringly, as if directly to the object of criticism.

His father rose. "I shall ask the honor of presenting you," said Colonel Butt.

"Please ask her to forgive the impetuousness," his son said, his eyes speaking whole logarithm tables to her across the tables. The colonel walked over to the other table and briefly was back again.

"I said you were timid," he explained.

"The truth is," exclaimed the son, fluffing his white cap cover jauntily, "I don't know how to thank you, father." He was simulating a fresh natural timidity. "And I am keel-hauled if I see where you expect to haul up on this maneuver."

Colonel Butt revealed the ultimate mission of a perfect campaign. "She will never rest," he said, taking his son's arm and starting him for the enemy, "until her distinguished father-in-law, the major general, is commanding his own division in France."

"Particularly," said Lieutenant Butt, hanging back and blushing like a bugler at retreat, "if presently there is an heir to the Butt tradition."

"There has been a Butt to lead a charge in every war in our history," said the colonel, advancing.

The two officers arrived. "My son," exclaimed Colonel Butt proudly, "I am presenting you to the man we call the Savior of the American Navy." The lieutenant bowed low to the large man in linen. "And this, Miss Wanda," the colonel said, twinkling, "is the most timid sailor that was ever shipped away to long exile at Guam."

"Guam?" said the Savior of the American Navy. "Good Lord! Where's that?" He was displeased. "I say, let the English police their own possessions."

"I wondered who you were when father inspected your ship this morning," said Miss Wanda, devil may care in the large blue eyes.

"I was trying to get your eye," the lieutenant retaliated impishly. "But we of the Navy have so much respect for your father that we were all on our best behavior this morning."

"Did you think it was funny for me to make the inspection with him?" she asked, grinning devilishly. "You seemed sort of snippy when I knocked over that range finder and broke the prism."

"You already had the range on me and had smashed more than a prism," the naval lieutenant, suddenly abandoning his timidity, declared with forthright bluntness.

"You sailors!" said Miss Wanda, enjoying Lieutenant Butt's cavalier dismissal of an incident that would occasion the filing of fourteen separate requisition sheets.

"After all," said Butt, Jr., "Venus rose from the sea, you know."

The congressman took a paternal hand. "Never trust a navy man," he said, laughing with sardonic implication and slapping the young man on the back.

"Why not!" said Lieutenant Butt, j. g., U. S. N., with Virginia's own darling manners. "We navy men trust our statesmen." He reeked with simple patriotism, and Colonel Butt looked at his son with a gathering admiration.

The lieutenant had turned back to Miss Wanda. "You and I," he was saying, "must go over the old fort in the moonlight. We'll drag the two heroes along." He indicated army duck with breasted ribbons and sleazy linen

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THE FAST MRS. GRUNDY

By Brenda Ueland

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

EIGHTEEN years ago when I was on my way East to college I weighed one hundred and fifty-one pounds, which was not then considered too fat because I was solid; I wore black cotton stockings, high tan shoes, a starched shirt waist, a high-sitting hat of brown felt, a species of Merry Widow, with four hatpins transfixing it and cruelly tweaking strands of long hair; I wore what was known as a strictly tailored suit with buckram over the bust, a gored skirt to the insteps so stiff and ungiving that it made me look as though I were on wheels.

We girls of the Student Government Association expelled a German girl for having a bottle of beer in her locker. We girls would have nothing whatsoever to do with a fast young man who came to prom who distinctly had liquor on his breath. Smoking was worse than drinking. To drink was like not going to church; to smoke was like being an atheist. I remember a daring girl who had lit a cigarette which had been part of the properties of a class play and took a couple of puffs before throwing it away.

Though she did so in the presence of only a few trusted friends the story got around and I remember how the president of the Y. W. C. A. and the president of the Student Government Association investigated, ferreting out the facts, hoping against hope that it wasn't true.

We were so modest that when we undressed for bed at night we began by putting our nightgowns over our clothes, and then undressed beneath them. As for paint, powder and rouge, I think we had hardly heard of them. I remember hearing how some aged English actress had had her face enameled, and I always imagined her as having tinted porcelain on her face as on a bathtub.

We were a little queasy about going to college because it put off our chances of marriage until we were twenty-two, which was dangerously old to be still single. Many mothers sent their daughters for only one or two years so as not to run this risk. Many girls came to college engaged already, bringing huge photographs of the iron-jawed earnest young man—the kind specially admired then—in silver frames; and in this connection I remember that our discussion of morals seemed to be confined to whether or not we believed in long engagements. Some maintained that four or five years was long enough. And sometimes we would argue about whether or not a girl should rat her hair.

Hair, that was the holy thing! You would no more snip at it or cut a few strands or experiment with it than you would chew tobacco. In 1912 a devil of a girl I heard of cut herself a few bangs. We thought it looked too disgustingly tough for words.

Now of course in those days a few stood out from this throng. There was here and there a girl who would occasionally say "damn it" or take a few puffs of a cigarette on a dare.

Just to Conform to Convention

BUT today, in some circles, instead of its being the thing to be so sweetly angelic and ladylike if you are a woman, and so grimly a stern splendid nondrinking, nonsmoking he man, if you are a man, you must now be just the opposite. It is now the convention in these groups to be dissipated. In fact it is beginning to be quite a burden. People who are not naturally souses at all, but who would prefer to be sober, find themselves drinking quite a good deal every day.

In fact many men and women, just to be polite and do the correct thing in their particular circle, are being forced to take their daily dose of chemical in the form of cocktails, highballs and so on, and are trying to be resigned as they go down the years to chronic dyspepsia and ever-increasing bay windows. In fact some of us begin to think wistfully of the old days when you could have a plain dinner with friends and not imagine that everybody was cross, that everybody felt unequal to the social situation if he did not have enough cocktails to make him holler.

It Is One of Those Typical Places Where the Waiter Has His Thumb in the Soup. To Get In, You Pass Through a Dank Basement and Get a Glimpse of a Moistly Odoriferous Kitchen With Dirty-Looking Men in It

Now I used to be very conventional and smoked and drank my share conscientiously. For years I worked hard to be a good example of flaming youth and the younger generation—kept at it all the time. But unfortunately the circumstances of my life changed so that I had to be out of bed before nine-thirty in the morning and able to read something harder than the month's novel. It was agony at first. At last, after a long, long time, I discovered that if you stop smoking and drinking and take plenty of exercise, it isn't hard to get up in the morning at all; in fact you can't sleep after eight if you try; and also that a certain amount of mental work and physical effort doesn't hurt at all. Moreover, I felt so much more brisk. My legs no longer felt like boiled macaroni for lack of stiffening power in the knees. I began to jump around, up stairs and down, quite eagerly.

So I decided to give up smoking and drinking. But it was terribly hard. Not because of the difficulty of refraining—because soon you feel so lively, good-natured, handsome and hopeful that the old groggy state is intolerable—but because you are going straight against the convention of the crowd and everybody in it is shocked at you and indignant.

For example, now when I am invited to a party, there is a terrible struggle between my desire to stay on the wagon and continue to feel well and lively, and my dread of how shocked and annoyed everybody at the party will be. How they will look at me and ask questions and have quiet contemptuous thoughts about people who don't drink; how I must be a prohibitionist or a prude or a pathophobe or a faddist or a hypochondriac or a hick. Before the party I give myself treatments to have the consummate courage to refuse the drinks. How I concentrate, hold the thought! With what dynamic mentation I visualize myself saying as the cocktails are passed, "No, thanks. Don't drink."

But when I get there—I lose my nerve. Sometimes I take one and then sleight-of-hand it on to some unobserved table, where sooner or later someone else will quietly slip it in in a deft noiseless way.

Often I arrange to arrive late, because if you arrive after everybody has been anæsthetized, they don't notice what you do. Sometimes, with less conventional people who are not such absolute sticklers for dissipation, I plead that I am on the water wagon, trying to give the impression that one drink will put the greased skids under me and land me in a sanitarium.

The Missing Drink

SOMETIMES, when I give a party myself, this is what I do —— Of course I always have plenty to drink. Some of us are much more generous about wanting other people to drink and enjoy themselves than they are about letting us refuse and escape dyspepsia—of this I will speak later. But at my own parties this is what I do —— And incidentally I once confessed it to a woman with serious kidney trouble and she admitted that she did the same. I make all the cocktails in such a way that they are the color of orange juice. Then when they are passed I see to it that, as though by accident, one glass is lacking. This gives me a chance to go to the kitchen and return with plain orange juice in my glass—incidentally a very good drink before dinner. And so we all make merry.

I know this is taking a mean advantage, because it means that I do not eat too much dinner as the drinkers do; that after dinner my knees do not ache with fatigue when I climb stairs; that I am as bright and smiling and wide-awake as ever, while the other poor devils, to overcome the dying of their drinks after dinner, have to keep drinking until the end of the evening and then go home to a sickish sleep and a following day or two of lassitude.

Now a few years ago things weren't so bad in these social circles. You did not have to drink to prove that you were a socially attractive person who knew how to behave in any circle no matter how elegant and sophisticated; and if you did not drink you were not immediately placed in the category of a sour aunt.

Sometimes New York people think that they are the only sufferers from cocktails. But this isn't so. A New York man who gives dignified dinner parties three nights a week and goes to other dignified dinner parties the other four nights, told me that just from the drinking that he is absolutely compelled to do as a matter of good form he is thirty pounds overweight and has bad insomnia and poor digestion and cannot get out of a chair quickly without getting winded. What makes him particularly gloomy is that there seems to be no chance of rescue, of going on the wagon and ever feeling really well again. For example, he went out to the West on business and he thought that here would be a good chance to go absolutely on the wagon, to lose weight, to exercise, to experience again that clear energetic feeling of ten or fifteen years ago.

The first night in Kansas City he went to dine with a nice wholesome young couple, the children of old friends. Well, he was looking forward to it. He would walk seven miles that afternoon and so get some exercise, for there is not much incentive to exercise if you are going to spoil all the benefits of it with an evening of drinking. Then he would have dinner with these healthy, unalcoholic young people of the Middle West. It would be so easy and natural. Why, it would be like the old days in St. Paul where he was brought up, when people could talk together just as friendly and sociable, even if they hadn't had a drink for months. But when he got there—of course they had cocktails, highballs, champagne—especially for him, they explained. The real stuff, too, they explained; whisky that had come straight from England "off a boat," and rum that a friend had brought straight from Cuba "off a boat." And so he had to drink his usual ration.

And not only in Kansas, but that was the way it was in Minneapolis, Denver and San Francisco. There was, it is true, one couple in Minneapolis, his cousins, very young and so very hard up that they couldn't invite him to dinner since to them he was a great, rich, sophisticated man from New York. They had just built a tiny house and had two small children and no maid. "Of course," the girl said sadly, "I suppose we could have taken a third mortgage on the house and bought a bottle of gin ——"

Formula for a "Good Time"

NOW some people worry about all this dissipation and see in it an analogy to the fall of the Roman Empire. But really it is just a fashion in some social circles; it is just the thing, like the latest kind of department-store jewelry. I think you can tell this if you will study the party behavior of people you have known a long time.

For example, I went to a party of people whom I had once known very well fifteen or sixteen years ago. To my surprise all those who had been sternly circumspect, prudish in the old days, who had always been careful to behave in the way that was considered the correct thing—well, these, I observed, now strove to conduct themselves as though Cecil B. de Mille were turning the crank on one of his famous road-house scenes depicting the dreadful younger generation. That is to say, women who used to be the kind who were always sewing on hope chests, who were saving their lips for the one and only man—well, these had all acquired the new manner in these crowds, which is this: As soon as you arrive, a good deal of general kissing with wisecracks and cries for cigarettes. At the appearance of the cocktail shaker make a great clamor. Never try to convey a thought such as "Fine day today," or "I like warm weather." No, the way you do it is, don't make any remark at all, but every exclamation or disjointed word that comes out of your mouth, yell it: "Ouch!" "Hey!" "Boy!" or "Mama!" Or if a caviar *canapé* slips as you pick it up or you spill a little of your cocktail, yell with all concentrated lung-force "Wack!" or "Wow!" And keep laughing. Laugh as shrilly as you can with high falsetto laughter; and if you should happen to make a complete sentence, make a crescendo scream of it, ending in shrieks of laughter, such as "The doctor says she has DIABETES HAHA Hahahahahahah!"

Now at this same party there was a woman who years before had galvanized the whole city by her shocking conduct; a handsome reckless girl she had been, who had smoked, swore, believed in woman suffrage, ran away to go on the stage, married a count, divorced him; a girl who, in the days when it was conventional to be sweet and womanly, had horrified us all. Well, now at the party, this one would not drink or smoke or holler or sing close harmony or look arch at some solid husband whom she had known for twenty years. Again she shocked us by breaking a convention. She caused more talk than she ever had in her life.

The convention of smoking, for example, is extremely rigorous at these parties as far as women are concerned. They are not so hard on men in this respect; quite a few men now have given up smoking.

But a woman—she must light up whenever the cigarettes are offered, and the more she hates it the more pains she must take to do it with an air, to tap the cigarette ostentatiously on the back of the hand before lighting, to handle it in the blasé way and flick off the ashes at arm's length as the vaudeville actresses did years ago when they impersonated Piccadilly chappies in top hats and extra-size evening trousers. In fact, to be a gentle matron is now so taboo that many women who love their husbands and would not change for anything and who love home life and going to bed early, have become seriously saddled with the cigarette habit in order to keep up an appearance of fastness.

I know one of these. She was brought up by an iron-willed mother to be so ladylike that it is now a habit that she cannot dislodge. Well, to counteract the old-fashioned ladylikeness, she is actually smoking herself to death, about four packages a day. Cigarette is lighted from cigarette; there is one between her fingers every second. Incidentally, this is a great hampering to action and to doing anything else, as you can see for yourself by holding a pencil between index and third fingers every second of your life except when asleep. Her blood count is low, her blood pressure high.

If You are Really Good at Bluffing

DOCTORS order her to give up smoking. She tries to desperately, going on fasts, to *sanitaria*, and taking frantic measures, such as having only one cigarette in the house at a time, which did not work, either, but just seriously exhausted her servant, who was walking to the village and back all day and half the night; it would have been interesting if she had worn a pedometer. Anyway this ladylike person cannot stop smoking. The reason is a deep-seated psychological one, I believe. It is not entirely that she craves the drug, nicotine, I am sure. She smokes to counteract an out-of-style gentle personality so that she will be dissipated enough to be acceptable in her circle. When she comes into a room her voice is so sweet, her face so angelic, her lips so tender, her manner so shrinking and sweet—why, no one would respect her for a minute unless she kept dragging at cigarettes like an apache or a gunman or a fast gambling countess on the Riviera.

In fact, things have gone so far that this is beginning to happen: Many women, those in the social vanguard, to keep up appearances drink and smoke, but to keep health and looks and figures they fake a good deal of it, such as using denicotinized cigarettes at the end of foot-long holders so as to get the minimum of the stuff in their lungs, and pretending to drink much more than they do and then by

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Her Fame and Distinction Have Become Really Remarkable. People Who Visit Paris are Gratified if She Doesn't Shoot Them

FOR GOOD OLD TOWLE

"Sham-poo! Tonic Too! Bar-ber, Bah! How's the Razor? How's the Razor? Tip, Tip, Hurrah! Hot Towle!"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

WHAT I got against this college baseball, folks, is the class of patrons. Oh, they are very good, some ways, and they come in the gate and put down their quarter, but are they got the true sporting spirit? No, they ain't. They got this college spirit, and that's something else again, as I hope to tell you. They will give you a loud cheer and a Brecky-Co-ax-Co-ax-Co-ax, but it don't mean a thing. I found that out. Now, on the lots a patron will maybe come in under the fence, but when he is in he declares himself, and you can bank on him that he is loyal to his team, even if he never throws a bottle.

I know, folks. I been managing ball teams around New York for twenty-two years and I also been in the college league. Give me the lots. Yes, yes, I'm crabbing. Wouldn't you, if you got the deal I got that time I played the New Havens?

Them days I had the All-Collegians. Thinking of it now, it was odd I called my boys the All-Collegians even before I put them in the college league. We played Sunday ball down at Kit Carson's Park over on the West Side by the Central tracks. Say, did we ever get your quarter? Well, you seen a ball game.

I don't think I ever had a nicer set of boys than the All-Collegians. We took some ball teams, what I mean. We took the Emeralds that used to play up at the old Protec, and we took the Murray Hills—yes, and the West New Yorks, Hussey's Ridgewoods, the Cuban X and the Philadelphia Giants. We were never took on our home grounds only twice that I can remember of, and once it was by one of them colored teams, and that's no disgrace. Say, I will pick a pint of blackberries off the lots and I will stack them up against any team in any league, and —— But what's the use of crabbing? I'm not weeping about the one game we tossed away to our colored friends. But the other one—say, folks, did I ever tell you about when we were in the college league?

Yes, I had some ball players. Patsy Finn caught for me for fourteen years. He went off then for a tryout in the big time, and I was certainly sorry to lose him, being he was a well-seasoned man; he was near forty when I first got him. He didn't quite make the grade in the big time and they farmed him out to the Tri-State. They said, "With another year experience ——" Oh, my!

Well, Patsy wore the wind pudding. Pitching to him was George Cash and Rimmon Rock, according as to which was in condition for duty. You often notice how two pitchers will warm up before a game. They do the same thing in the big leagues, because the patrons there are just as hard to please.

My choice was Rim when the police captain saw fit to close the family entrances on Sunday morning, but George was a good boy too. Lots of stuff, but wild as bootleg gin. We got to expect that on the lots. Give him a good day, though, with a sandstorm at his back and with Patsy at one end of the pitch and my ump at the other, and George was dangerous.

There was a boy any team could point with pride—my ump. Say, I will take the varsity of the Newsboys' Home and my ump, and I will play them against the World's Champions and it will be anybody's game. Was he good? Well, I remember of spelling my ump in the box once—him being called out to answer the telephone—and there is a bird just got up to bit, and I look at the little clocker my ump hands me, and it already says three strikes! You can't beat that much. That boy certainly had wonderful control. He was a sharpshooter. He would get down behind the pitcher and sight along his arm, and the pitcher didn't have to throw the ball if he didn't want to. You're out!

He was a conscientious ump and always carried the book of rules in his pants pocket, and in case of any kick he would adjoin and look in the book. Whatever the book said went. I sometimes used to think he favored a little, and once I took a look in that book myself. But, no; I was doing the man an injustice.

On third, I had Saugerties. That is what we called him, and maybe his right name was Albany or Troy, but he would be just as sweet. If only somebody was there to tell that bird what to do with that ball. He could catch it. Third is a tough spot. They certainly do come down there without lights. You take some long guy that reaches back his hind foot for the water pail and gets a half turn and a full swipe. Oh, my! And Saugerties playing a short field. Can you imagine?

"You're out," says my ump, meaning three strikes.

"Right again," says Saugerties, tossing in the ball.

Left field was another tough spot, and I had to play two men there in close games. Between the diamond and the fence was a big board sign, and a hit over that sign was good for all you could get, unless the ump thought the fielder caught the ball back there. That was a ground rule. How was the ump to know if the fielder caught the ball, when he couldn't see him? Well, that was up to the ump. You got to leave some things to the ump, or why have him? My man Jaspar laid out behind the sign so he could hand a ball to Happy Malane as he went galloping through.

That was part of my man Jaspar's job—to sew up soft balls. I always had a ball ready to throw into the box when the other team was at bat, so as not to delay the game. Those balls were meek and mild, and they would take a terrible wallop and not hit back. Say, Patsy Finn could lean up against one with all his might—and some might—and he would only have to scrape it off his bat. They didn't bounce so much, what I mean.

Well, that is what is called inside baseball. My man Jaspar sewed up these punks and shagged fouls and galloped around the fence paddling guys looking through knotholes, and took tickets and sold peanuts and ran errands, and got arrested—that was during the Sunday Law, when the police captain put on his uney and arrested the first man that threw a ball—and made himself useful in his idle moments. Keep your eye on Jaspar, folks. He will positively appear again.

But about Sunday ball. A great fault with Sunday ball in New York is, it is played on Sunday. Well, is that my fault, now, I ask you? I paid the regular wages—fifteen apiece to the battery, seven to the infield and five to the out, ten to my ump—but their argument was they had to live all week. Well, why not get a job? You took them words out of my mouth. But the trouble is, the boys that play Sunday ball in my park don't get jobs.

After the middle of June it was hunky-dory. We played the resorts. Far Rockaway, Central Islip, Long Branch, South Beach—we could patch out a week and play every day. But before the resorts opened up—what then? I couldn't help them out. If I took six hundred dollars at the gate any Sunday, it was a big day, and out of that I had to pay my boys and sometimes give Jaspar a dollar, and have near a hundred dollars overhead besides. Them days, baseballs cost eighty-five cents and we lost a ball near every game. The uneys stood me six dollars in United States money when I couldn't get some business firm to subsidize me with them.

But I was always more like a father to my boys, and I figured if there wasn't some way to support

So I Go Out and Find My Man Jaspar Asleep Under the Sign in Left Field

them in April, May and half of June. The leagues are up against the same proposition, but on account of all the free advertising they get in the newspapers, they draw all the business there is. If I could get their advertising I could draw against them, but the best they give me was a line on Monday morning after playing a colored team: Police Halt Race Riot at Rowdy Game. And that was as good as nothing.

So that is how I came to get in the college league. You see, when we would play the resorts we would not play as the All-Collegians, because we did not need the advertising, and sometimes the resorts did not want it either. You know what I mean. So we would play under a trade name and get a little subsidizing. We would play as the Iron Bloods, named after that great medicine that makes champion pugs what they are today, or we might be Murphy's Rubber Heels, or Mechanics' Pride Overhauls, or Brokaw's Broke in Pipes—to Draw Them You Need no Band Around the Neck. You have often seen such teams perform, and that is how it is done. Well, among the bids for our support this season was one from Towle's Barber College. You know Towle's Barber College. It is where you get the free shave and a haircut; or they will teach you to be a barber for fifty dollars and you can shave and cut yourself for nothing.

Well, looking over the market, the only outlaw teams I see playing week-day ball in the spring are these colleges. That is just their season, and they do not play Sunday ball at all, and they close up when the resorts open. What could be sweeter? Sometimes, when my batteries are out of commission, I rush an order to some college or other and get a college battery to work a Sunday date for me on the quiet, and taking their little thirty berries and going back to their lessons; so I make inquiries of these scholars, and what I hear, this college money is about what we pay on the lots. Guaranties of a hundred and a hundred and a quarter to visitors, and no argument about how big the gate is, and won't they let half ride till next Sunday either. Well, my ten men figure to eighty-three dollars on the hoof. If I give them seventy and take twenty-five for myself I will still have the freight to near-by points, and there are dozens of colleges in and around New York. So what is the matter with us playing for good old Towle?

So I go around and buzz Towle, and he sees where it will spread his fame, and he gets busy with the old typewriter and challenges all the other colleges within a hundred and fifty miles of New York, games to be played on their grounds, a hundred-and-a-quarter guaranty and a side bet if we can bring our own ump. Well, you will be surprised to hear that we do not get immediate action from any New York college, but we get a comeback right away from the New Havens. There is a big college in New Haven—one of the biggest—and they say they will give us Wednesday, April second, on our grounds. They are playing the Manhattans on Monday and the Columbias on Tuesday, and if they are got to lay over in New York another day and lose a chance to see the sights of New Haven again, why, they will just simply have to like it or lump it. That is one thing I find out about the college league; it is not so hard to date up a college team to play New York.

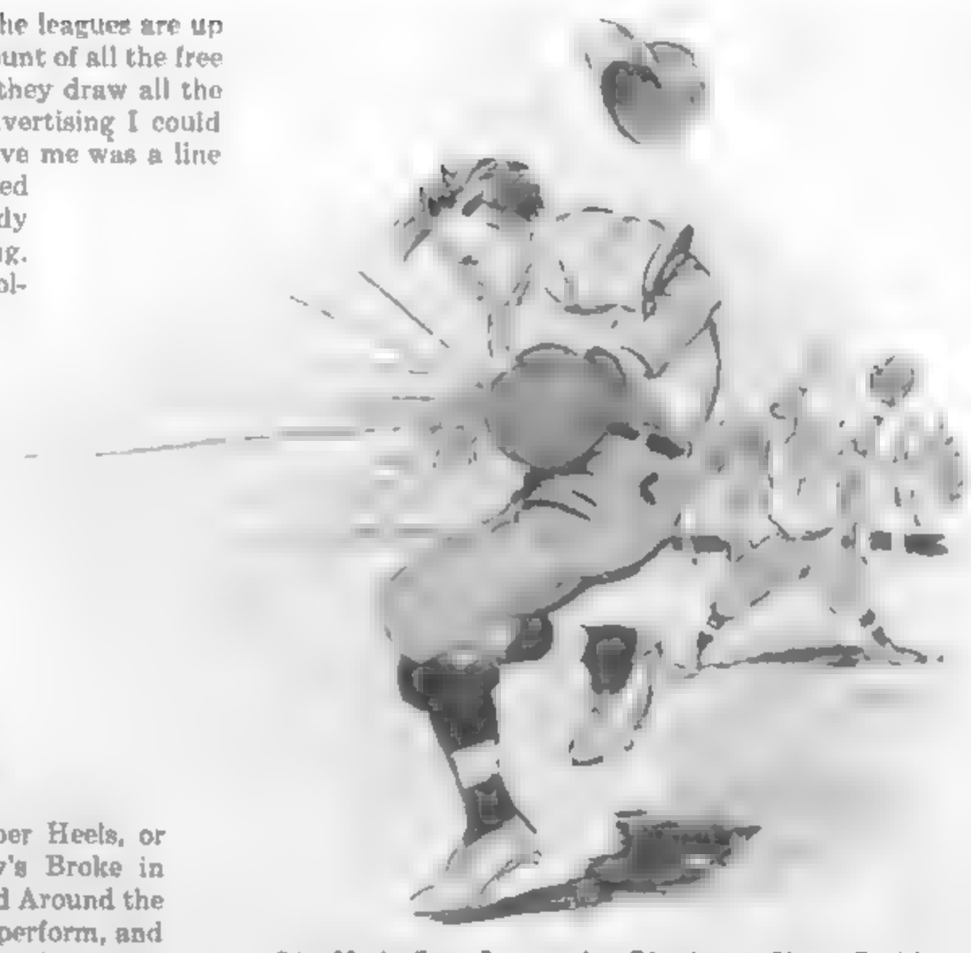
Well, that is not exactly our idea, because we are got to pay the guaranty, and where do we get off? On a Wednesday in Kit Carson's Park we wouldn't draw flies.

But I says to Towle like this: "It gets us in the league, don't it? We will be in all the papers."

"It's funny we don't get more acceptances," he says.

"The season's young," I says. "Did you write them all?"

"Listen, Nat," he says. "There's six hundred and seventy colleges in this country, forty-five



Oh, My! And Saugerties Playing a Short Field. Can You Imagine?

in this state, sixteen in New York City—including Towle's, but not the phonies that ain't even got chairs. I got twenty-two, and all busy. Look in the almanac."

"That's the trouble," I says. "Some of these colleges maybe never even heard of Towle's. Lost in the shuffle."

"Well, I never even heard of them," he says.

And he gets his dander up and he writes the New Havens to come right on, dress in the hotel, and we will have it out at Kit Carson's Park.

He does the thing in style too. Say, Towle got jack. He got a string of shops and, what I hear, he owns a row of flats up on Pike's Peak, which is a way of saying Washington Heights. We are not got much time to stir up college spirit, but he gets a bill put in near every chin-refinishing joint in the five boroughs, and when Wednesday afternoon comes along brisk and clear, we are got one of the greatest turnouts of old grads in the history of college baseball. I bet we are got two hundred, and a fine body of men, with their hair under three coats of varnish and their mustaches so shiny and stiff you could hang your hat on one end and your overcoat on the other. When the sun struck the Towle grand stand you want to dodge, and what a rich smell. We had a cry:

Sham-poo! Tonic too! Bar-ber, bah!
How's the razor? How's the razor?
Tip, tip, hurrah!
Hot Towle!

Rotten, hey? Folks, I'm telling you

I met the New Havens at the gate. A nice, clean bunch of ball players as ever I see, and none of that rough element. Well, when I first seen them I get a poor impression, because they was about twenty-four of them all dressed up in their uneys to play, and I did not think it was fair when I had only ten men, but the manager explained to me that it was all right and they would only play nine at a time and the others were substitutes to put in.

Well, that wasn't so good either, and I see where somebody was scandalizing my All-Collegians, and I told him it was not at all necessary.

I says: "The way we play ball in my park, if a man breaks his leg rounding third, it is because he trips over the bag and not over a foot. Accidents will happen, but you are borrowing trouble."

He is a nice young fellow, but he is looking around the park and sizing up the patrons, and he says, "Is this the grounds of the Towle Barber College?"

"Absolutely," I says. "There's the barbers right over there."

"Barbers!" he says, giving us all a hard look. And then he leans back his ears and he says, "Ha-ha-ha!" And he goes along to tell his boys the joke. I see where he thinks he has a push-over.

Well, that is all right, too, and right away I get a flash, and I look around for Jaspar. He is missing on the field as usual, but my idea will keep.

The manager comes back to me with two other men in plain clothes, and they say to me, "Did you say barbers?" So I explain to them in other words that he heard me the first time, and I said barbers.

Well, I am getting a big gate. I am not expecting to take in even a bag of doughnuts and here I got near three hundred dollars. I am so weak and nervous I can hardly lift the quarters, with watching over my shoulder for Towle and figuring he will want his guaranty back, and I do not want any nasty arguments until the game is over. Near three hundred—counting the regular patrons that come in under the fence from the tracks, as was their custom, we had probably near two thousand patrons in the park. Some Wednesday, hey?

The patrons are getting noisy and I see where they think it is a stickup. A stickup is one thing you got to always look out for on the lots. A stickup is where your boys wait until game time and then announce they will not play any ball today if they don't get right away their money for last Sunday, or maybe weeks and weeks before, raking up old scores. It is nothing but blackmail, but what can you do, with a park full of patrons and everybody hollering to play ball? Well, this case is not that case, and the trouble is the New Havens are not taking the field to warm up and the patrons are riding them. Nobody makes more noise than the New Haven stand, which is full of old grads and students, and a very fine and representative body as ever I see in Kit Carson's Park. They are in great form and are giving their yell, "Dry up, Sands, and play ball." Sands is the New Havens' manager.

So they inveigle him and he sends his boys on.

There is a stout party comes through the turnstile, and when I lamp him, my heart goes dot and carry one.

Somebody pipes, "Hello, Sam, old-timer. How about four behind third for the Giants' opener?"

And somebody else says, "Hello, Sam. Put me down for a private box, will you?"

And this party Sam makes a note in his little book and says, "Call at the office, boys."

(Continued on Page 88)

The Pitcher Didn't Have to Throw the Ball if He Didn't Want To. You're Out!

LADY BESS

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

WILDFIRE, Smoky Jean, Burnt Umber, Scarlet Flame—conjure names, every one. Say them to any setter man and an evening is assured—an evening filled with pipe smoke hanging lazily and still, like the smoky haze of fall; an evening musical to memory, with leaves rustling underfoot and with the call of gallant small bobwhite; an evening gorgeous with the flaming hues of autumn, intoxicating with a wine of frosty air; an evening rich, by reminiscence, with the good comradeship and rivalry of dog men, and with the good comradeship of dogs.

Wildfire, Smoky Jean, Burnt Umber, Scarlet Flame—all names to conjure with. But Lady Bess—ah, now—now you are talking dog!

Wildfire was a national champion, and Jean and Flame and Umber winners up and down the field-trial circuit till the list of firsts they got would make your head swim. They'd have been national champions, too, or else have run the dogs that beat them ragged, except for this that they never competed in the national stake. A man puts only his best bird dog into that competition, and Wildfire was Dan Thorplay's best, better than Flame or Jean or Umber. Yes, sir! Dan raised them all—a record. And they were litter brothers and sister—another record. And they were whelped by a national field-trial champion—a record of all records.

"The trouble with most stories is," Dan Thorplay told me once, "that people write about things that they never made a living at." Which is a criticism, sure enough.

"But, Dan," I argued back, "most writers make their living writing, and that job's got no more plot to it than darning socks."

"Well, then," remarked remorseless Dan, "no one should be allowed to write a tap till he'd worked first for ten or fifteen years."

But my hide is proof against any such slam as that—proof against his first criticism too.

"I know," I said. "I never ran a bulldog kennel. But since you force me to reveal the secret of my knowledge question mark—of the short-nose breed, I'll tell you something. In a previous incarnation I was the sawdust raker in the bear garden at Hockley-in-the-Hole, just outside Clerkenwell Green. That was when baiting flourished in old England, back in 1700. And the dogs set on the bears and bulls in the Hockley pit were the line ancestors of old Sourmug of today."

At which Dan grinned. "Ain't imagination grand?" he asked. "But it won't let you write good bird-dog stories. I'll tell you what—our house is big—you haven't any more responsibilities than a rabbit. So you live here with us awhile. You work, if you insist on honoring it with that designation, or louf around here half a year. I'll try to cram a lifetime of bird-dog training into you in six months. Besides, there's a stateful of prairie chickens just outside our fence, and I'm acquainted with a trout not twenty miles away that has six thousand brothers, and on the next ranch Sam Wellman's got a pack of coyote-running hounds. They're crossbred borzois and greyhounds mostly; but a month or so ago a man named Murray sent him a full-blooded Irish wolfhound to try out. And you ought to see that baby work 'em over! And besides all that, we like you. Will you stay?"

Chicken and trout; Irish wolfhound at work; Dan Thorplay's training kennels and Dan Thorplay—would I ntay?

It happened thus that I was there when Lady Bess arrived. Lady Bess, as all field-trial men remember, was the little Llewellyn bitch that took the national championship away from Doc Holden's wonderful big pointer Don. That was almost ten years ago; but Lady Bess is still a conjure name. And it is a conjure name not so much because she was a national champion in field trials as because she was the world's champion field-trial setter mother. Perhaps her fame as mother might have been eclipsed—or equaled, anyhow—by fame afield had she not been taken out of competition after one year of unbelievable winnings; but after her national win they yanked her off the circuit and she never run again—a mystery to field-trial followers to this day. They never set her down again. They didn't have to. Her blood ran gloriously for her—but that's another story.

She Came Out Not Head First, Carrying a Single Pup, But Tail First, Dragging a Smoking Box in Which There Lay Three Helpless, Blessed Little Dogs

Last month I wrote a letter to Dan Thorplay. I said:

Dear Dan: I've told you for the last time that you and you alone are the man to write up Lady Bess' story. You could do it. Technic be hanged. I doubt if there is any such fool insect. If a story's good, just tell it. But you haven't done it. And I'll be shot in seven places just at sunrise if I'll let that bit of history go unrecorded ten more years. So unless you write and stop me ——

John Stevens was the man who owned the Lady Bess. He wrote a letter to Dan Thorplay while I stayed at Dan's house, saying that he was sending on a little Llewellyn bitch that was the best field-trial prospect he had ever owned. She had it all, he said—all but one thing. He might as well have said that she was blind. He said she had no nose! His letter stated that several of the best veterinarians in the East had looked her over and treated her, but had been unable to account for her loss of scent or to help her in the least. They had agreed that the trouble was very possibly catarrhal—a left-over from distemper, maybe—and that perhaps a change in altitude would do her good.

John Stevens had his string of dogs at that time with Knox, then at the top of his career as a field-trial handler. His kennels were up in the Carolina hills. And he himself picked Dan Thorplay to succeed him with the Lady Bess. A letter from him came a few days after that of Stevens. It read thus:

Dear Dan: I don't believe that this Bess dog, which I've persuaded Mr. Stevens to let me wish on you, will ever smell a bird this side the happy hunting grounds, if then. On earth, she wouldn't make a skunk hound. Change of altitude, my eye! But that's what the high-paid vets say, and for that little lady a man would try anything. She's the cutest little trick you ever saw, and worth every cent that Stevens is about to waste on her. If any man can help her, I'd say you can, Dan. Work her regular on birds and keep her in good shape, and if some miracle should bring her scent back, you have got a dog in your training kennel.

Luck by the shipload. KNOX.

P. S. She won't retrieve. She must think a dead bird is made of cyanide and dynamite. She wouldn't pick one up no more than she'd pick up a porcupine. But I wouldn't bother about that any. I didn't. What's the use wasting time teaching her to retrieve if you've got to go out and find the birds for her first?

She got to Texas in a little while, and I never saw a dog arrive at Dan Thorplay's training quarters that made a tenth the hit she did. It was especially noticeable, because Dan's taste ran toward big strong dogs. He liked the pointers, strapping, upstanding buckos preferably, headstrong enough to use their own heads when working, and not their trainer's—dogs that were not always looking back to the handler to find out what was best to do next; dogs strong enough of heart and body to stand severe correction when they stuck at doing something altogether wrong. Llewellyns, so Dan claimed, had had their nervous systems wrecked by long inbreeding, so that their high-strung natures could not stand up under rigorous correction. You had to handle them with gloves, Dan said, and this took longer. Dan's preference for pointers was natural enough for a bird-dog trainer. The quicker you could put them through, the more dogs you could handle.

But Lady Bess knocked Dan's outfit cold. A little thing, she was, not much past thirty pounds when she arrived. But when they took her from her crate, and I got a look at her, one word came to my mind—complete. I don't know setter dogs; but even if you don't know a breed intimately, something will tell you when you are looking at a good one—any breed.

You may not know the points; but you don't have to know points to recognize perfect health, beauty, symmetry, efficiency, usefulness. You saw all these things when you looked at Lady Bess. And when she looked at you—good evening!

I think no dog looks at you like a setter does. The scrutiny of a mighty Irish wolfhound is the most disconcerting gaze I know. You feel that your immortal soul, if any, is under calm examination. A chow does not look at you—he looks through you—past you. You do not exist at all. Most terriers' eyes say, "Well, what next?" Bulldogs will melt the very heart of you if you but dare look in their eyes and see the yearning to be not misunderstood that fills their endlessly courageous, gentle hearts. But in a setter's eyes, I think, is understanding.

Dan Thorplay, crouching down before her, said, "They tell you that a setter dog talks with his eyes. Just listen to this baby's, will you? They're a-singing!"

And Dan's helper, to whom another dog was just another job of work, stood and stared at her, and stared and stared.

And finally he said: "She's too good to be true, and too fine and beautiful to have any guts. Here you, Dan, get away and let me have that head in my hands a little while!"

They kept her up for a while until she got rested from her long trip, and then started giving her her regular turn in the field.

When Stevens said she had it all he wasn't adding anything to facts. She was as wide as the country she was down in, fast as a whippet, and she handled like some dog you'd dreamed about.

Dan Thorplay had some good ones in his training string that year—a couple Whitestone puppies that later turned out winners; a pair of Free-Lance-ex-Cotton-Bottom dogs that Dan said had been sent to him to train because Texas was the only state wide enough to hold them; and some other stock nationally known—I don't remember now just what they were. But none of them ever showed that Bess girl anything but nose. If any dog got on the outside of her in covering a course, you could place a bet that he had bolted—had quit the job of working birds for the day, and like as not was taking a jack rabbit on a short run over to New Mexico.

With no more smeller than a catfish, she'd hunt birds with her brains. She'd take the wind and work the likely places, wisely, as though she had as much nose as an elephant.

Point? Bet your right eye she'd point if by some other sense than smell she got aware of game! Some of the prettiest bird-dog pictures I've ever seen, and the most pathetic, too, are of that little lady backing some other dog's find—honoring the point some pooch was making that she would have taken from him by four jumps had her poor nose been on the job.

That poor blessed little setter couldn't smell fourteen dollars' worth of Limburger in a phone booth, let alone a bird. It would make you want to sit right down and bawl to see her charge straight through a hiding bevy, dropping to flush as instantly and beautifully as you ever saw, and then looking as ashamed of herself as though she had been taken killing sheep.

Dan Thorplay worried over her for months. He studied her like a mother would some child that had an odd and puzzling subnormality. She would not retrieve, as Knox had said. Strange thing she'd bring a thrown ball or a stick back to you by the hour. But a dead bird? Not on your life! You couldn't make her touch one. Dan worked on this with patience past belief, hoping that it might lead him somewhere, hoping that it might have some bearing on her lack of scent. But he got no help from that.

He went over her a hundred times, nose tip to last tail hair, in hope of finding some defect or other that might explain and maybe solve the trouble. But he couldn't find a thing.

Perfection—she spelled that, the lovely little creature.

Dan kept reporting to her owner on her progress, or rather on the lack of it; for though she was in wonderful condition, and handled in the field as only Dan Thorplay's dogs handle, she could have spent the time she spent with Dan home on a cushion for all the field-trial good it did her. Her nose stayed blank. John Stevens might as well have spent his money on a dog with three cork legs.

At last Dan wrote and said he feared the case was hopeless told Mr. Stevens that he didn't want to take any more of his money working on her, unless for this: That he be allowed to mate her with old Jed Whitestone, who was boarding with Dan at the time. Dan said something about the far chance that motherhood might in some way bring her scent back suggested that Nature, realizing that she would very greatly need to scent her puppies taking care of them, would somehow fulfill that need.

"That's one fine song and dance to give a man," Dan told me, after he'd let me read the letter. "And I guess Stevens will see through it all right. But she'll be a wonderful brood matron. And I'll get her out of my working string that way. Hopeless as she is, as long as she works I'll worry over her and waste on her attention that other dogs should be getting."

If this man Stevens saw through Dan's device he never said so. No doubt he thought, and rightly, that if Dan Thorplay couldn't puzzle out a dog problem it was unsolvable. At any rate he acquiesced in Dan's suggestion, and in due time Dan's kennels were presented with a litter of four pups.

You never saw a thing as proud as Lady Bess. She never was a kennel dog. So tractable and reliable and lovable she was, Dan let her have the run of the place. And for her nursery she picked out an old two-roomed shed on Dan's place that held the dog wagon in one end and in the other compartment housed the kennel kitchen, the stove and the utensils for cooking for the dogs. She took possession of an upset box and there proceeded with the serious business of bringing up a family. You never saw a thing as proud.

A dozen times a day she would invite us into her shed to look upon the paragons of dogdom. Any time you happened past the cook house you were likely to feel a cold moist nose in your hand, and upon looking down would find the little setter walking from you toward the maternity ward, looking back over her shoulder at you, with an expression that informed you better than all words that you were the privileged of all mankind.

Personally I could no more have insulted her by refusing that proud invitation than I could have kicked her in the ribs. But to Sandy, who was Dan's helper, pups was pups, and were all the same to him, until one day they proved the stuff in them in a derby race. And Sandy one day turned her down refused to follow her into her shed. Whereupon she went in and got a pup and carried it to Sandy.

"Well," said Sandy, "if women ain't the limit! What's that thing to get all steamed up about? Looks like a piece of overripe Bologna there on the grass to me. You better

Continued on Page 126.

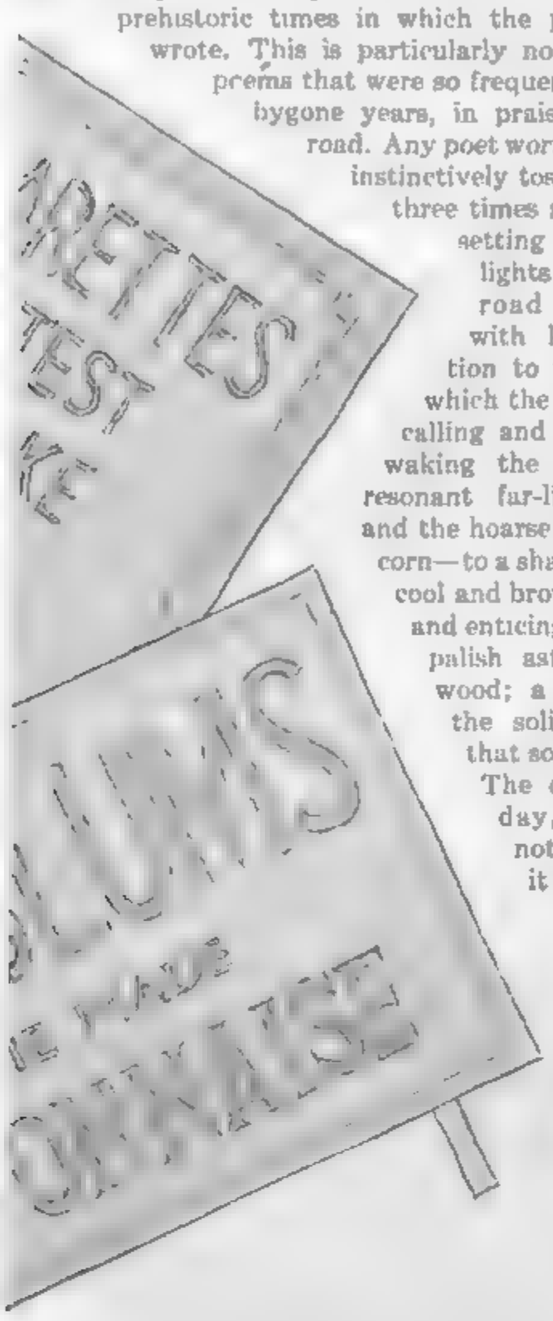
Time After Time She Smashed Straight Through an Ice-Knifed Brush to Beat Him to the Huddled, Almost Scentless Birds

TRAVELS IN BILLBOARDIA

By Kenneth L. Roberts

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

IT IS a notorious fact that a person who depends on poetry for his source of information is very apt to accumulate in his mind's eye a large mass of inaccurate, not to say worthless, pictures. This may not, of course, be the fault of the poet. It may be the fault of the comparatively prehistoric times in which the poet lived and wrote. This is particularly noticeable in the poems that were so frequently written, in bygone years, in praise of the open road. Any poet worthy of the name instinctively tossed off, two or three times a year, a poem setting forth the delights of the open road and alluding with keen appreciation to the manner in which the mountains are calling and the winds are waking the pines—to the resonant far-listening morn and the hoarse whisper of the corn—to a shadowy highway cool and brown, alluring up and enticing down—to the palish asters along the wood; a lyric touch of the solitude, and all that sort of thing.

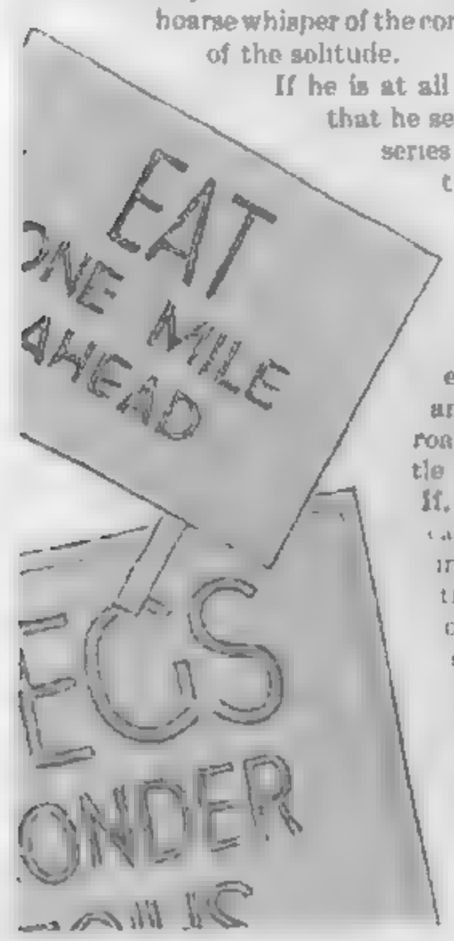


The open road today, however, is not exactly what it was when the poets were busiest. It is somewhat distressing, therefore, to contemplate the probable confusion of a person who has been reared on a mountain top and has dipped extensively into the works of the best poets, and has suddenly descended from his mountain top to sample delights of modern civilization.

Eager to try the joys of the open road, as chronicled in the most fluent and penetrating poems of Nature, he might hurry out to the shadowy highway cool and brown and listen intently for the call of the mountains and the hoarse whisper of the corn and other lyric touches of the solitude.

If he is at all careless in the position that he selects for his listening, a series of large red or green automobiles with high-compression engines will emerge from the solitude and hit him with a terrific crash in the vicinity of the left ear or the pelvic bone, and the sounds of the open road will thereafter have little or no interest for him. If, however, he uses due care in choosing his listening post, he will soon find that the hoarse whisper of the corn is wholly smothered by an unending chorus of more or less strident and nerve-racking wails from automobile horns.

As for the fragrance of the jessamine and the odors of the sweet tangled wild



wood, which have always received prominent and persistent mention in the best poems of the open-road school, he will find that they have been crowded out by the odor of hot dogs, fried clams and frying doughnuts.

Poems, in short, are all right in their way; but they too often convey an entirely erroneous impression of the world in which we live.

Consider for a moment that noble poem of patriotism which sings of the land where our fathers died and the land of the Pilgrims' pride.

"I love," says this stirring poem, speaking of the United States—"I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills."

A distinct picture is thus created in the minds of foreign visitors to America—a picture of a majestically beautiful America, whose roadsides are rimmed with rugged cliffs and forests primeval, through which mighty rivers go rolling, rolling, rolling to the sea and all that sort of thing; of stern and rock-bound coasts and the wind-swept pines above the flowery mead and what not.

It consequently comes as an unexpected shock to the foreign visitors when they find that the land of the Pilgrims' pride is entirely different from the mental pictures called up by the poem. There are doubtless as many rocks and rills in America as there were when Samuel Francis Smith wrote the poem, but they are more difficult to detect with the naked eye from the open road.

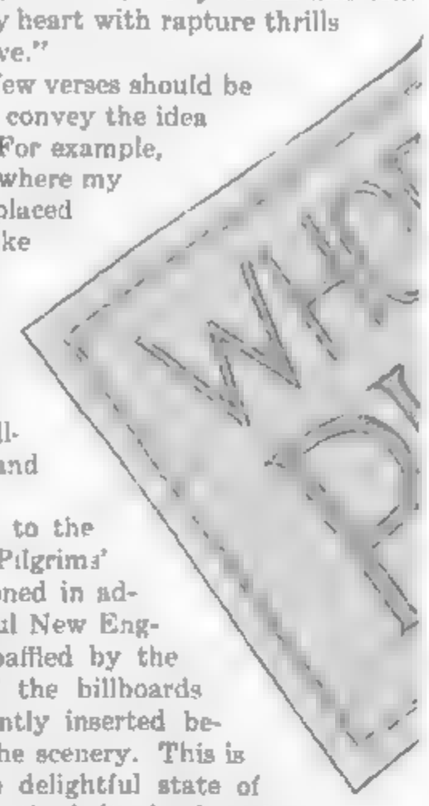
No layman, of course, should attempt to tell a poet what he ought to see in the line of scenery; and it is more than possible that if Samuel Francis Smith were alive today, he would indignantly refuse to revise his poem or add a few stanzas to it so that newcomers to America would know what to expect.

Some poets refuse to write poems about the garages and the telephone-pole forests that have brightened so many corners of what Mr. Smith laughingly referred to as the "land of the noble free"; and it is quite within the bounds of reason that Mr. Smith, if urged to bring his poem up to date, would retort that if a person visited the proper sections of America, he would have an unobstructed view of enough rocks and rills, to say nothing of woods and templed hills, to last him for a couple of lifetimes.

This claim would in all probability be justified; but in view of the fact that the visitor would be obliged to travel in order to reach these sections, there is a strong feeling in many quarters that large numbers of American patriotic poems, and poems of Nature and sentiment, should be rewritten and brought up to date by a committee of three or four prominent poets—or better still, by a Federal Poetry Commission to be appointed by the President during the first full moon of every Leap Year, or at some other appropriately poetic time. I make no pretensions to poetic ability; and I am well aware of the fact that if any poet in good standing were to find me sitting in the poet's corner, he would call the house committee in a hoarse, raucous voice and have me thrown out on the sidewalk with a dull crash. Nevertheless I feel competent to give a sketchy idea of what the situation seems to demand.

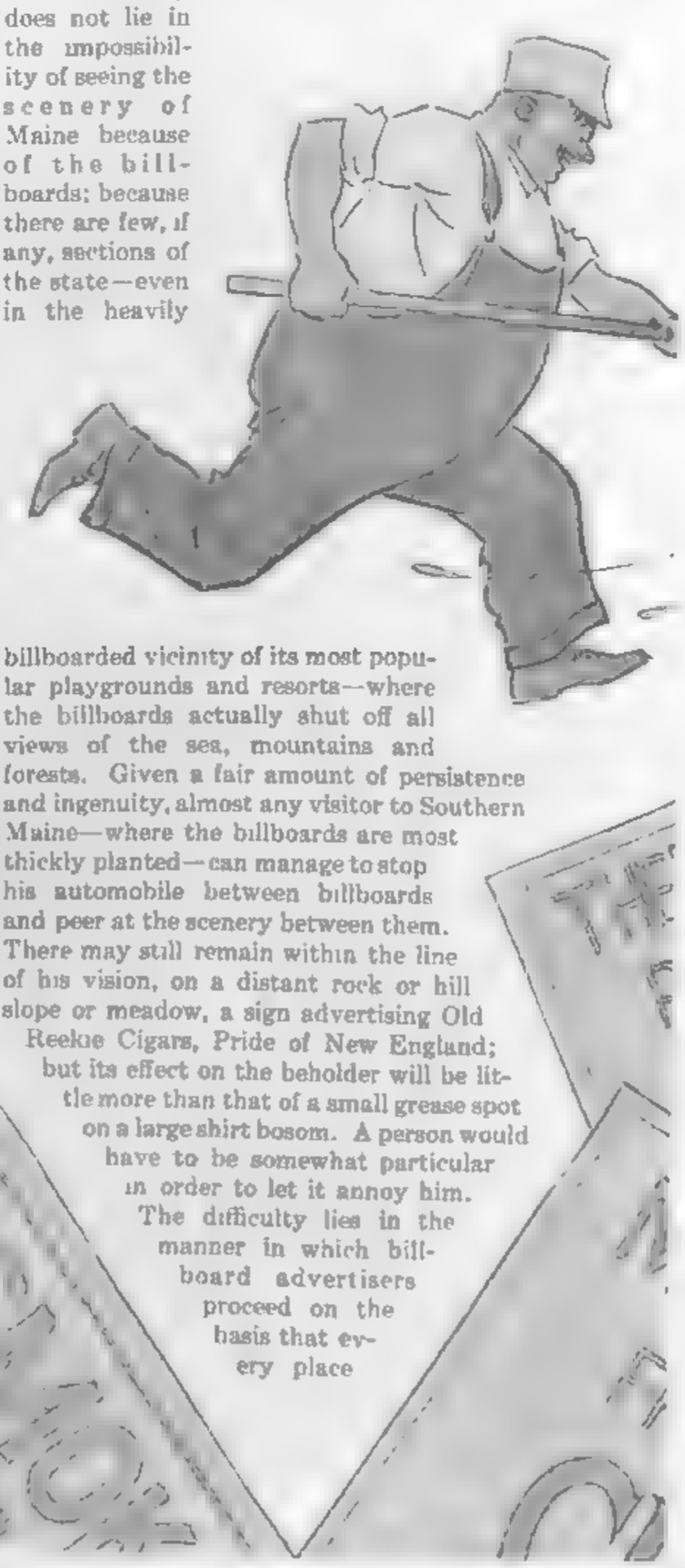
Mr. Smith, in writing America, spoke of the salient characteristics of the land. "I love thy rocks and rills," he said, "Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above."

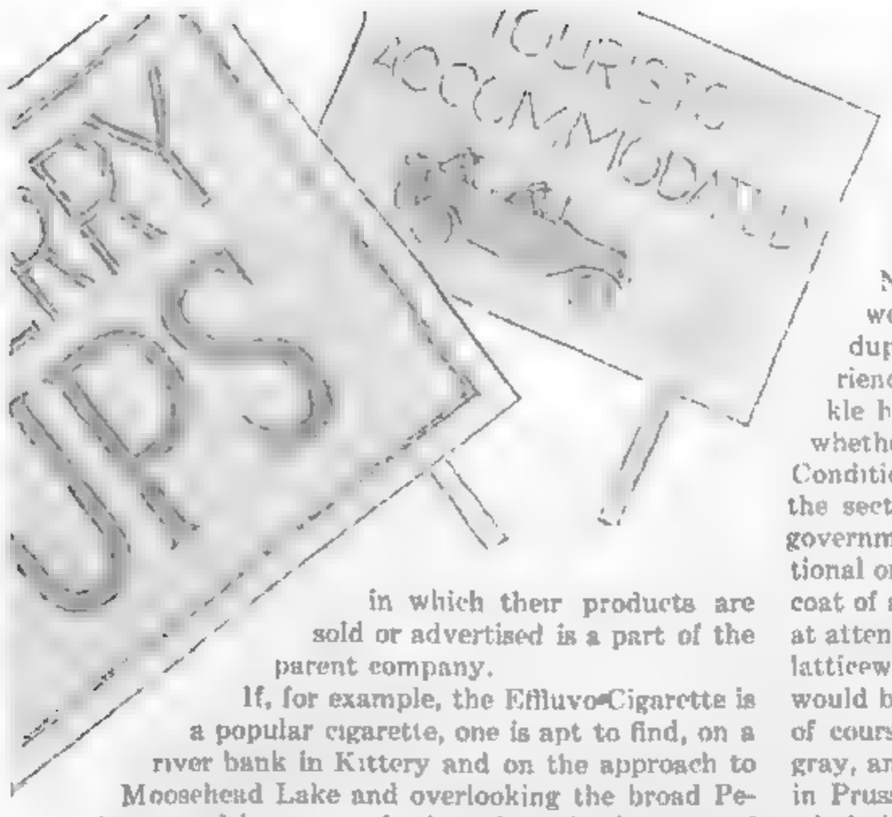
It is my belief that a few verses should be tucked in somewhere to convey the idea of existing conditions. For example, the lines about the land where my fathers died could be replaced with lines something like "Land where the clams are fried, Land where the mountains hide"; or at another point one could add "I love thy crab-meat signs, Thy billboards' graceful lines," and so on.



Inexperienced visitors to the original land of the Pilgrims' pride, frequently mentioned in advertisements as Beautiful New England, are occasionally baffled by the inscriptions on some of the billboards that have been so fluently inserted between the visitors and the scenery. This is particularly true in the delightful state of Maine, which has advertised its justly celebrated rocks, rills, woods and templed hills so extensively in the past year or so that unusually large numbers of travelers take to the open road during the summer months so that they may investigate the scenery for themselves.

The difficulty does not lie in the impossibility of seeing the scenery of Maine because of the billboards; because there are few, if any, sections of the state—even in the heavily billboarded vicinity of its most popular playgrounds and resorts—where the billboards actually shut off all views of the sea, mountains and forests. Given a fair amount of persistence and ingenuity, almost any visitor to Southern Maine—where the billboards are most thickly planted—can manage to stop his automobile between billboards and peer at the scenery between them. There may still remain within the line of his vision, on a distant rock or hill slope or meadow, a sign advertising Old Reekie Cigars, Pride of New England; but its effect on the beholder will be little more than that of a small grease spot on a large shirt bosom. A person would have to be somewhat particular in order to let it annoy him. The difficulty lies in the manner in which billboard advertisers proceed on the basis that every place





in which their products are sold or advertised is a part of the parent company.

If, for example, the Effluvo-Cigarette is a popular cigarette, one is apt to find, on a river bank in Kittery and on the approach to Moosehead Lake and overlooking the broad Penobscot and in scores of other places in the state of Maine, large billboards announcing: You are Now in Effluvoland: Smoke Effluvos.

Or if the demand for Bologny Sandwich Stuffing has become a necessity to large numbers of the traveling public, the swelling Camden Hills or the winding roads of Merrymeeting Bay or the approaches to lovely Mount Desert will be embellished with multicolored signs declaring: This is Bolognyland. Ask for Bologny, the Stuffing Beautiful.

As a result of all this, the visitor who is unfamiliar with the state may travel for hundreds of miles through it without once realizing that he is in it. If he started from Massachusetts, where billboards also announce This is Bolognyland, he will merely see in Maine another Bolognyland. In this way the state of Maine loses much of the benefit that it might otherwise derive from its constant declaration that it is the Playground of the Nation, America's Scenic Wonderland, the Recreational State and the Land of Remembered Vacations.

There is also a great deal of duplicated effort and waste motion to this form of advertising, due to the fact that five billboards within a hundred-yard radius may announce This is Bolognyland, while others within the same radius may also announce You are Now in Zuffleland—Drink Zuffle; This is Oolickland Visit Oolick Lodge and Overnight Cottages; and This is Effluvoland—Smoke Effluvos, the National Zip Smoke.

The situation might readily be cleared up by a great organizer and executive. He might, for example, obtain the consent of the state of Maine to separate the southern section of the state from the northern section and call it the state of Billboardia—a name that would be more appropriate than Bolognyland or Effluvoland, or even than Maine, since there is little to see there except billboards.

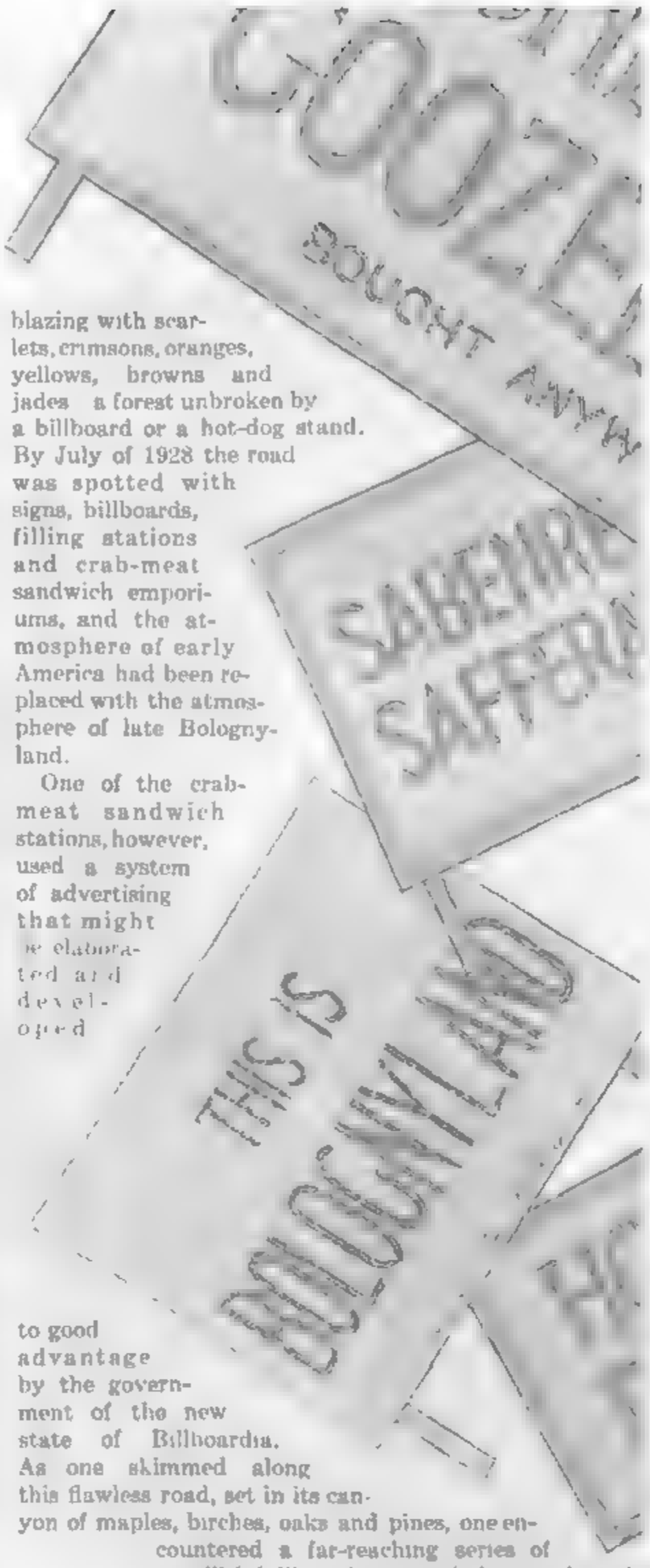
If, then, the persons who specialize on billboard advertising should be properly organized, they would probably consent to take over the administration of the state of Billboardia and pay the state of Maine generously for the privilege. The state of Maine could probably stipulate that at the head of each signboard in Billboardia should appear the words: You are Now in Billboardia—136 Miles to Maine. This would, in large part, do away with the uneconomic duplication of effort that now exists; and the inexperienced traveler would no longer be obliged to wrinkle his brow and rack his brains in order to find out whether he was in Oolickland or Bolognyland.

Conditions in Billboardia, or Bolognyland, are such that the section would be infinitely better off with its own government, its own laws, its own flag and its own national or state anthem. A handsome design for a flag and coat of arms would be a tall handsome billposter standing at attention before one of the new artistic billboards, with latticework beneath and Doric columns on each side. He would be presenting arms with a pasta brush, and would, of course, be garbed in white. The billboard would be gray, and on it would be lettered the word "Billboardia" in Prussian blue. The white billposter would stand out admirably against the blue letters. The background would be green, representing the green forests against which the ideal billboard is placed.

A state anthem would properly be composed along the line of the homely verses beginning, "How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood." The original verses would be inappropriate, because they would mean next to nothing to the person born in Billboardia, or Bolognyland, in recent years. They speak of such childhood scenes as: "The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood, and every loved spot which my infancy knew! The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it; The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell; The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well."

In order to serve as the state anthem of Billboardia, these should be corrected to read something as follows: "How dear are the scenes of my youth to my senses: The cigarette ad just beyond the back door: The dandy big signs on the barn and the fences—And down in the meadow were seventeen more. The pond had a stand that sold hot dogs beside it, And so did the bridge and the old village green: The hilltop had eight snappy sign boards astride it; But in our front yard was the best one I've seen! The old wooden billboard, the hand-painted billboard, The biggest old billboard I ever have seen!"

Late in 1927 the state of Maine abandoned a portion of its main-traveled highway in the very heart of Billboardia, or Bolognyland, some twenty to twenty-five miles south of Portland, and cut a new, broad, flawless seven-mile road through the untouched, unmarred forest. The road was opened to travel on Labor Day, 1927. It passed, during the autumn, through an early American forest, blazing with scarlets, crimsons, oranges, yellows, browns and jades a forest unbroken by a billboard or a hot-dog stand. By July of 1928 the road was spotted with signs, billboards, filling stations and crab-meat sandwich emporiums, and the atmosphere of early America had been replaced with the atmosphere of late Bolognyland.



One of the crab-meat sandwich stations, however, used a system of advertising that might be elaborated and developed to good advantage by the government of the new state of Billboardia. As one skimmed along this flawless road, set in its canyon of maples, birches, oaks and pines, one encountered a far-reaching series of smallish billboards, pressed close against the edge of the highway. The first one informed the palpitating traveler that Stagger Inn, or some such caravansary, was one mile ahead. The second, two hundred yards further along, announced that Stagger Inn was now serving breakfast; the third that Stagger Inn was serving coffee; the fourth that Stagger Inn was serving luncheon; the fifth that Stagger Inn was serving clam chowder; the sixth that Stagger Inn was serving fresh crab-meat sandwiches; the seventh that Stagger Inn was serving chicken salads and sandwiches; and the eighth that Stagger Inn was serving chocolate fudge cake. Following this, the traveler arrived at Stagger Inn itself, and was greeted by a tasteful arrangement of hot-drink, cold-drink, candy, chewing-gum, fresh-egg, Frankfurter and home-cooking signs.

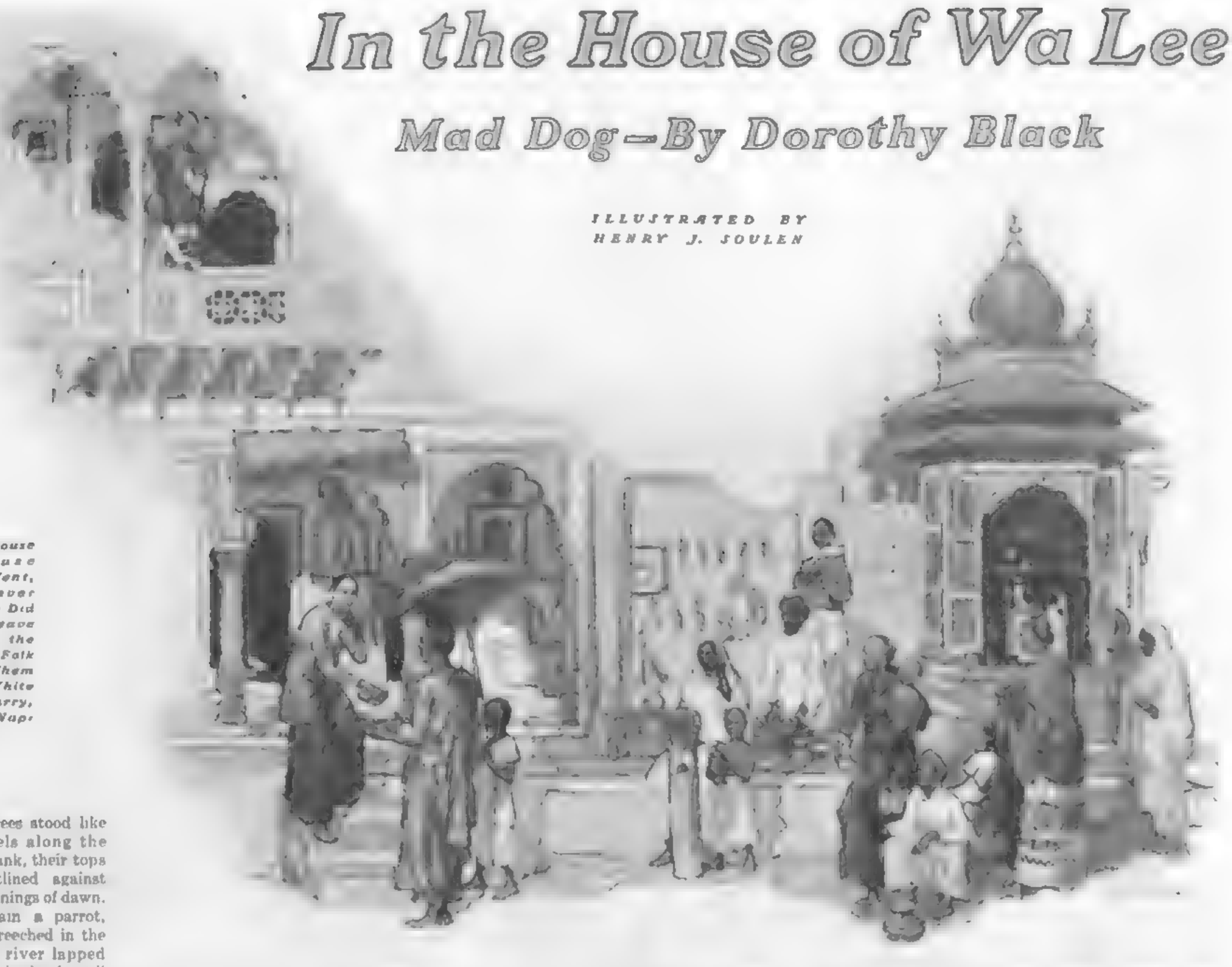
The capital of Billboardia is located about halfway between Portsmouth and Portland, along the ancient road where the Indians lay in wait nearly two centuries ago, for the white men that were wresting the country from the wilderness. Down this road the men of Maine marched to embark on the expedition that

(Continued on Page 186)

In the House of Wa Lee

Mad Dog—By Dorothy Black

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



From House to House They Went, and Never a House Did They Leave Without the Women Folk Giving Them Food—White Rice, Curry, Savory Nappee

PALM trees stood like sentinels along the river bank, their tops delicately outlined against the gray beginnings of dawn. Now and again a parrot, awakening, screeched in the jungle. The river lapped quietly along the bank, still as a sheet of gray satin, with here and there a vivid patch of water hyacinth, bright purple, going past on the tide. There was not a soul about. Beneath the bungalow the watchman lay asleep. Only Maung Maung, wearing the yellow robe of a Buddhist priest, squatted under a tamarisk tree on the river bank, looking upstream to where the sun must presently rise.

There was humor in the situation. Inside the bungalow slept Alec Jones, the policeman, whose minions were combing out the district for Maung Maung. Was there not a reward of 10,000 rupees out for him, dead or alive?

Now Maung Maung knew his world. He was aware the last place he would be looked for was on the river bank directly beneath the policeman's bedroom window, disguised as a priest. Therefore, for three days he had remained there, watching the villagers come and go from the bazaar, and the white paddy birds homing over the face of the waters, and the vivid patches of the water hyacinth coming up or down on the tide. They took him for a holy man, lost in meditation. Three times daily the women from the village brought him food—curry and rice and fruits and savory *nappes*.

There was humor in the situation and Maung Maung saw it. At the same time he was aware he had got himself, this time, into a serious mess. The rice thieving, the assaulting of a policeman on duty, and all his other various little complications, might in time have been lived down.

But now matters wore a different complexion altogether. Maung Maung, who was known as Mad Dog, was aware of it and annoyed about it, for at heart he knew he was an amiable and a peace-loving man. He could recall a hundred instances that proved it satisfactorily. All these holes he got himself into came from nothing but high spirits and bad luck.

Sitting on the river bank in the dawn, his yellow robe round him, Maung Maung meditated, but not upon the Scriptures. A week ago he had been lying low and keeping quiet in the house of Wa Lee the Chinaman. The house of Wa Lee was a meeting place for all manner of men, being a derelict palace in the Chinese style, long since tumble-down and abandoned by its original owners, its pleasure gardens turned into a market garden where Wa Lee grew lettuces and cabbages—and pumpkins.

The empty rooms and the long hot days and the silence, coupled with the stench made by Wa Lee with his own private system of vegetable culture, grew wearisome to Maung Maung.

On the night of the Full Moon of Tabaung, he had called to two friends of his, "Come out and see the white moon on the waters of the lake, and we will have some fun."

So three of them went. Maung Maung and Vital Das, failed B.A. of Calcutta University, and Simon, one outcast. And later they fell in, on chance, with Maung Gyi, own blood cousin to Maung Maung and not unlike him, being aquiline of nose, when most men are squat in that part. Maung Gyi was a man of no mind and little conversation, having fallen when young from a bullock cart, from which misfortune he had never recovered. Maung Gyi was a man of no particular dwelling, who built himself shelters of palm leaves and sticks in the jungle, and no man knew his comings or goings.

Together these four wandered off down the lakeside road, Maung Gyi a little way behind. They none of them had any harm in mind, though Maung Maung carried his dah from habit and from long custom and because he felt cold without it.

It was a fine night, the Full Moon of Tabaung waxing fat in the sky like a white face. They went along singing, clapping their hands. Presently they fell in with some men gambling under the trees and they all played together.

There was a short, stocky Burman there, with a red scarf wound round his head. He was driver of a motor car, and told them his master was some way down the road with a lady, admiring the white of the moonlight in the waters of the lake. The Burman was lucky at cards. They fell for him. He won and won. They could do nothing with him. In the end he went off with fourteen rupees, eight annas.

The party broke up, going different ways. Only Maung Maung, with Vital Das, failed B.A., and Simon, continued along the lake road. Also Maung Gyi, as ever some little way behind, devoid of conversation.

Presently Maung Maung said, laughing, "Let us follow the motor driver for fun and take his winnings from him. He is a little one, and fat, and we are four souls."

They ran down the road. When the Burman heard them coming he began to run. As the four men drew alongside, he cried out. Now, without noticing it, they had approached the motor car, which stood in the shadow under trees. When the Burman cried out the door opened and a man came running toward them, taking off his coat. Maung Maung knew who it was. It was a young doctor from the hospital—John Cheng -a Chinaman, but a Christian, very tall and strong.

Things took on a serious aspect. Maung Maung's companions all ran away. But Maung Maung remained. Was he not Mad Dog, who turned from no one? He drew his dah and cut the Chinaman down as a man reaps a bundle of paddy. Then he dispatched the Burman, who was easy prey, being already fallen to the ground and half dead with fright.

"Now for the car," said Maung Maung to himself jauntily. He was rather annoyed in his heart at what had happened when he wanted a peaceful evening. Still, if there was a clock or a suitcase, he might as well take it along. Wa Lee disposed of such things for his clients, by ways and means. He was in no hurry. It was a lonesome part of the road, outside the police radius, and no one would pass now until morning.

He went along to the motor car, cleaning his dah on his orange-and-black-checked *loungyi* as he went. There was neither suitcase nor clock there. But there sat Mary Wa Lee, daughter of Wa Lee the Chinaman, sick with terror, crying, with her hands over her face, and saying:

"I saw, Maung Maung. I looked and saw you. What have you done? What have you done?"

Then he knew she had been watching from the window in the back of the car, too petrified with fright to take action. Being female, she was bound sooner or later to talk, and Maung Maung remembered the words Wa Lee himself had spoken over another little matter:

"It is better to kill too soon than too late, and many a man has been apprehended for the fearful staying of his hand."

So he killed her. But now things were difficult, because he could not go back to the house of Wa Lee. If Wa Lee learned of the night's work it would be serious, for his daughter was the light of his life and the only child he had left.

So Maung Maung went to the house in the jungle where Maung Gyi, his cousin, lived, and washed himself and hid his *loungyi* and dah in a hole in the earth there. And he took clothing of Maung Gyi's and left Rangoon altogether, slipping down the river to Tharaton in a stolen canoe, to the monastery on the hill there, where he had a friend already retired from the world for urgent private reasons.

They Shaved Off All His Hair, Also That Straggly Black Mustache That Had Been the Pride of His Life

This friend gave him a yellow robe, and said, "Better come inside. You will be caught if you go abroad, and the life of a monk has much to recommend it."

Maung Maung said, "Wait a little while. I want to see." So he sat on the river bank outside the police bungalow, where, in the going and the coming conversation of the crowds, he could pick up the news. For a whole week he sat there in peace and no one disturbed him except the mad dog.

It was a coincidence, that, and for a time, being superstitious, Maung Maung did not altogether like it. He was seated on the river bank, watching the purple water hyacinth go down on the tide, when he heard shouts and saw people running, and there came along the river bank toward him a mad dog. Unsteadily it came, its tongue hanging out, its jaws flecked with foam. He heard the shout of "Mad dog" in three different tongues, and others called to him, saying, "Kill it! Kill it!"

But he drew his orange robe round him and over his face and bowed his head, and said, "How shall I, who am Buddhist, do this thing, brothers? For it is written that a man shall not take life."

So the mad dog ran, howling, into the police bungalow. And presently there arose a great yammering and all the grim noise of fighting dogs.

Maung Maung thought that over. It was certainly an omen, but he decided that the omen was good. For was he himself not called Mad Dog? In as much as he had spared this one, would the law not now spare him? He was pleased.

So he continued to sit on the river bank for several days, picking up oddments of news. But one night, listening to a knot of poor fishermen talking as they threw their nets along the bank of the river, he learned what he wanted to know. The name of Maung Maung and his picture was being plastered all over the district. There was a reward of 10,000 rupees out for him, dead or alive.

No one knew better than Maung Maung how loud money talks in that sunny land beyond the Bay of Bengal. Besides, the situation was delicate in every way. For Vital Das and Simon were both friendly with Wa Lee and lived in his house. He had no confidence in any of them. Only in Maung Gyi, who had not the wits to do anything, having fallen from a bullock cart upon his head when young.

It was night when he learned that, and a wanted man had best not move by night when all the world sleeps. So Maung Maung waited beside the river for the dawn to break. In broad daylight, in the stream of river traffic bound for the big bazaar, he would make for the monastery on the hill. Meanwhile he removed his yellow robe and hid it under the seat in the canoe, and girded his loins with a single rag, like a poor coolie man, and stretched himself. He was pleased with his plans in a general sort of way and aware he ran little danger of discovery. Into the monasteries no outsider ever comes, and the monks there were his friends.

He turned and looked at the bungalow, asleep and still under the gray sky of morning. It amused him to think of the policeman lying there, little dreaming who stood beneath his window in the dawn. Maung Maung looked at the sky. It wanted an hour until sunrise. A mad desire seized him for one last escapade before the monastery walls closed round him. He looked about. On the river bank stood a watering can, left there the previous evening by a garden coolie, who spent the long hot day watering the square of green grass in front of the bungalow, and the ring of pot plants that encircled it. Maung Maung picked up the watering can and filled it from the river. He walked boldly into the district inspector of police's bungalow, watering as he went.

The watchman opened an eye and saw him, and saw the sky still gray with dawn, and thought the garden coolies at work very early that morning, and closed his eye and slept again. Maung Maung refilled his can, laughing to himself. He had no immediate plan in his head, but he knew he would not long be without one. Plans always came to him—often quicker than he wanted them. His was an inventive mind.

When he came to the back of the bungalow he saw an unusual sight. There was a big cage, like a large bird cage, made of bamboo. Kim, the little white English dog belonging to the district inspector, lay curled up inside. Maung Maung had seen Kim abroad with his master in Rangoon and heard Alec Jones calling him, in the evenings, in Tharaton beside the river, and he knew that the district inspector set store by his little dog. Maung Maung stood looking at him thoughtfully. It would be awkward if the little dog barked.

The little dog opened his eyes. He saw familiar brown legs and the familiar watering can, and did not bark. He stood up and stretched himself and wagged his tail. Then Maung Maung's plan came into his head with the magnificence of a shooting star. He would take the little white dog with him into retirement, as a souvenir. It would amuse them, at the monastery, that! They would see what a courageous fellow he was, to steal the district inspector's little white dog from under his very nose, in his own compound, when there was a reward of no less than 10,000 rupees upon his person.

He looked round him. Far over the river the first of the sun was seen in a golden flush upon the face of the waters. In the garden all was silent and still. Nothing moved but the tops of the palm trees, which swayed gently in the early morning breeze. Birds began to wake in the bamboo clumps, sparrows in the eaves.

Maung Maung took the little dog out of the cage. There was a glorious spice of danger in it. Suppose the little dog barked? He sped across the garden with it, still carrying the watering can in case anyone saw him. And no one saw him and the little dog did not bark. There were times when Maung Maung felt the gods loved him, the good Nats fought on his side.

He got into his canoe. The sun came up, a golden glory, out of the water, and now from every creek and water siding canoes moved slowly, their occupants all dressed much as Maung Maung, bound for the big bazaar. There was nothing to distinguish Maung Maung from the other early travelers to the bazaar. The little white dog slept in the bottom of the canoe, covered up with the yellow robe.

Maung Maung reached the monastery on the hillside about noon. He donned the yellow robe. They shaved off all his hair, also that straggly black mustache that had been the pride of his life.

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He Put Out His Hand and Caught at the Little White Dog, to Fondle Its Ears. The Little White Dog Turned Suddenly and Bit Him on the Hand

MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS

By Eddie Cantor

As Told to David Freedman

Marilyn Miller

V

THOUGH I belonged to no golf club or social set, I managed to perfect my game of pool and attended the summer school recreation grounds of Public School Number 1 and Public School Number 177. Here I hobnobbed with the élite of Market and Oliver streets, jumped the buck, played basket ball and engaged in all other activities befitting my station. Though I could beat most of the boys at feats of sport, I found to my embarrassment that there were athletic girls who far outshone me.

One girl in particular won every prize for sports and dancing as fast as it could be unpacked and offered. She had become the main attraction of the recreation center, and every youngster who could comb his hair neatly and wear a necktie proposed to her. Ida Tobias was the belle of Henry Street. Despite her athletic prowess, she possessed a soft girlish grace; a frank bright countenance mellowed by two caressing eyes, but a sensible aloof air inspired by her mother, who from an early age had warned her against all the potential good-for-nothings of the East Side who could make wonderful love but a very poor living.

I, the conqueror of a Russian housemaid, felt that all women must wither and succumb beneath my bulging, dominating glance. But Ida, Queen of the Summer School, didn't seem to notice that I was alive. She was too much sought after to seek, too busy making conquests to surrender. For me to try to win her by competing with her in high jump, broad jump, vaulting, ladder climbing or tango would have meant defeat and disgrace. There was only one chance for me to emerge from increasing obscurity and decline—the chance I had played at Surprise Lake Camp, the chance I had played with the little servant audience in Grandma Esther's agency, the chance to entertain and amuse.

There was a cheap brass band in the playground which the recreation director, Mrs. Ray Schwartz, had introduced to lend a note of harmony to the wild discord of the center. I must confess that I was her all-star nuisance at the time, and I instigated most of the wild discord by pulling girls' braids, breaking up their dances and running roughshod through the games. But I made some retribution for this conduct twenty years later, when I met Mrs. Schwartz in Paris and the little boy she had run out of school ran her down to Deauville. She had since established a magnificent girls' camp and I was glad to send my two daughters, Marjorie and Natalie, to spend a summer with her under entirely different circumstances from those in which their old man had spent his summers.

But at Public School Number 177 Mrs. Schwartz tried her best to get on the right side of this rascal, and she discovered that all that was ailing me was a desire to sing at the playground concert, accompanied by the band. I was given the chance and rendered the big hit of the moment—My Mariuch, She Tooka de Steamboat! The song was not directed to the large and rather skeptical assembly of youngsters, but to her, the dainty little queen of sports who won all the silver-plated loving cups and athletic medals and didn't know till now that I was alive. Now she knew. But even more than the applause of the hard-boiled youngsters, I longed to hear the voice of her approval. I guess no performance in my life before or since had quite the significance of this one. For Ida Tobias, the belle of Henry Street, who for me was to be the belle of the world, came over and congratulated me.

It was a triumph. The next night I sang again and she allowed me to escort her home. With a victorious leer that swamped the other boys in one flood of humility, I marched out with the lovely Ida on my arm. But a block away from her house she stopped me.

"You mustn't walk me up to my stoop," she said. "My parents must never see me with you. You have a bad reputation around Henry Street," she added bluntly.

"I've made a mess of everything," I thought. That night I spent in restless resolves and nightmares of shame. How could I expect Ida, whom all the boys of the neighborhood worshiped, to single me out for her favor in the light of such a reputation? Yes, everything would have to be different from now on. The old Eddie of the gangs must pass away and a new Eddie be born. The next time I saw her I was greatly encouraged, for she smiled and even seemed amused at my poor attempts to be funny.

We were sitting alone on the steps of the school, with the moon slyly peeping over the tenements, and I felt that the big moment had arrived. I fidgeted nervously and finally blurted out: "You are the only girl of all the girls of the school who are the girl that I love—if you don't mind." There was an awkward pause, during which I tried to swallow my Adam's apple; then Ida looked sadly at me.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but my mother expects me to marry someone with a good reliable position—a man who is somebody, if you don't mind." And Ida proceeded to tell me of two handsome young twins, Louis and Leo, who courted her and her sister Minnie, methodically, assiduously, relentlessly. They wore high white collars, brought boxes of candy every Saturday night, took out Ida and Minnie with their mother's permission, and they had steady, permanent positions as post-office clerks which they could never lose. In fact, they still have them. My head drooped and brow puckered. Could I get a job in the post office? This was the second time stamps had come into my life and stuck me.

Fannie Brice and Eddie During One of Their Serious Moments. Eddie Was Appearing in "Kid Boots," His First Screen Effort, and Fannie Was in Los Angeles on a Vaudeville Engagement

"What future is there in that?" I argued, pretending to be scornful. "Even after you learn the trade you can't open your own post office!"

"But you haven't any future at all," reminded Ida. "People say the worst things about you. Some of my friends told me you tied yourself to a lamp-post by your necktie, stuck out your tongue and made believe you were dying!"

"Oh, that was just for a laugh," I said, trying to be modest. "And I fooled them too! They really thought I was hanging!"

Ida looked at me severely. "And they told me you started to cry and howl at a street corner, saying your stepmother would kill you because you lost a quarter she gave you to buy bread, and the people chipped in pennies and nickels and told you not to cry! Will you do that after you're married too?"

"Aw, a little stunt like that!" I mumbled, beginning to feel embarrassed.

"A stunt? Why, even the cops laugh at you!" Ida was on the verge of tears. To think that the cops didn't take me seriously enough to arrest me, at least!

"Anyway, they know good comedy when they see it," I protested, coming to the defense of the force.

"Well, I'm not going to marry a man," said the thirteen-year-old belle with determination, "who hangs himself on lamp-posts and cries on street corners to make cops laugh!"

"I don't blame you!" I thought helplessly.

Today I might explain these youthful impulses as the urge within me to be myself—but who was I? Judging from Ida's glances at the time, I'd rather not answer the question. I had a feeling it was all over between us, but it wasn't. She continued to meet me often after that. Perhaps she pitied me. In her eyes, this funny, gawky fellow who'd stop at nothing for a laugh was, after all, a skinny, lonely orphan, ill-fed and neglected. That seemed to have an irresistible appeal to the mother instinct of some girls, and I felt inclined to reverse my dear grandmother's saying, for while God watched over all children, a special troupe of angels looked after me.

On Sundays, when all the girls of the block went out with their beaus to parties, picnics and Coney Island, Ida would turn down the invitation of Louis Rosner and spend the long, lonely holiday sitting on the school steps with me.

"Look at all the fun you're missing," I'd tell her. "You could be riding the shoot-the-chutes and Virginia reel!"

But she smiled kindly. "I enjoy listening to you better than a combination ticket to Luna Park!" And that was long, long before I had signed a contract with the Shuberts.

Then she would open the box of candy which Louis had faithfully delivered the night before, and we'd eat the candy, glancing stealthily about as if we were doing something terribly wicked but enjoyable. When there were no more candies left I got pangs of conscience and decided to earn lots of money so that Ida wouldn't have to accept gifts from somebody else. In the meantime I hadn't a cent, and I often discovered on leaving her that she had slipped a quarter into my pocket. It was humiliating to realize how well she knew me. I resented her considerateness, but I appreciated the quarter.

Ida not only sacrificed the pleasures of Sunday—she soon lost the peace of the other six days. Stormy, quarrelsome times brewed in the Tobias home, streaked with paternal threats and drenched with her tears. For Hattie

Immerman, a girl from the block, confided to me that Ida had definitely broken off with Louis Rosner. There had been a terrible scene at the house, and Ida's father had sworn to shut the door on his daughter.

But Hattie assured me that even through her sobs Ida had insisted, "I'll marry no one if I don't marry Eddie Cantor!" Yet when I saw Ida she betrayed none of this, sitting as usual on the school steps, encouraging and enjoying my efforts at nonsense.

David Tobias and His Wife Rachel, the Parents of Ida

VI

THREE years ago, while playing in Kid Boots at the New Amsterdam Theater, I felt the first symptoms of temperament. I don't know why, but I couldn't sleep while blasting was going on around me. We lived at the time in Mount Vernon, and as my sleeping hours were from three in the morning to about noon, I was suddenly torn up at 7:30 by the infernal noises of dredges, steam shovels, electric pile drivers and dynamite. Mount Vernon was being built that year.

The next night I went directly after the show to a large New York hotel to make up two nights' sleep in one. At 7:30 I imagined it was Mount Vernon calling me, for I was rocked out of bed by the same deafening racket. I later discovered that the foundations for a skyscraper were being laid on the next block.

"This will never do," I thought. "No sleep, no show."

I happened to meet Georgie Jessel that day and he suggested a nice private hotel on Central Park West, where I arrived the same night more dead than alive.

"This place is so quiet," said Georgie after settling me in my room, "that you can hear a spider spin. But don't listen for it."

"Don't worry," I said "I could fall asleep in a trice or even in a taxi." And I promptly submerged.

At about seven in the morning I began to dream that coal miners had taken me down with them into a shaft and left me alone while they went out to blow up the mine. Before I could escape I exploded. I awoke very frightened and went to the window, to find that they were digging the new Eighth Avenue Subway. This was too much. Why should progress and construction companies follow in my footsteps? Another sleepless night and there would be a bootless Kid Boots.

It was my good fortune, however, to run across my friend Harry Ruby that day and he recommended the Gedney Farms, a fine old-fashioned farmhouse near White Plains. There I drove as a desperate man is driven to drink. And I found the ideal. I slept so long I almost missed the show. All night on the stage I looked forward to that blissful slumber in store for me at this new-found paradise of rest. I couldn't wait to hop into the car and speed on my way to the farmhouse. As I drew near I noticed a bright light through the trees. I was suddenly stopped by a cordon of police.

"What's up?"

"You can't pass!" said one of the officers.

"Why, I live here."

"Oh, no! You *lived* here!"

Just then a rocket of fire spouted into the air. The Gedney Farms was in flames and my two trunks burned with it.

I recall this hectic experience in connection with my early days when insomnia was never a problem. When I was asked "How do you sleep?" I would rest my head gently on my clasped hands, roll my eyes and say "Like this." But there was a time, after I had left my Grandma Esther when the problem was not how, but where. I was too proud to slink back to my grandmother, a disappointing prodigal. But it was getting dark and tiresome walking the streets. Besides, I didn't enjoy the exercise on an empty stomach. A hotel and a meal, on the other hand, involved the question of money, and money was out of the question.

It was really surprising that a night's lodging should be such a problem in a city overhung with pillows and mattresses. Feather beds and blankets flapped from windows and fire escapes. Carved bedsteads with satin spreads stood invitingly in orange-lighted furniture stores. I tried to figure out the bed production at Grand Rapids. I estimated that there must be a hundred million cots, sofas, couches, four-posters, morris chairs, divans, and yet, come to think of it, there wasn't one I could count on. Even a park bench was spitefully partitioned by four iron arm rests so that I could lie on it only in the form of the letter S, with my head under one iron bar and my legs coiled over another.

At any rate, fresh air would be good for me; so I wrapped myself around with the chill autumn winds and froze into a rigid form indistinguishable from the iron bars. I fixed my imagination on the meal and the soft bed I might have had at Grandma Esther's and soon my mind numbed into confusion.

At dawn a cop's club poked me out of my ossification. My eyes were heavy and pasty, my mouth sour and dry. "Go on, get along or I'll pull you in." I stared measuringly at the club and thought "Why argue?" So I resumed my pointless wanderings. I met another homeless fellow, but he had at least perfected bumming into a science. The first few available pennies, he taught me, must go for cigarettes, not for food, because cigarettes had the supernatural quality of killing hunger pangs.

"Dream of a feed, then smoke a butt," he said, "and you'll get the same symptoms of indigestion like after a banquet." The next point was not to be stingy about the size of a bed. "If you want plenty of elbow room sleep on a roof!"

So the next day I went with him, as I was eagerly taking in the mysteries of the free and open life.

"In our game, we're like kings—we get everything for nothing," he confided.

"Can we get something to eat?" I suggested feebly.

"Leave it to me!" And he made a pass with his hands like a magician. We stopped in front of a lunch room where the big captains of industry from the fish market and crockery stores ate a seven-course meal for fifteen cents. "Now watch!" he said, and bravely led the way into Max Sander's exclusive Hungarian dining hall.

The diners had all finished eating and a gray pouchy cat went about clearing remainders from the tables. I trailed timidly behind my friend as he made his heart-rending appeal to Sander. He told him we hadn't eaten for three days.

"You don't sound it," said Sander, "but this guy looks it."

He went into the kitchen and brought out the largest piece of cooked meat I ever saw. It was brown and fibrous, like the side of a boat. He slapped it down in a huge platter and we fell upon it and it disappeared.

After the repast we retired to a tenement roof and stretched out under the stars. The jagged metal roof felt pretty comfortable after the park bench; the brick chimney was a sort of pillow and with the sky as a blanket, I felt like a true child of Nature. At last the problem was solved. I had the meal, the fatigue and the roof. It was perfect and I slept. At least for the first five minutes I was so completely stunned that I sat up and just stared while the rain came down in buckets. My pal tugged and pulled me, but we didn't get into the hallway until we were soaked.

We managed to find a deserted flat in the building and lay down on the floor. My pal, to dry out his chill, lit a cigarette, but it was damp and needed constant relighting. Somebody who was

(Continued on Page 142)

Eddie Cantor, Clara Bow, Malcolm Waite, in a Scene From the Picture Version of "Kid Boots" In Oval—Mary Eaton and Eddie in a Scene From the Stage Version

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 13, 1928

Governor Smith on Immigration

GOVERNOR SMITH'S declarations upon immigration matters have filled with uneasiness all those who really believe in our inherent right and duty to put the national and racial interests of our own land before those of any other country whatsoever.

The portion of the governor's speech of acceptance which refers to immigration matters is worded with extreme care and bears every mark of painstaking revision.

In it he says: "While I stand squarely on our platform declaration that the laws which limit immigration must be preserved in full force and effect, I am heartily in favor of removing from the immigration law the harsh provision which separates families, and I am opposed to the principle of restriction based upon the figures of immigrant population contained in a census thirty-eight years old. I believe this is designed to discriminate against certain nationalities, and is an unwise policy."

This is hardly worthy of so acute a mind as that of the governor of New York. He knows as well as the rest of us that our immigration laws do not separate families. He knows that whatever separation occurs is almost always brought about by the immigrants themselves, who leave their families overseas and are unwilling to forgo the economic benefits they find in this country by rejoining their kin in Europe. He knows that any newcomer who has his passage money can go home at will. He knows as well as we that if we let in the relatives of a score of European peasants, we let in a shipload.

Now Governor Smith has every right in the world to make impassioned pleas for the relatives of immigrants, but it is scarcely ingenuous to disguise such arguments as pleas for the future greatness and welfare of America. The governor "believes" that the present act is "designed to discriminate against certain nationalities." Not only he but every public man knows full well that this alleged discrimination is the essence of the Johnson Act. He must recall that after twenty years of vain attempts to frame a law that would discriminate in favor of desirable immigrants and against less desirable ones, and at the same time not run counter to our treaty obligations, a young professor in a Southern college thought out and made public the practical idea of basing our quotas upon the census of 1890.

Of course this device is discriminatory, in the same sense that every act of a sane man is, whether he is buying an apple or hiring an office boy. It is merely an application of the commonest of all common sense, which tells us to accept the best and reject the poorer. If Governor Smith is opposed to this principle as applied to immigration, he would still further increase the number of those aliens that we have found hardest to assimilate.

In the governor's remarks about the tariff he tried to allay the fears of large manufacturers and its other immediate beneficiaries; but the workingman's tariff is protection from side-by-side competition with cheap foreign labor. He finds small satisfaction in a protection that enables his boss to keep out cheap goods made abroad and at the same time scale down wages because he can get low-grade labor in a European slum that has grown up by his factory gates.

Possibly Governor Smith did not think of these things when he expressed his views upon immigration matters in his speech of acceptance.

The Improving American Worker

IN NUMEROUS investigations on mass production in industries in the United States stress has been laid on the use of power per worker as one of the important factors in the situation. In a recent investigation conducted by the National Industrial Conference Board the horse power per wage earner and the added value of manufacture per wage earner in eight selected major manufacturing industries were compared for the United States and Great Britain.

The industries selected were steel mills, heavy machinery, electrical machinery, shipbuilding, automobiles, cotton goods, woolen goods and boots and shoes. In each instance the horse power per wage earner and the added value of manufacture per wage earner were much higher in the United States than in Great Britain. Combining the figures for horse power per wage earner in the eight industries, the sum for Great Britain was 22.45 and for the United States 36.69. Combining the figures for added value of manufacture per wage earner in the eight industries, for Great Britain the figure was $7604 and for the United States $22,192. That the added value was disproportionately higher than the horse power per wage earner was true in all the industries. The rate of production was particularly high in the United States for automobiles and electrical machinery, these being peculiarly efficient American industries.

Such figures are not to be regarded as affording exact measurements of circumstances in the two countries, but they are illustrative of the advanced power use and outstanding efficiency of industry in this country.

Reparation Payments With Goods

CONTRASTING the reparation payments through the four annuity years of operation under the Dawes Plan, two facts stand out: The first is the gradual increase in sum of payments. The second is the pronounced trend toward payments in kind. During the first annuity year payments in kind comprised around thirty per cent of the small total sum. During the present annuity year payments in kind comprised over fifty per cent of the much larger sum. This means that the recipient countries receive their payments more and more in the form of products of German industry.

Furthermore, there is a trend in the direction of manufactures and against raw materials. During the first annuity year coal represented seventy per cent of the payments in kind. During the present year coal represents less than forty per cent of the payments in kind. Sundry manufactures—tools, farm machinery, electrical appliances, fabricated steel, and the like—comprised less than twenty per cent of the deliveries in kind in the first annuity year; this year forty per cent of the deliveries in kind will consist of manufactured products. Characteristically enough, books represent an increasing proportion of the payments in kind.

The purport of this all seems clear enough. It is to the interest of Germany to condense as much labor as possible into the reparation payments. The recipient countries, other things being equal, will be hit hardest by the reparation payments that displace the most domestic labor. In the weight of her payments in kind will lie one of the arguments later to be advanced by Germany in favor of the settlement of her reparation obligations through the determination of a capital sum.

Rural Crime and its Control

THE city crime problem has penetrated the rural districts, and the old-fashioned system of sheriffs, constables and town marshals is inadequate to meet the situation. The use of the automobile and the paved highway have made crime cosmopolitan, as it were, instead of local. The criminal does not necessarily operate in the community in which he lives. He can come from a distance, rob and murder, and be far away even before the crime is discovered. An extremely high percentage of all bank robberies is committed in small local communities. The robbers are not local men and the local authorities cannot cope with them.

Sheriffs are popularly elected quite generally from among good fellows and well-liked local political workers, not because they are especially trained to hunt down criminals on a state-wide scale. Local constables and marshals have extremely limited jurisdictions and are not trained to apprehend criminals who strike from point to point.

Sheriffs, constables and marshals date back hundreds of years, their duties and training being not so different from what they were in the days when most people lived and died in the same place and rapid movement was unheard of. The sheriffs especially have many other duties to perform in no way connected with the prevention of crime or the hunting down of criminals, and, besides, a state may have a hundred different sheriffs, each supreme and independent in his own bailiwick, which is a system entirely opposed to the coördination and even centralization which modern conditions absolutely necessitate.

According to a careful study made of the subject by a committee of the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, which advocates such a system for California, only eight states have a true system of state police. There are others which have state traffic officers or police for special purposes. In one state the police have too many nonpolice duties, such as the inspection of theaters, to be as fully effective as they might be otherwise. In another state they are not uniformed, serving principally as a detective bureau. In several states their effectiveness has been reduced by divided authority, with a bipartisan board in partial control. But in a number of cases the superintendent has absolute authority, with no civil-service regulations, and is responsible only to the governor. This system seems to work well, and certainly in states like New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, state police have been of unquestioned value in protecting the people.

Figures showing the reduction in crime, especially of the petty variety, in a township or a district, once a patrol is established there, are so astonishing that we do not dare to repeat them. But anyone who has ever lived in a rural community knows with what relative swiftness the troopers pounce down upon offenders, and how little local and provincial fear, favor and prejudice they show in shielding them. With the best of intentions and highest principles, local authorities may fear to act where the state troopers do it as a matter of course. In very small places the nearest trooper affords exactly the same sense of protection as the patrolman on the beat furnishes in the city.

It will be strange indeed if this institution does not spread throughout the country. If we are to cope with the crime situation, there must be more generally and quickly available than now to any proper agency information concerning any apprehended criminal. State or rural police systems form one of the necessary steps preceding the establishment of a general network of apprehension. There are those who somehow do not like the name or connotation of the words "state police." Call it what you will, there must be police systems more widespread in the network which they spread than now generally exist.

OUR HOMELESS DIPLOMATS

By Colonel T. Bentley Mott

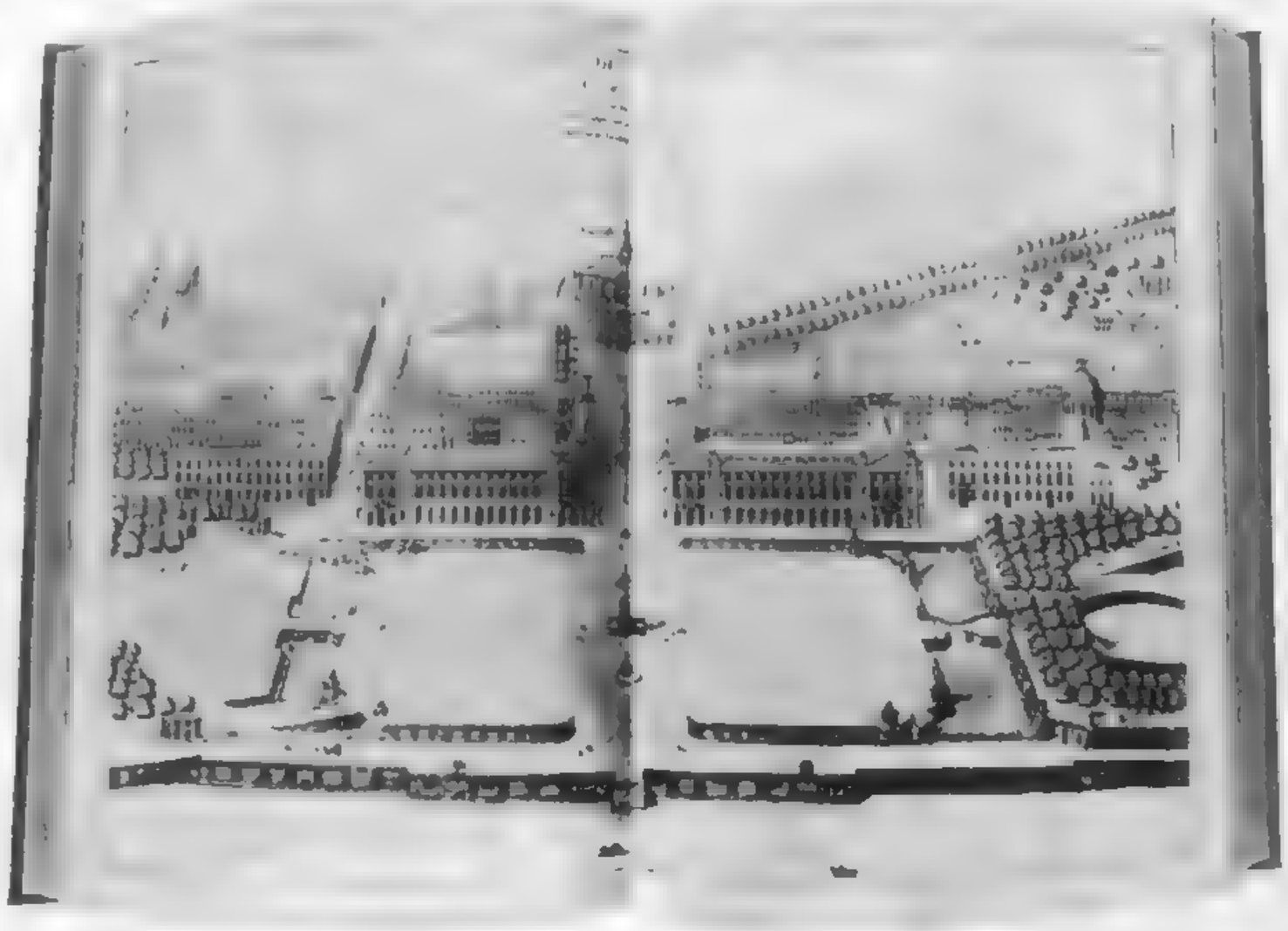
LEAVING a party in London one night, Mr. Choate was caught in a yellow fog. Upon asking his way of a policeman the latter inquired, 'Where is your home, sir?"

"I have no home," returned Mr. Choate. "I am the American ambassador."

When the Fairchild Bill appropriating money with which to buy an embassy in Paris was before Congress, Mr. Herrick said in a letter to a member of the committee: "I have just been reading what Gallatin, one of my predecessors, had to say on this embassy question. He wrote enthusiastically to his son that at last he was assured of being housed in a legation owned by the United States Government in the course of a few months. That was only 107 years ago, and I am glad to note that interest in the matter is still going strong."

Robert McCormick, after wasting much time, money and patience, finally managed to rent a suitable house in which to lodge his embassy in St. Petersburg when he was sent there in 1903. But he had hardly got settled when the Grand Duke Vladimir bought it for his son, whose marriage had just been decided upon, and he insisted upon taking possession right away. It finally came down to a question of which was worse—a quarrel with the imperial family or starting all over to find another embassy. As it turned out, neither horn of this dilemma could be entirely avoided.

I have heard Mrs. Joseph Willard relate by the hour the most amusing tales of their experiences in house hunting when her husband was ambassador to Spain. For here was a land where pride was more powerful than money, and a Spanish gentleman in those days would rather die of hunger than rent his house for a stranger to live in. Times have changed since the war, and Mr. Hammond has had fewer trials; but the gorgeous ceremonial of presenting his credentials to the King two years ago had to start and finish, not in his embassy, but on the steps of the Ritz Hotel.



One of the Early Plans for the Place de la Concorde. The Building on the Extreme Left is the One Just Bought by the United States. The Next Building is Occupied by the Hotel de Crillon and the Automobile Club. Then Comes the Rue Royale, and on its Other Side the Navy Department. On the Right is the House of Baron Edouard de Rothschild. All These Buildings Exist Just as in the Plan

The Embassy on Wheels

GENERAL PORTER has described with some detail his experiences in Paris. "The embarrassments of an American representative," he wrote, "begin the moment of his arrival at his post. Instead of familiarizing himself with the work of his embassy regarding official matters which may require his immediate attention, he is compelled to spend his time with house brokers, real-estate agents and speculators in finding a suitable residence. These people are clever enough to know how few suitable houses are obtainable, and when they find an American representative in the market, prices are advanced. . . . While other embassies are permanent and their location often historic, our own are as itinerant as a house boat. When a city cabman is asked where the American Embassy is, the reply often given is, 'On wheels Year before last it was on such a street, last year on another street, this year I don't know where.'"

Mr. Herrick occupied successively four different houses before he established himself in his present embassy. When he came over for his second tour, not being able to find a suitable residence in Paris, the best he could do was to rent a cottage at Garches, where he passed the summer. When the elaborate ceremony of presenting his credentials to the president took place, the officials from the Élysée, the gala carriages and the imposing escort had to assemble in front of his office, and the ambassador, surrounded by his staff, received this pageant on the sidewalk. Returning from the Élysee, he was escorted to my little apartment in the Rue la Pérouse, where the master of ceremonies and the colonel commanding the escort were thanked and the cortège dismissed.

The One Question

THERE has been one instance of a house occupied by three ambassadors in succession. Henry White, who had been seventeen years in London as secretary and who had represented us in Italy, when appointed to Paris, found a house in the Rue François Premier and spent considerable money putting it into shape for an embassy. He had the American arms carved on the gateposts, as a manifestation perhaps of his hope that our Government had come there to stay. I have heard Mr. Herrick express his intention of recovering these arms to put on his new embassy, for they had marked the official residence of his two predecessors as well as of himself. During the war this mansion became the headquarters of the American Clearing House, created by Mr. Herrick, who turned the building over to that organization in December, 1914. His offer to go on paying the rent was refused by its owner, Comte Gérard de Ganay, who generously contributed the property to the clearing house's use

These wanderings of homeless American ambassadors in foreign capitals, searching for a roof to put over their heads, have been a standing joke among diplomats the world over for more than a century; and to this very day, when some American citizen has been selected by our President as ambassador to a foreign country, terrible questions immediately arise to cloud the satisfaction which the appointment has brought to himself and doubtless to his family: "Can we find a suitable house to live in? How long will it take before we can get into it? What will it cost?" If the new ambassador goes to call upon the representative in Washington of the country to which he is accredited, matters of international politics may be touched upon, but if they are, they quickly yield place to the main preoccupation: "Do you think we can find a house to live in?"

However, a most noticeable change has recently taken place in the attitude of Congress toward this question, and here, as in so many other ways, our country is beginning to live

The Small Drawing-Room in the United States Embassy in Paris

(Continued on Page 66)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"We Won't Argue, Frederick, I Warned You if You Came Home Again in That Condition I Should Take the Children and Return to Mother"

"Jack, Dear, I Wish We Had an Old Colonial House Like That"

Outlook for the Coming Football Season in Soviet Russia

IT IS not known just exactly when football was first introduced into Soviet Russia, but the tremendous growth in popularity of this American game has led to many interesting conjectures as to the real beginnings of this hardy sport in the former country of the czars. It was thought for a long time that the first football was brought over by some English sparrows that had made the trip from America in Trotzky's beard back in those dark days of '18, and there are many who still incline to this belief. Ludwig, however, in his forthcoming and eagerly awaited Red Grange, advances the theory that football was brought to Russia by Slovak bandits who had played the game while undergraduates at Princeton. But whatever the source, the fact remains that the sport has taken strong hold upon the minds and imaginations of the Russian people and the season this year promises to be one of the best in the history of the game.

Those who followed the sport last year will remember that the championship was won by the University of South Lenin—formerly Quetsch—in a stirring game with St. Lenin's—formerly Miss Finch's—and at the close of the season it looked as though the South Lenin

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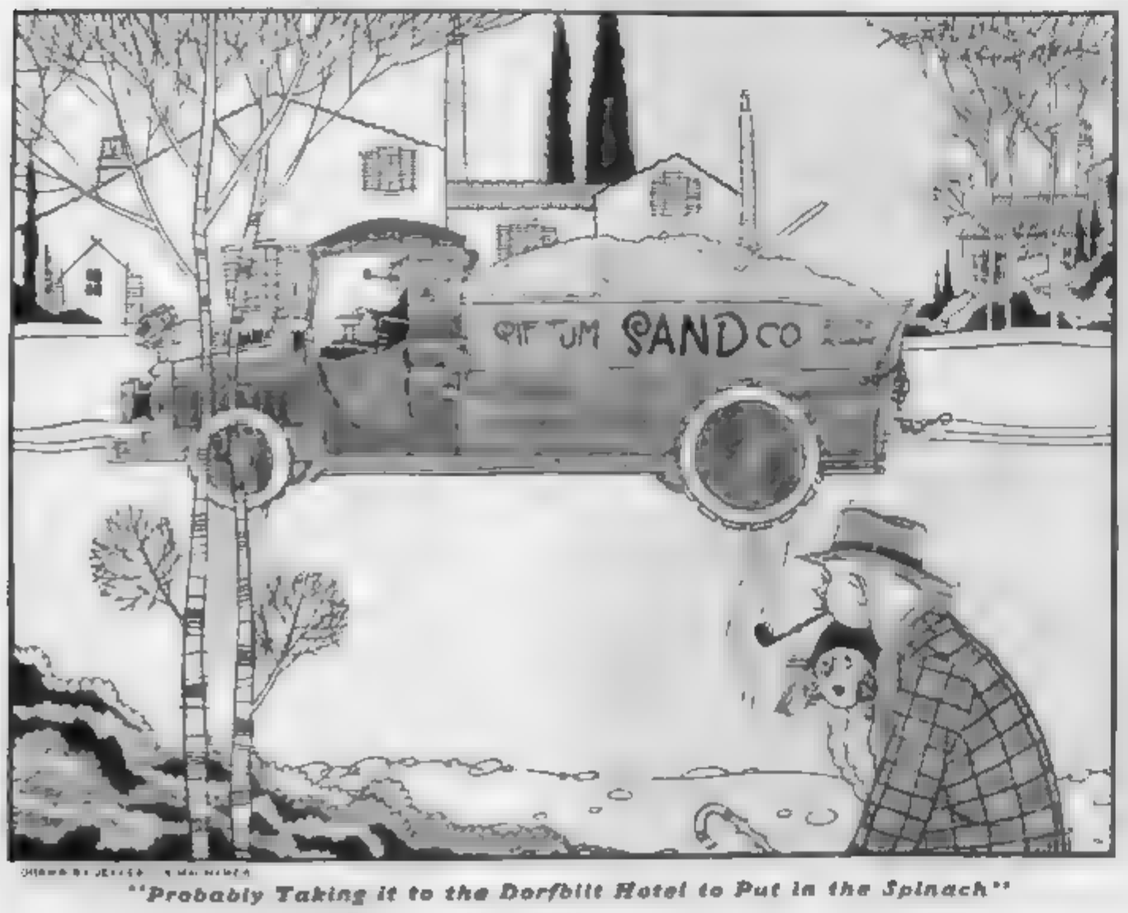
Portrait of a Lady



"Probably Taking it to the Dorfbilt Hotel to Put in the Spinach"

The Man With No Imagination Fixes Up His Bedroom So He Can Count Sheep While Going to Sleep

SOUP
and the new housekeeping

EVERY now and then you will meet some woman who will tell you that she never, oh never, buys her soup. She will admit that she is often tempted to deprive her family of enjoying soup, because it is "such a bother to make". But don't think she is "uppety" or condescending because you *do* buy your soups —like most women. For she is dead in earnest. She has never even tried the soups you buy—soups made by skilled French chefs in famous spotless kitchens. Some few women still believe they have to make their own soup in order to have it good.

WE FORGIVE you your smile. It does sound absurd, we admit. Especially when you think of the sacrifice in time and work and expense by the fast dwindling, comparatively small number of women who make their own soup. But you must give them credit for their zeal and their desire to give their families the best. They certainly would not go to all this extra and unnecessary trouble unless they imagined they had to, in order to obtain the right quality. For our part we think they should be praised for their high standards.

Excellent housekeepers, these women who give up their whole lives to the tasks. Soon they, too, will "see the light" of the new housekeeping. Then they will join the ranks of the most intelligent, alert and resourceful women in the world—that vast host of American women who take advantage of every invention, every opportunity to raise their living standards and abolish useless drudgery.

TAKING A LEAF from their husbands' note-book, women have now organized their housekeeping to get better results with less effort. They read and they observe. And the more they have learned about the art and science of good food, the greater has grown the popularity of soup. Now it is used every day, not only just once in a while. Now it is known and recognized for its tonic effect on health, its aid to appetite and digestion.

And of course, soup to these modern housekeepers means Campbell's Soup. Quality with convenience. Adding an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil, simmering a few minutes. That is all Campbell's Soups require in the home kitchen. Yet the proudest housewife admires their delicious goodness.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

Mr. Grocer, you should know, sir
What I want today:
Soups delicious and nutritious—
Campbell's, right away!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

ELSPETH COMES OUT

XVII

By Corinne Lowe

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

I LOOKED at Mrs. Lyken just in time to see her stubby fingers fly to Elspeth's arm She had to brace herself to keep from falling. As for the girl herself, she displayed hardly a second of irresolution.

"Brace up, mother," she commanded in a tense low tone. "There's only one way—we've got to brazen it out." With that she started toward the door, and if ever a gallant step bore its owner through public humiliation, it was that with which Elspeth Lyken sailed across the room to greet her grandfather. The long slender throat encircled for the first time by the string of pearls which was her father's coming-out gift tilted the small head backward; the turquoise taffeta skirt of her period gown puffed out proudly above her costly pair of slippers, and across her arm was laid, as if it were a sword, the bouquet of orchids.

Ever since the intrusion of that strange figure a hush had fallen upon the room. It deepened as Elspeth, followed by her mother, reached Doctor Bannister. As she spoke, each clear syllable was carried to the farthest corner of the room.

"Grandfather!" cried she "How wonderful of you to come!"

At sight of those two advancing figures, the old gentleman threw his arms wide open.

"Tillie!" cried he, and rushing past Elspeth, he crushed Mrs. Lyken to him with an implacable ardor. Scarcely less devastating was his embrace of Elspeth.

It was just as he was holding the latter in a bearlike grip that I saw a tall young man framed in the doorway—a young man whose brown hair, kindling into gold at the ends, always made him unmistakable.

Harleigh saw him, too, and a second time that evening a butler's sense of propriety triumphed over external phenomena.

"Mr. Christopher Lovegrove!" announced he in clear-cut tones.

Whether the girl had already seen Christopher over her grandfather's shoulder, or whether Harleigh's announcement was the first intimation of that hateful presence, I do not know; but suddenly she wrenched herself free from the old man's arms, and tossing back her head defiantly met the young fellow's eyes. What she found there was certainly not the message to which two other climaxes may have accustomed her. With a smile of tranquil enjoyment, Christopher was taking in the scene.

"Pardon me, Miss Lyken," said he. "Shall I shake hands with you here or shall I wait until you get back in line?"

She stared at him for a second without reply. Then: "What does your book say?" she gibed

"Exactly the point," retorted he with even deeper gravity. "The great savant who wrote it had no imagination, no foresight. She says nothing about finding the heroine of the evening embracing an—er—er ——"

"My grandfather, Doctor Bannister," supplied Elspeth haughtily. "He came all the way from Wyoming to see us."

"I should say I did!" chimed in her grandfather eagerly. "All the way to New York I kept thinking how I was going to surprise you, and then —— Say, Tillie"—here he fixed his daughter with a look divided between childlike wistfulness and childlike reproach—"do you know them fellows out there?" And he crooked an indignant thumb in the direction of the footmen stationed on the stairs. "Why, they didn't want to leave me by. I had to keep tellin' them over and over I was your father, and even then they didn't seem to believe me."

Mrs. Lyken opened her lips, but sound refused the invocation. It was Elspeth who finally had to speak.

"It's a shame, grandfather," she murmured soothingly. "Of course, if we had only known you were coming —— But now—don't you want to go to your rooms and dress?"

At the sound of that last word a horrible apprehension dawned in the eyes of Doctor Bannister.

"Dress!" cried he. "What d'yuh mean, girl? You don't mean a swallowtail, do yuh? At my age—after all these years—you'd put me—me"—and he thumped his chest to indicate the inviolacy of the flesh now being so treacherously tempted—"in one of them swallowtails!"

Ever since Christopher's entrance there had existed certain definite proof that the humanitarian impulse is not entirely crushed among the supporters of fashionable charities. Numerous groups had pledged themselves to conversation, no matter what the cost, and Bertram Beaswick was making so much noise that he would have attracted attention even in a night club. But Doctor Bannister's voice was one to discourage this type of philanthropy. His words roared through and above all the puny vibrations of sound in the rooms and left behind them a deep trough of silence.

It was the old gentleman himself who finally plunged through the stillness of the room. After his last speech he seemed to become conscious for the first time of the brilliant scene which he had invaded.

With a frightened expression his eyes rested upon the line of beautiful young buds ranged in front of the gold piano, and suddenly he turned from them to his daughter.

"Take me away, Tillie," he said. "I never was one to like these big doings."

I have no record of what took place in the drawing-room after my employer led her father away, for at this point I went with Harleigh to supervise some final details. No sooner did this opportunity for confidential comment present itself to our butler than he availed himself of it.

"It's all over," announced he gravely.

"What's all over?"

"The marriage arranged between the Honorable St. John Bockton and Miss Elspeth Lyken."

"What do you mean? There's no engagement yet."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Pemberton, but there is. It all happened yesterday. Mrs. Lyken came to me all in a flutter and asked whether I thought Viscount and Lady Bockton would be pleased."

Even the shock of hearing such precise information did not prevent my smile at Mrs. Lyken's characteristic selection of a confidant.

"Well," said I coolly, "if there is, all this probably won't affect the Honorable St. John. He won't know the difference between one American grandfather and another."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Pemberton, but he will. He could tell by the faces of the guests, and I saw him watching Miss Duchois very closely. Oh, no, take my word for it, he could not afford to have two of those in his family." Then, in response to my knitted brows, he added: "It's just what I say, Mrs. Pemberton—Grade B is alike wherever you find it. Now Lady Bockton has a father very similar to this old individual that came in tonight. I believe that at one time in his life he had a pub. At all events, Lady Bockton could never wangle a promise out of him to wear evening clothes when he came to one of her parties, and as he was forever appearing just when she was entertaining one of the old county families, the situation was exceedingly awkward."

I shrugged my shoulders at this menace of parallelism. "After all," I remarked, "Miss Lyken is very wealthy."

"Ah, but so are the Bocktons. You in the States can really form no conception of the thousands of cakes of soap that the viscount sells every year."

"Then why?" I asked significantly.

(Continued on Page 36)

"Elspeth," Said I in My Most Matter-of-Fact Tone, "Mrs. Astley Wants to See You About Giving You Her Box at the Opera Next Week"

Libby's

100 Foods

One of them is **Corned Beef**

cooked by master chefs

A new recipe booklet—"What shall we have to eat?"—by Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens Chatham, Ont., Canada.

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods . . . ask your grocer for Libby's

Canned Meats

Corned Beef
Corned Beef Hash
Roast Beef
Veal Loaf
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak & Onions
Ra-gon (beef stew)
Meat-wich Spread
Lunch Tongue
Deviled Ham
Potted Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Chicken à la King
Sliced Dried Beef
Chili Con Carne
Mexican Tamales
Mince Meat
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract
Chop Suey

Fruits and Vegetables

Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Berries
Jellies, Jams
Prunes
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork & Beans
Sweet Potatoes
Sauerkraut
Sauerkraut Juice
Tomatoes

Milk

Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

Pickles and Condiments

Pickles—
Sweet
Sour
Dill
Sweet Mixed
Sweet Mustard
Sliced Sweet Dill
Home Made Style
Sweet Cauliflower

Salmon

Red Alaska Salmon

Olives—
Queen
Stuffed
Ripe
Olive Oil
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Chow Chow
Sweet Onions
Sweet Relish

(Partial List)

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 34)

"Because, you see, the Honorable St. John Bockton must marry into Grade A—whether it's here or in England or in the Sandwich Islands. Naturally he preferred the American product. She wouldn't be so apt to look down on him because his title is only soap instead of Tudor. At first he fancied, of course, that Miss Lyken was the real Grade A in this country, but now that he's found out the truth —— Ah, no, he's much more in need of a new grandfather than he is of a new fortune."

How faithfully did this theory of Harleigh's shadow the truth? I wondered this as I saw my employer return from dinner on the arm of Mr. Stone Laird. The minute I caught sight of her face, flushed with the champagne that had flowed throughout the dinner, I knew that she had brushed from her consciousness all memory of what had happened

"Yes," I heard her say, "his name is St. John that is, it's spelled S-t. J-o-h-n, but they always call it Sinjin and he is such a dear fellow. Naturally, we are very happy about it, though of course it does make us sad to think of her going to England. But we parents mustn't be selfish, must we? And when I think of dear old Bockton Hall, with its tenantry and deer—just like a page out of Dickens, Mr. Laird."

And by a smile she conveyed to her partner just what a powerful anæsthetic to a mother's grief was in that thought. Then, before she passed me, I heard her add: "Of course, not a single word of this to anybody, for we're not announcing it formally until next week. But, of course, I've got to tell dear old friends like you."

The memory of Doctor Bannister, banished so utterly from his daughter's mind, did not seem to find any more retentive lodging elsewhere. Undoubtedly, after the evening was over, fashionable wits would be whetted on the episode, but at present all our guests were stupefied by entertainment. If they thought at all of the uncouth old man from Wyoming, it was perhaps to adopt the philosophic attitude that relatives will happen in on the best regulated families.

At once after dinner the jazz orchestra of fifty men, each hired at fifty dollars for the period between nine and two, and at twenty for their services from then on until five unassuming people were content with forty men at thirty-five dollars each, supplemented by ten dollars for the additional time—began a fox trot It was at this moment that the whole spirit of the dance was reduced for me to one physical detail. Slippers and stockings! Stockings and slippers! Shuttling to and fro, they alone were distinct in this world of motion. They seemed to be carrying formless shapes above them, to have blurred all personal identity in their inexorable rhythm. Those delicate-slippered and silk-shod feet traced the patterned progress of all fashionable maidenhood. They were bearing their owners from the debut to the one objective worthy of all the sacrifices and heartaches which the debut so often represents. They led to marriage.

From the comparative exaltation of my first mood I descended to grosser fields of speculation. Exactly how many dollars did all those slippers and stockings represent? Let me see. There were sixty maidens dancing on that floor and not a single one had paid less than five dollars for the fragile French-made hosiery demanded by her position.

Numbers like Elspeth, who thought nothing of investing twelve or fifteen dollars for a single pair of hose, had spent considerably more. Being conservative, let us say that four hundred dollars' worth of stockings was involved in that fox trot. As for the slippers, if we assume twenty dollars as their average cost, these mounted to a total of twelve hundred dollars. Yes, at least sixteen hundred dollars joined in that inexorable rhythm, from debut to marriage.

At this point let me remark that Mr. Longfellow displayed prophetic gifts when he wrote a certain poem. Well may any maiden pause with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet. Why, indeed, should these members not be numbed with apprehension regarding the cost of stepping out? For the appalling part about the statistics which I have just given is that the sixteen hundred dollars applied only to one evening. But for these footnotes I cannot do better than refer you to Elspeth's own article. The savant wrote:

In view of the fragility of fine French-made hosiery, it usually does not survive more than a single evening. This means that every debutante must start the season with at least sixty pairs of dancing hosiery, to say nothing of those which she will need for other occasions. Dancing slippers, of course, are more dance-worthy. By care these may be preserved as long as a week. Yet the debutante must realize that twelve pairs is a minimum allowance for those tireless dancing feet of hers.

As I have previously said, this masterpiece of Elspeth's was singularly free from all sordid allusions and it devolves upon me therefore to supply the degrading climax. Even the ordinary New York debutante, starved in her natural girlish desire for any such magnificence as was possible to Elspeth, must invest five hundred dollars in dancing footwear alone.

XVIII

THE fox trot was now over, and with it my observations. As both these activities ended I found myself near a group formed by Agnes Duchois, Veronica Silver, Third Squibbs and a friend of Melville Laird's called Duster Dorr.

In this position I lingered to take a few deep, exhilarating whiffs of that conversational ether which the debutante is always privileged to inhale.

"Did you go to Octavia Van Wampum's last night?" asked Veronica of Third, as the quartet helped themselves to the imported cigarettes which the footmen were now passing.

"Oh, I looked in," languidly replied the college sophomore, "but it was all very wet. These people that have the nerve to serve champagne cup! Believe me, when my little daughter comes out she's going to have whole champagne or she'll stay in forever."

"Isn't it an insult?" breathed Veronica. "The Cutfelts served champagne cup too."

"Oh, well, the Cutfelts! Jane's party was a calamity all through."

(Continued on Page 102)

Stockings and Slippers! Shuttling To and Fro. They Alone Were Distinct in This World of Motion. They Were Bearing Their Owners From the Debut to the One Objective Worthy of All the Sacrifices and Heartaches Which the Debut So Often Represents. They Led to Marriage

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NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine		1925 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 4-cyl.	A							
" other models	A							
Buick	A							
Cadillac	BB		BB		BB			
Chandler Special Six	A							
" other models	A							
Chevrolet	A							
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	A							
" Imperial 80	BB							
" other models	A							
Dodge Brothers	A							
Durant	A							
Essex	A							
Flint								
Ford, Model A	A							
	BB				BB			
	BB							
	BB							

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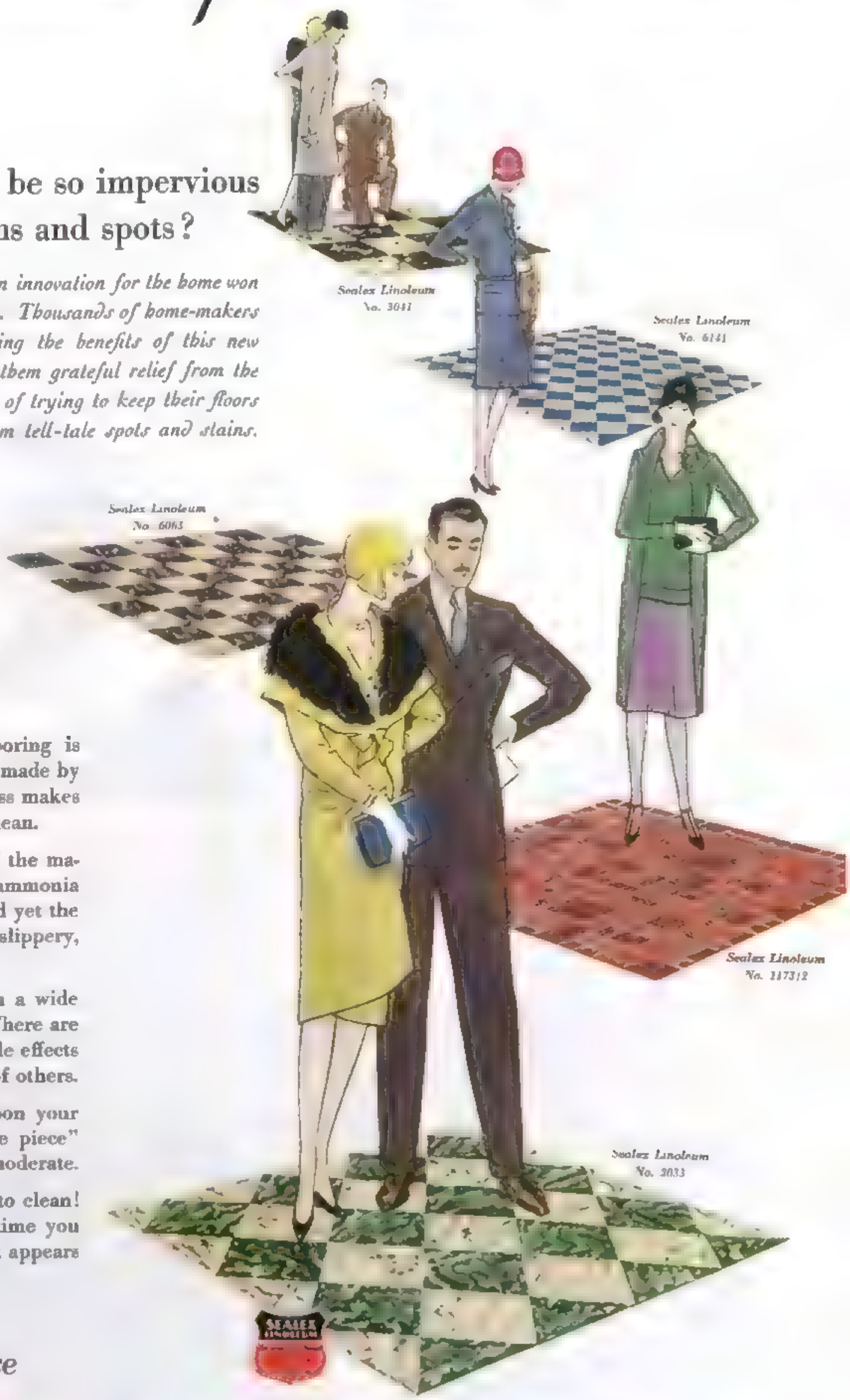

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A SAGA OF THE SEA

Ere the Charges Could be Rammed Home There Was a Terrific Crash. At Point-Blank Range the Congress Had Fired Her Entire Broadside

A NEW ERA BEGINS

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

ON THE desk of Mr. Stephen R. Mallory, Secretary of the Confederate States Navy, a calendar marked the date—Wednesday, March 5, 1862. Through the windows of that large upper room Mr. Mallory, had he wished, could have enjoyed a pleasant view of the new green of the trees in the undulatingly parklike Capitol Square, where ladies elegantly fashionable in a candle-extinguisher silhouette, broadening symmetrically downward from a tiny pork-pie hat to an immense crinoline, widest at the hem, promenaded with smart, gray-uniformed, hairy-visaged young officers, enthusiastically champions of the Stars and Bars on the flagstaff of the classic-columned capitol. Crowded indeed, to a scarcity of fit accommodation, with celebrated belles of the aristocratic South, heretofore the queens of Washington society, was Richmond in those spring days when, the menace of the previous year having been happily dissolved at Bull Run on a hot July Sunday, the Federal enemy was quiescent at a safe distance and the awful agonies of the summer, and of the summers and winters to come, were yet unimagined.

Mr. Mallory, however, paid no heed to those outside attractions. One hand caressing the shaven chin point of his round-whiskered, plumply shrewd face, his heavy-lidded eyes frowned at the documents—stamped SECRET C. S. INTELLIGENCE SERVICE—of which he had just finished perusal. He glanced up at the subordinate standing respectfully for his orders.

"Pray Lieutenant Brooke to spare me a moment," he said, out of that lip-pressed meditation.

The subordinate departed. The Secretary of the Navy leaned back in his chair, stared across the room to the great wall map of the Atlantic Coast, stuck with little flags of red and blue, and here and there heavily scored with the same colors. On that map, from the Potomac River down beyond the passes of the Mississippi to the Rio Grande, the colored flags indicating the enemy were a long chain, thickening to clusters off every port. Already, if not the mortal strangle-hold it was to become, the blockade proclaimed by the North was stringently effective. Already, to those in authority, it was starkly clear that it must be thrown off or the South must succumb.

Mr. Mallory rose and went to the map, examined it closely at the termination of the Virginian peninsula between the York River and the all-important James River leading up to Richmond itself. At the center of the blunt end of that peninsula, on a jutting spit, Fortress Monroe was underscored with the hostile color. Close to the southwest of that formidable citadel, where the James River broadened into Hampton Roads, between it and the point of Newport News, similarly in Union hands, were stuck a number of flags of the same hue, each neatly inscribed with the name of a ship.

Mr. Mallory frowned at that congregation as he worried his chin. It was the strongest and most efficiently maintained of the Federal squadrons; the key point, indeed, of the entire blockade. His glance went down the map a little to their own counter measures. On the opposite shore of that wide estuary, receiving almost at its debouchment the Elizabeth River from the south, each promontory was marked with Confederate batteries; and nine miles up the Elizabeth River, between the town of Norfolk and the Gosport Navy Yard on the other bank, were sundry flags representing Confederate vessels.

He lingered over them for a moment or two, and then his eyes lifted considerably to where at Centerville, just north of the now famous Bull Run and not far south of Washington, two long lines of the opposing colors confronted each other—the Confederate Army of Virginia and the three times more numerous Federal host which General McClellan, the Little Napoleon, had assiduously drilled all winter for the conquest of Richmond. That Federal Army was thickest in front of Alexandria, on the Potomac, against which numerous flags indicated a concentration of Northern shipping. Mr. Mallory's assistant had added a few more that morning. The Secretary of the Navy frowned again as he contemplated them.

"You wish to see me, sir?" asked a deferential voice behind him.

He swung round to the officer in naval uniform who had entered—one of the three hundred-odd Southern-born naval officers who had resigned from the old service in a loyalty to their native state that took precedence to their loyalty to the Union.

"Ah, Mr. Brooke, when, at the very earliest, can the Virginia be ready for sea?" His tone was eloquent of an urgent importance in the question.

He referred to the United States frigate Merrimac, burned to the water's edge and sunk in the previous April when the Federals had abandoned the Norfolk Navy Yard. Since then she had been raised and refloated and

(Continued on Page 41)

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(Continued from Page 39)

was being altered to something unique among the navies of the world. Applying experience gained with ironclad batteries in the Crimean War, French and British full-rigged steam frigates had, indeed, been launched three years ago, with their sides cased in invulnerable armor On the Mississippi, both Federals and Confederates were already using armor-clad river steamers. But nowhere was to be found the like of the Merrimac, now renamed the Virginia.

Built originally as one of the finest steam-and-sail frigates of the United States Navy, her charred hull had been cut down to the water line, her masts and sails entirely done away with, and on the central section of her gun deck had been erected a great slant-sided casement of thick timber and iron completely inclosing those who worked her. She was a bold experiment which was evoking more derision than hope among those regular officers cognizant of what was everybody's secret—an experiment that had been brought to completion with a maddening slowness in that beleaguered land then possessing only one iron mill—the Tredegar Works at Richmond. Not yet had she left her dock at the Gosport Navy Yard, not yet had her engines—they were the worn-out engines of the Merrimac, condemned even before the war—been more than turned over to ascertain if they would function. Such was the ship as to whose readiness for sea Mr. Mallory so earnestly inquired.

The officer hesitated. "The mechanics are still at work on her, sir. We were hoping to get her out for a trial next week."

The Secretary of the Navy looked yet more worried. "Next week! We must do something before then. It is absolutely necessary. I have information here"—he tapped the documents in his hand—"that their Ericsson battery has completed her trials off Sandy Hook and that she is going to be sent to Hampton Roads."

The officer raised his eyebrows. Both men were fully aware of the strange new armored craft which the Federal Government, after much bureaucratic delay, had been building with desperate haste as an answer to the Virginia. They had even pored over stolen plans of that seagoing battery of utterly novel type which had been commissioned from John Ericsson, the patentee, in 1836, of the screw propeller. She also was an experiment and there was no old-time naval officer not skeptical of the seaworthiness of such an absurd abnormality.

"I have no doubt the Virginia can deal with her, sir, supposing she does not go to the bottom before she arrives," replied the officer with a smile. "We mount ten guns to her two. When does she sail?"

"Immediately," said the secretary. "Isn't it possible to get the Virginia out at once? If she will do what you expect, it would be an excellent thing to attack the blockading squadron before the Ericsson can interfere. Besides"—he hesitated, as if in doubt whether to reveal his further information—"there is something yet more important. We have just learned that Lincoln, tired of McClellan's delays, gave him peremptory orders to march direct on Richmond. McClellan has persuaded him that it would be better to move his army by water to Fortress Monroe and work up the peninsula to Richmond. The orders will be issued in a day or two. If the Virginia can really drive off the blockading squadron, that scheme will be spoiled from the start. But that squadron is certain to be heavily reënforced the moment the move of the army becomes a fact. Whatever we do, we must do at once." He spoke in a nervousness that was almost agitation.

Lieutenant Brooke considered, thoughtfully. "We might get her out for a trial run on Saturday the eighth, sir," he said, "although she could hardly be considered ready for action. She has her full complement of regular officers, of course, but her crew has never yet been exercised together. As you know, sir, they are nearly all soldiers from Magruder's army, and only a minority have ever been to sea or know anything at all about artillery."

"H'm!" The secretary again glanced at the map, filled for him with alarming possibilities. "It can't be helped, Brooke. See that your dockyard men work overtime. I shall telegraph Commodore Buchanan to take her out at the earliest possible moment. That Federal squadron must be driven off."

"Very good, sir," replied the officer "I think I can promise she will be ready by Saturday."

"Make sure of it, Brooke—make sure of it!" said the secretary testily. "The president is anxious. Break the blockade and we get recognition by England and France. You know that. I'm told your ship will sink by her own weight of iron—I'm told all sorts of things—but for heaven's sake, send her out and let us see what she can do. A little more delay and she will not have a chance."

"If you mean the Ericsson battery, sir," began the officer, "I am confident ——"

The secretary interrupted him: "So am I, Brooke. I haven't the slightest faith in any of these contraptions. I am certainly not confident of the Virginia's chances against the best frigates of the United States Navy. And they will all assuredly be there if they propose to disembark their army at Monroe. Well, you understand the situation? I am giving Buchanan definite orders to go out on Saturday. I rely on you to make it possible."

"Very good, sir."

The officer withdrew. The secretary went back to his desk, sat himself heavily in his chair. No, he wouldn't count on that monstrosity of Brooke's to accomplish anything. But it must at least make some sort of attempt particularly with the war going so badly on the Upper Mississippi and in Tennessee. The president had been emphatic about it. Recognition by the European powers—Jeff Davis had repeated it over and over again like an obsession. Only the forcing of the blockade could procure that urgently essential status. The North had all the ships, all the trained seamen and four-fifths of the regular officers. What could the Virginia possibly do against such odds?

It was Saturday the eighth of March—a still morning of spring sunshine. The ship which had been the Merrimac, unrecognizably transformed from her old-time towering elegance of masts and spars above a lofty hull, smothered

(Continued on Page 133)

At Almost Every Moment Through That Appalling Day and Night It Had Seemed That She Must Founder

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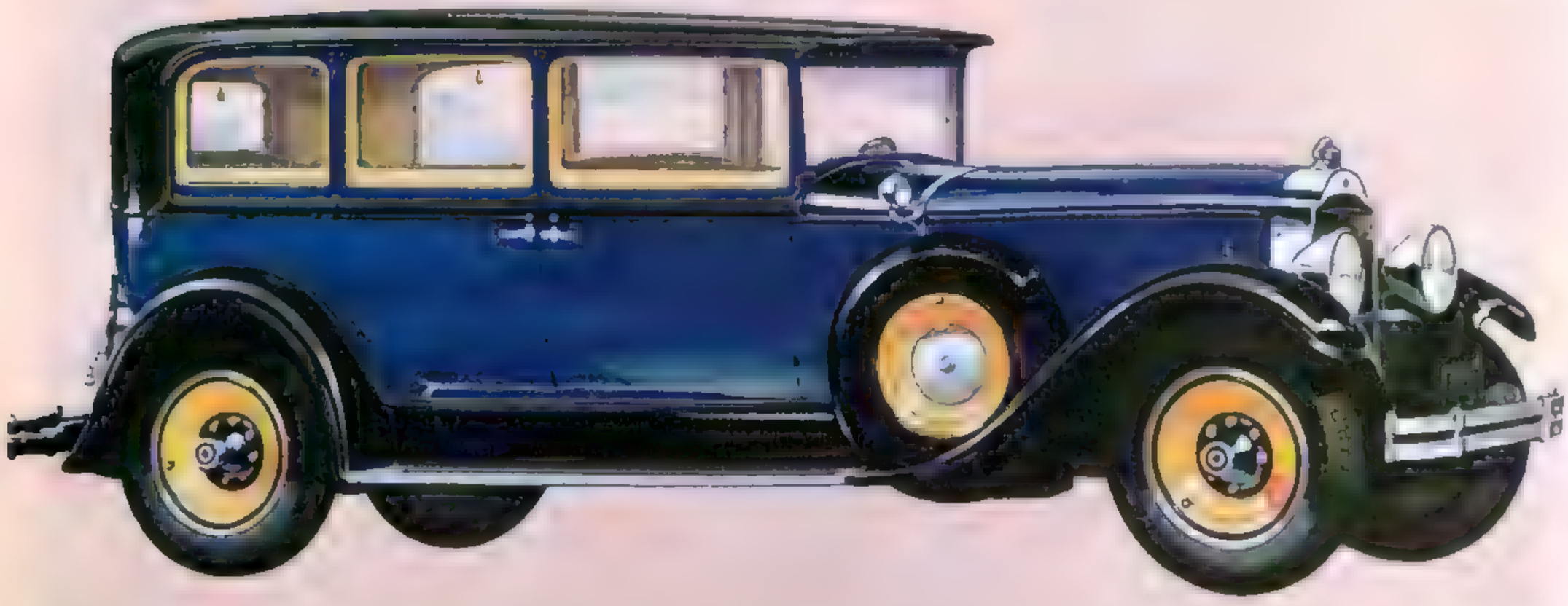

MEDDLE PLAY

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Ain't You Willin' to Admit That You is Licked, Florian?"
Owing to the Physical Impossibility of Raising His Head, Florian Did Not Look Up

FLORIAN SLAPPEY approached the practice tee at the Shining Star Country Club for Colored. He shouldered his way through the eager crowd and came face to face with a tableau.

On the tee a comely colored maiden was in the throes of a golf lesson. She stabbed earnestly at the turf and occasionally succeeded in dispatching a small white ball a few yards down the fairway. But attractive as Miss Clematis Clegg unquestionably was, the attention of the spectators was not upon her, and it was this fact which caused a surge of hot resentment to flood the heart of the debonair Mr. Slappey.

The attention of the audience was focused unanimously upon Mr. Lyric Gatchel, and a less prejudiced observer than Mr. Slappey would have agreed readily enough that Lyric was worth anybody's focusing. Eliminating entirely his gorgeous raiment, Lyric Gatchel held an awe-inspiring position at the new negro country club.

He was the golf professional and he was not backward about admitting that he was the best colored golf player in the known world. Starting life as a bootblack, he had emigrated to St. Louis and points north, where he had served many years as a caddie, acquiring during that time an easy and graceful swing, an excellent stance and all the social elegance which is inevitably associated with country clubs.

Lyric had traveled. The rigorous Northern winters had driven him to Florida's sunny climes, where he held a top rating among the caddies. Eventually he had wandered back to Birmingham at the suggestion of an old friend and applied for the job of golf pro at the Shining Star.

Until Lyric Gatchel filed his application no person at the Shining Star suspected that a pro was at all necessary. They had held a vague sort of notion that when one desired to play golf one purchased a few clubs and a ball and proceeded to play. That there was a very definite technic to the game, and a need for expert instruction, had simply never been thought of.

But Lyric experienced little difficulty in selling the idea and himself to President Joshua Pruney and the austere board of governors, particularly since the salary he asked was absurdly modest. They considered Lyric the ultimate touch of swank which was needed to make the Shining Star a goal toward which the less fortunate colored folk of Birmingham could struggle. They had nine holes for the playing of golf and now a pro to teach it. Little more could be asked, even by the most ambitious.

And so Lyric had been installed at the Shining Star, and from the moment of his coming dusky Birmingham—or such portion of it as was interested in golf—lay prostrate at his feet. He was a cosmopolite and dressed like one. Today, for instance, he wore a costume beside which the reputed excellence of Mr. Solomon's haberdashery was a drab and pallid thing.

The first splotch of color to assail the eye upon observing Mr. Gatchel was a sport shirt of sheerest silk. This had a broad open-necked collar and was colored a delicate shade of lilac. Below the shirt was a pair of snow-white golf pants of the architecture known to the cognoscenti as plus-fours. Mr. Gatchel's particular pants were some unknown multiple of the magic four. They started higher than the waist and would have trailed ingloriously behind him had it not been for the socks, which caught them just below the knee and caused a bagginess which imparted to Lyric an appearance not dissimilar to that of a modest young lady of a decade ago.

The socks were not to be passed over without notice. They matched both shirt and trousers, being a gentle cross-breeding of lilac and white, done in form of artistic zigzags. And on Lyric's somewhat small feet were a pair of double-toned shoes—part black and part white. Absolutely and unquestionably Mr. Gatchel came closer to being a sartorial symphony than any other dusky person ever to invade Birmingham. And therein lay one of the most prominent causes of Florian Slappey's antipathy to the newcomer. Until Lyric's advent Mr. Slappey had held the undisputed wardrobe championship of Birmingham. Now he was a pale and languid second best.

There were other reasons for enmity. The most important of these reasons now stood on the practice tee with the professional, Gatchel, attempting to master the art of propelling a tiny sphere through the ozone in a specified direction and for a reasonable distance. Florian had never been particularly enamored of Miss Clematis Clegg, but being new to Birmingham and a damsel of unquestioned pulchritude, Florian had set out to show the other swains that he could get what he wanted in the line of desirable femininity. Therefore he paid a sort of condescending court to Clematis, having every intention of dropping his suit when the lady should exhibit an unmistakable public preference for him.

But before attaining his goal Lyric Gatchel arrived in Birmingham, and from the moment Miss Clegg set eyes on him Mr. Slappey was relegated to the very rear rank. Others noticed and twitted Mr. Slappey about it. Not only did Lyric outshine him but the golf pro also copped Florian's girl. That was piling an Ossa of outrage on a Pelion of insult. Mr. Slappey had been openly and frequently affronted, and he realized that it was up to him to avenge his tarnished honor or else—perish the thought!—retire formally and forever to a wallflower status.

Florian elbowed through the crowd and gave a disgusted eye and deaf ear to the lesson then in progress. Lyric arranged Clematis' arms in a manner which gave the impression that he was about to perform an embrace.

"You does it thisaway, Miss Clegg: Keep yo' lef' arm stiff an' yo' eye on the ball. Come back slow an' let the club cease swingin' of its own accawd. Then hit at the ball easy an' gentle. Understan'?"

A sneer twisted Mr. Slappey's lips. He uttered a single remark. "Fooey!" he said loudly. Many eyes flashed to the stern face of Mr. Slappey. That slender gentleman snapped idly at a patch of clover with his whippy little Malacca cane. "Also," said Mr. Slappey, "fumadiddles!"

(Continued on Page 45)

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(Continued from Page 43)

Clematis Clegg shot him an angry glance, which Florian failed to heed. Someone addressed a question:

"I reckon you could hit that ball, coul'n't you, Florian?"

Mr. Slappey smiled a very superior smile. "Tha's the most thing it ain't no trouble to do."

Lyric Gatchel motioned Clematis from the tee and turned toward Florian. "Spose you show us, Brother Slappey," he suggested.

"H'mph! Is you tryin' to intimidate that it's hard to do?"

The pro shrugged. "That's the one thing it ain't nothin' else but."

Florian advanced confidently. He knew that he was the cynosure of all eyes, and the spotlight was not unacceptable.

"All you want me to do is hit that li'l' ball with this big club?"

"Uh-huh," chuckled Lyric. "Tha's all!"

"Gimme! An' tell that bird to git off that tree down yonder, 'cause otherwise he ain't gwine be nothin' but a chirp."

The pro softly addressed the distant bird. "Git offen that tree," he murmured, "else Mistuh Slappey is gwine make cuckoo soup out of you."

Clematis surrendered her driver. The crowd stood back—with rather more caution than respect. Florian shed his tan coat and cream-colored vest. He rolled up the sleeves of his blue-and-white striped shirt. He gazed down with disdain as Lyric built a tiny mound of sand and placed the unoffending ball on its peak. Mr. Slappey was extremely amused.

"All this heah golf talk makes me sick," he announced. "You folks chase a li'l' spherical aroun' all day long an' think you is doin' somethin'. Golf is a dude's game, tha's all. Take me: I has played baseball an' hand ball an' football an' tennis. Takes somethin' to hit that kind of a ball, 'cause it's movin' when it comes at you. This heah thing—golla! Nobody coul'n't miss it. Seems like to me, Mistuh Gatchel, you'd have mo' honor than to take money fo' teachin' folks somethin' they a'ready know."

"You think so?" grinned Lyric. "Le's see you hit it."

Florian was belligerent. "Seems like you think I cain't."

"Seems like is right."

"I don't hahdly reckon you got a li'l' bet you crave to make."

"You reckon wrong, Brother Slappey. Bettin' you 'bout that is the most thing I yearn to do."

Florian produced a ten-dollar bill. "That says I can hit it."

"Far?"

"Far."

"An' straight?"

"Like an arrer."

"You is faded, thin boy."

They placed the money in the hands of the portly and pompous Lawyer Evans Chew, who was an interested observer of the proceedings.

"You all agrees an' contracts to abide absolute an' indefensibly by my decision?" he questioned.

"Tha's what we aims to do."

"Very well, Florian, proceed."

Mr. Slappey grasped the slender handle of the steel-shafted driver and took a practice swing. It was such a thrust as would have brought a flush of delight to the breast of Babe Ruth—a sweeping, powerful baseball swing. It was all Lyric could do to restrain his laughter. One or two of the other spectators smiled. They had struggled futilely against this game of subtlety and skill and knew exactly what was in store for the confident Mr. Slappey.

Florian advanced upon the ball and waved the spectators back.

"All of you what wear glasses better polish 'em good," he advised, "'cause when I lam this ball it's gwine travel far, fast an' frequent. Is you ready to watch, Lawyer Chew?"

"I is prepared."

"Heah goes!"

Florian stationed himself about three feet from the ball. He took a firm grip of the handle and gave a couple of preliminary waggles in true baseball style. Then he brought his two feet together, gazed disdainfully upon the ball and raised his eyes to stare along the fairway. His pose was exactly that of a baseball batter—feet together, club over his shoulder, eye on the horizon.

Then he acted. The club swept down from his shoulder as he stepped into the ball. By some miracle the club head swished cleanly through the air. It touched the ball with that clean, clear click which so delights the heart of the good golfer.

There was a gasp as the little white pellet leaped away from the wooden face of the club. Its trajectory was a joy forever. It rose slowly and steadily, but not too high; it was smirched by neither hook nor slice. One hundred yards it went—and then another hundred. It struck the fairway two hundred and fifty yards from the tee and rolled for perhaps thirty yards more. A howl of applause went up and a silk-clad figure detached itself from the crowd and reached for Florian's hand.

"Oh, Mistuh Slappey," gushed the fair Clematis, "you is just too wonderful!"

"Shuh!" answered Florian modestly. "They ain't nothin' wonderful 'bout that. Anybody which coul'n't hit a ball what is standin' still ought to be ashamed."

"I—I cain't."

"Co'se not. An' you know why?"

"No, Florian. Why?"

"'Cause this heah human lily with the trick pants is makin' money by tellin' ev'ybody the wrong thing so they'll think it's a hahd game."

Florian's words penetrated the consciousness of the stupefied Mr. Gatchel. He had been standing like a statue, staring at the miracle. Of course he had seen it happen before. On many golf courses he had seen untutored dubs step onto the first tee filled with enthusiasm and unbridled confidence, make a wild swing at the ball and send it far and fast through the air. He knew the effect of such an occurrence—the lucky person usually became a lifelong convert to the game.

It was on the tip of Lyric's tongue to force Florian into a fresh bet, but Mr. Slappey's insinuation roused him to a more destructive anger. He conscripted a friendly smile and placed it on his lips.

"You—you is marvelous, Florian."

(Continued on Page 180)

Not Only Did Lyric Outshine Him But the Golf Pro Also Copped Florian's Girl

First Choice

And now, a

Million

Chevrolets since Jan 1st

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

of the Nation *for* 1928

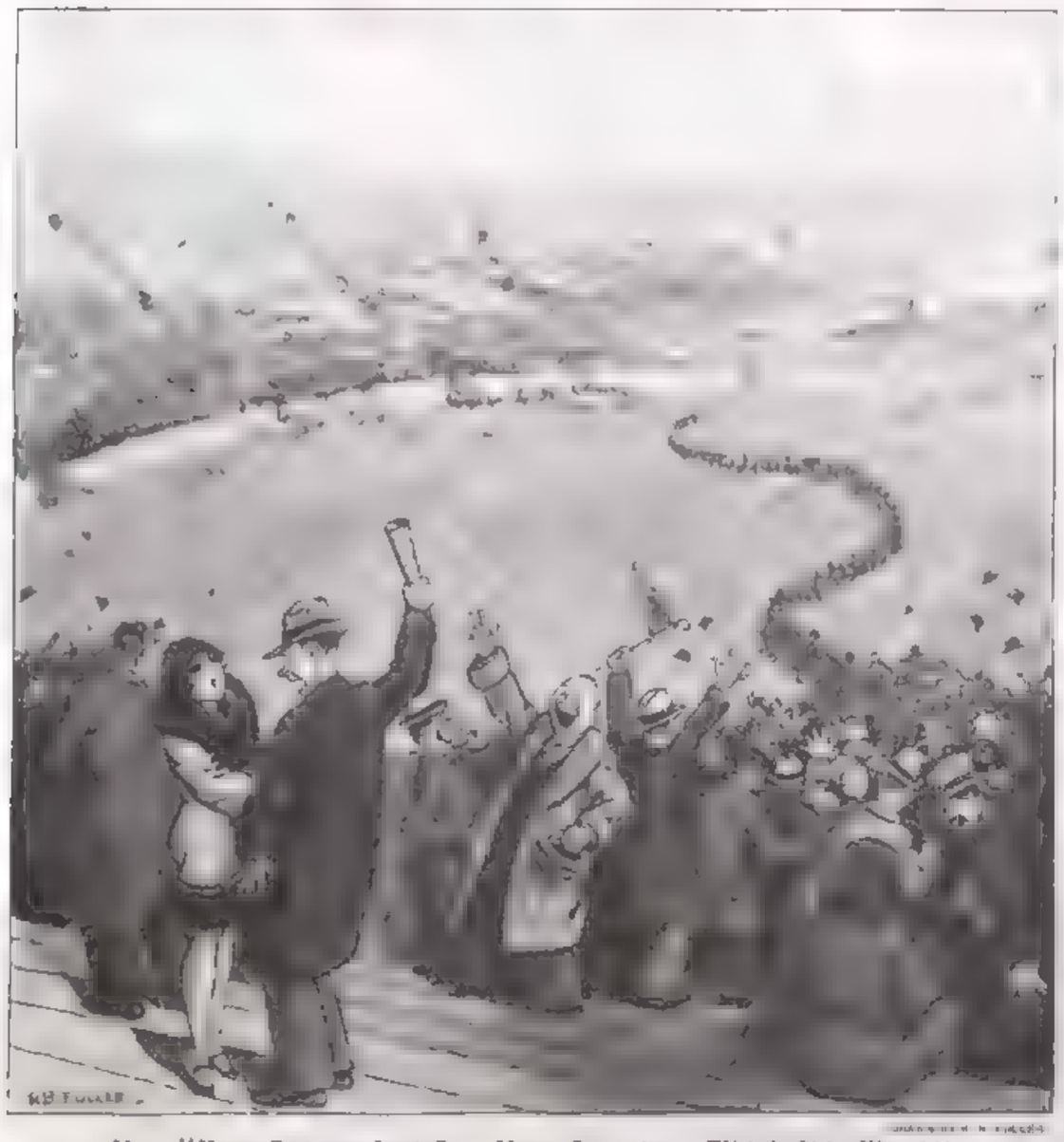
SWEEPING month after month always to more spectacular heights of popularity, making and breaking new records of success with impressive regularity throughout the year . . . the Bigger and Better Chevrolet has won a million buyers since January 1st. Never has any Chevrolet enjoyed such overwhelming public acceptance, for never has any low-priced car so completely provided those basic elements which the vast majority are now demanding in the cars they buy. It is modishly smart and luxurious—with beautiful bodies by Fisher. It is smooth, powerful, dependable and a marvel of handling ease. It is economical to operate, low in price, and offers a value so amazing that today it stands, by a tremendous margin, first choice of the nation for 1928.

The Roadster, $495; The Touring, $495; The Coach, $585; The Coupe, $595; The 4-Door Sedan, $675; The Convertible Sport Cabriolet, $695; The Imperial Landau, $715. Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH., *Division of General Motors Corporation*

QUALITY AT LOW COST

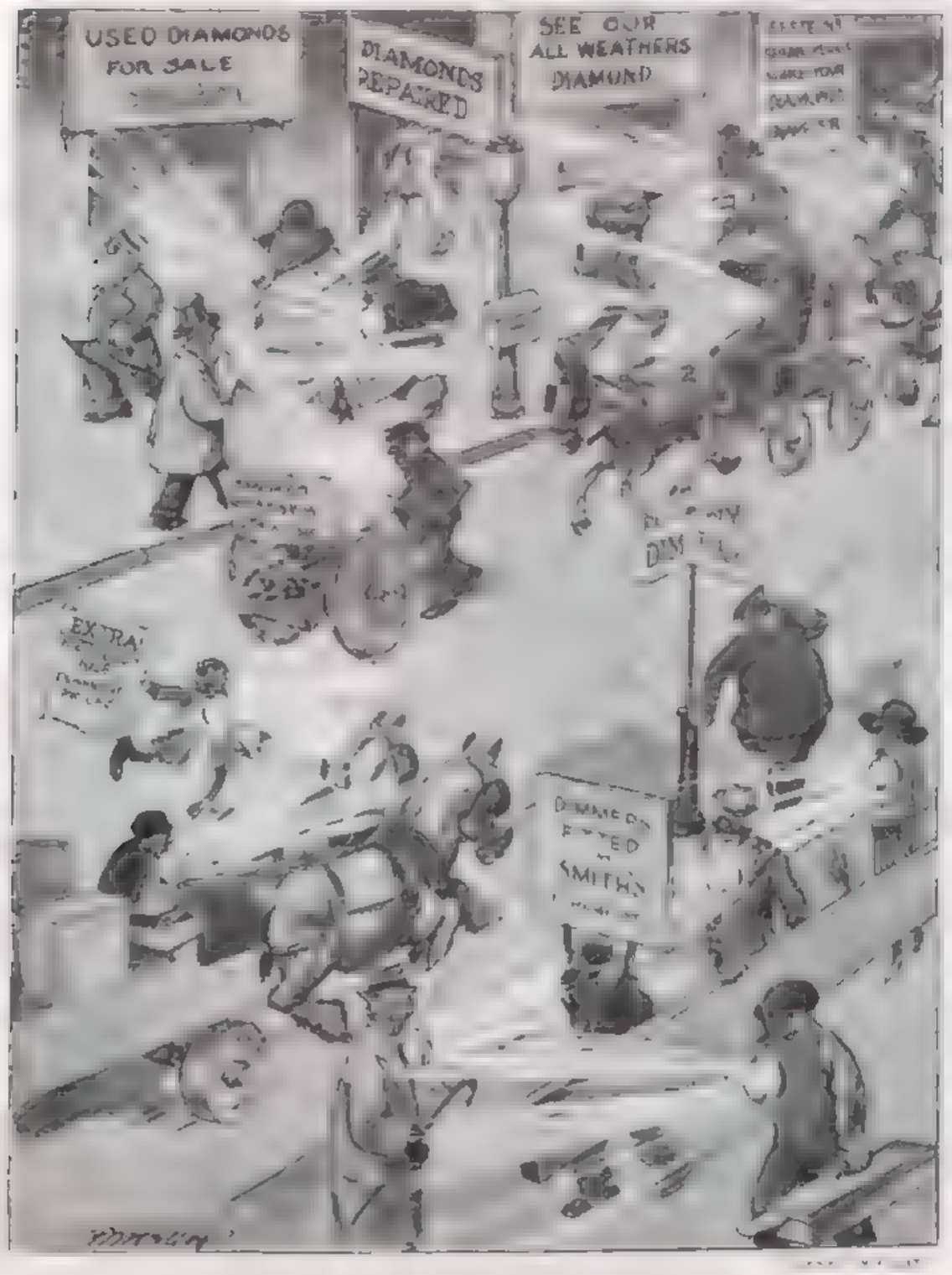
CARTOON AND COMEDY



She: "Now, George, Just One More Question—Which Side Won?"

"Down by the Old Mill Stream"

If a Tabloid Editor Were Empowered to Select the Paintings for Our Public Art Galleries



If Henry Ford Had Manufactured Diamonds

The Doctors Discover a New Germ

Alemite's Second Great Contribution

to Minimize Motor Car Repair Bills

Special Lubricants for Use in the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating Systems—Made by the Makers of those Systems—AND *Special Alemite-ing Stations*

To Further Combat the Cause of 80% of All Repair Bills—Lack of Proper Lubrication

IN developing the Alemite and Alemite-Zerk High Pressure Lubricating Systems—now in use on over 95% of all motor cars made—Alemite largely eliminated the cause of 80% of all repair bills: improper lubrication.

To provide the utmost efficiency from those Systems, special Alemite Lubricants for use in the Alemite Systems, and special Alemite-ing Stations, come as a second important contribution toward the Correct Lubrication that insures longer life, smoother operation and greatly reduced upkeep.

The Perfect Combination

The Alemite Systems provide your car with the means to PROPER LUBRICATION. For they force lubricant, under tremendous pressure, to EVERY VITAL CHASSIS BEARING of your car

BUT—merely forcing lubricants to those bearings is NOT ENOUGH. You must use the RIGHT KIND of lubricant. Cheap "greases" are relatively as dangerous as no lubrication at all.

Because scores of such "greases" were suddenly offered on every side as "fitted to the Alemite System"—many of them of such poor quality that it is virtually impossible to force them into the bearings to be lubricated—the makers of the Alemite Systems, in protection to themselves and the public, developed special lubricants for use in these Systems.

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Those lubricants come as the result of years of experiment. They mark the latest automotive science, known as chassis lubrication. They are made by the ALEMITE people themselves in plants devoted exclusively to the scientific production of chassis and gear lubricants

Most people with Alemite equipped cars demand—as self-protection—that Alemite Lubricants be used when they have their cars lubricated. They have learned that merely having their cars lubricated every 500 miles is not enough. Proper lubrication means REGULAR LUBRICATION with CORRECT LUBRICANTS.

How To Be Sure

To further insure correct ALEMITE lubrication, special Alemite-ing Stations—stations using genuine Alemite Lubricants—have been put into operation everywhere. The big yellow Alemite sign identifies them.

By avoiding the irresponsible "Greasing Stations" that have sprung up everywhere and having your car properly Alemited, your car will last longer and run more smoothly with a minimum of repair bills.

Ask For Alemite-ing

Complete Alemite-ing consists of this:

1. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricants forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics—every 500 miles

2. GEARS: Differential and transmission thoroughly flushed out by a special Alemite process. New Alemite Gear Lubricant forced in—every 2,500 miles

3. SPRINGS: Springs sprayed with special Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil every 500 miles. Eliminating ALL spring squeaks—making the car run immeasurably smoother.

Get this service—Alemite-ing—every 500 miles. Note how your repair bills decrease; how much better your car runs.

The Bassick Manufacturing Company, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2692 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

One of the new Alemite-ing Service Stations

A FRIEND

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

Coin It Did Not Hold; Many Times She Had Weighed It Speculatively in Her Hand

PALE, with unsteady step and hands which almost dropped the plate of fried ham and eggs and the coffeepot, Florence Kelly walked from the kitchen into the dining room. The kitchen was small and filled with tables and the utensils of a none too systematic housekeeping. There were also the tubs and other paraphernalia of a laundry, and many infantile garments, hanging on a line, soaking in the tubs, tossed into a corner.

The dining room was small also, and filled with large pieces of furniture which together formed a set—a sideboard which was spoken of as a buffet, a large table, a china closet and six chairs. There was also a wicker structure which resembled the vehicles in which the ill, the indolent and the old are pushed about at Atlantic City, but which was really a coach for two infants. Both dining room and kitchen were ill lighted; their windows opened opposite other windows, no more than six feet away.

The ham and eggs in one hand, the coffeepot in the other, Florence moved toward the table. She was slender; she could glide easily between the coach and the buffet. She had two large features—her nose and her brown eyes, both of which seemed to have outgrown the rest of her thirteen-year-old body. At present both were red and inflamed. Her hair was brown and straight, her lips were thin; she looked dull, forlorn, sullen.

The two men at the table were like Florence—small, even wizened. Father sat at the head, Grandfather Kelly at the side. Father was a bookkeeper and his eyes were fixed upon the slice of bread which he had spread with jam, as though it were an intricate calculation. Between him and Florence there was a strong resemblance, except that the rest of him had grown up to his nose.

Between Florence and Grandfather Kelly there was an even stronger resemblance; though grandfather's hair was sparse and gray, and he had a white beard. Beside his nose, his other features seemed to have lost in the race; it loomed large, as if it said "Got ahead of you at last." This was what it said to Florence, who was an observing creature, especially where matters of outline were concerned. She had as yet little sense of color, but she was notable in school for her drawing. Her skill, lifting her above the mass of students, satisfied a fierce pride.

Grandfather Kelly had not always been here. There had been, first of all, father and mother and Florence. When Florence was twelve years old the twins had come, and now there were the twins and grandfather. With the arrival of the twins mother had been strangely transformed; instead of continuing to settle into middle age, she had apparently returned to youth. She had, moreover, taken a strange attitude toward Florence—she seemed to have become her stepmother rather than her mother; as though, while the twins were of her blood, Florence was of no kin.

Grandfather had taken up his abode with his son because his house in near-by Scranton had disappeared into the earth. At first a miner, then a mine boss, he had saved money and bought himself the house and saved still more money. The company which operated under the section in which he lived had agreed with the city not to remove the pillars of solid coal, but they did not keep to their agreement. In the night grandfather's house sank down, with grandfather sleeping. In the morning there was a deep pit, in the center, grandfather's house, with grandfather sitting on the roof; by his side a satchel, old, square, covered with oiled cloth. Before the eyes of ten thousand people grandfather walked down the sloping roof, his satchel in his hand, and up the sloping side of the pit, under his arms a rope held by those on the bank, so that if the earth subsided he might be upheld.

In the morning his house was invisible and in a few days there was much money in his pocket—money for his house, money for his land, money for his shocked nerves, money for his silence. In his pocket, figuratively speaking, his money was likely to stay, except what he paid for board.

Grandfather was strange; he seemed ever to brood, as though he found himself again descending into the pit or as though he could not believe himself rescued. There were many who offered to take care of him, but there was, of course, only one place for him to go—to the house of his son. Beryl—that was mother's name—spoke of his coming with a sigh, but it was not a matter for sighing. He paid well, he made no trouble. In addition to cash on interest, he had large disability benefits from an organization which he had long ago joined. It was probable that he did not touch the interest. Happily, in the very nature of things, a term was fixed for his life, and it was well that he had heirs. How else would he have found the care, the attention, the deference which were accorded him?

Before him Florence set the ham and eggs. She poured three cups of coffee and set the first beside him. It was a fact, though unnoted, that it was she who paid him most deference, though she was not designed by Beryl to be his heir. It was she who had given up most for him—her bedroom—she slept on a leather davenport in the parlor—her peace—she studied in the kitchen—her leisure—mother made his presence an excuse for exhaustion. Moreover, these sacrifices were small compared with the chief sacrifice of Florence, to be consummated this day.

Having passed the second cup of coffee to father, she sat herself down before the third. She looked as though she drank too much coffee; the dullness of her skin was not due altogether to the unbecoming dark blue of her old middy blouse. But a stimulant she must have. She took a swallow and at once began to cry.

"What ails you, Florence?" asked her father, roused from his lethargy.

"She burned herself! Can't you see she burned herself?" cried grandfather. Grandfather seldom spoke, but once in a long time he shouted. The effect was startling, as though a green mountain had suddenly become volcanic. His voice was deep, heavy, burred with fierce rolling Irish r's. He said not "water," but "watter." "Fill your mouth with cold watter!"

Florence rose and passed into the kitchen and there produced queer sounds—a gurgling as she tried to soothe the burning of her throat, a choking as she tried to quench her sobs. She heard a voice, a footstep; she straightened her shoulders, her cheeks flamed; she walked back into the dining room and sat down. Mother was coming. Florence preferred, for some obscure reason, to be at her place at the table.

Mother was not Irish like father and grandfather; she was a variety of the coal-region olla-podrida—she had in her some Lithuanian, some Little Russian, more Pole, a good deal of Slovak. If she had been a Turk she would have ranked high as a beauty. Her skin and eyes were dark, her black hair was curly, her features were regular—she satisfied all harem requirements. She was dressed, as for the harem, in a loose pink silk robe and red slippers with pompons. On her head was a pink silk cap with red ribbons. Father was indifferently aware that under her pink robe was a nightgown; Florence was furiously aware of the same fact. Grandfather did not give mother a thought; he looked down at his ham and eggs as though he despised them.

There had been no speech save two exclamations before mother arrived; the world was now filled with the sound of a voice. There was nothing Turkish about mother's voice, and nothing Polish, nothing Italian, and nothing Slovak; it was purely American.

(Continued on Page 52)

Florence Felt a Motion Within, as Though Her Stomach Turned Over Bodily

In the Sky...On the Land

the 100% PARAFFINE BASE of the New VEEDOL gives longer life...greater economy ...smoother motor performance

Long before the first gasoline motor, Pennsylvania and other oil districts were producing a particularly valuable crude oil. It was, and still is, distinguished from all other crudes by its *paraffine base.*

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Stop at the orange and black Veedol sign. Drain and refill with this tougher, heavier-bodied motor oil . . . Get the same high quality that keeps the greatest aviators safe from disaster . . . keeps the wisest motorists free from the expensive repairs and certain deterioration that follow in the wake of inferior lubricants. The Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York City.

MADE 100% FROM PENNSYLVANIA AND OTHER PARAFFINE BASE CRUDES

THE NEW Veedol MOTOR OIL

He Carried His Satchel Not to the Outer Door But to the Table. He Set It Down, Pushing Cup and Plate and Knife and Fork Aside. He Looked Intensely Enraged, But Not Insane

(Continued from Page 50)

"I'll say I had a bad night," said she. "If I can sleep through the shiftin' engine, I'm all right, but if the kids wakes me, I'm done."

Father chewed his ham furiously. In her own mind Florence put words into his mouth—they were these: "Yes, and instead of tending them yourself, you called me to get bottles." Florence was wrong. Father felt no rancor; he had long since passed into a state of paralysis which knew no sharp emotion.

Mother helped herself to a large slice of ham, two fried eggs and a cup of coffee.

"I'll say, Florence, you might have kept these hot for me."

Again Florence formed fierce words in her mind—"You ought to get up!"—but she did not utter them. She was saving her voice for other words she would have to utter before the day was over.

"The kids is got to have some new clothes," said mother. "Coats they have to have for winter, and a new blanket for the coach. I ought to have ten dollars."

Father put his hand into his pocket and took out ten dollars. Mother put out a hand. Something about the motion made it seem, plump though it was, like a claw.

"An' I got to have five dollars for myself." Father said nothing; he rose and turned away. "I said I got to have five dollars," said mother. Father laid five dollars on the table. "Doled out, little by little," said mother pleasantly.

Florence bent her head; sometimes she would have been ashamed, but not today. Other emotions racked her.

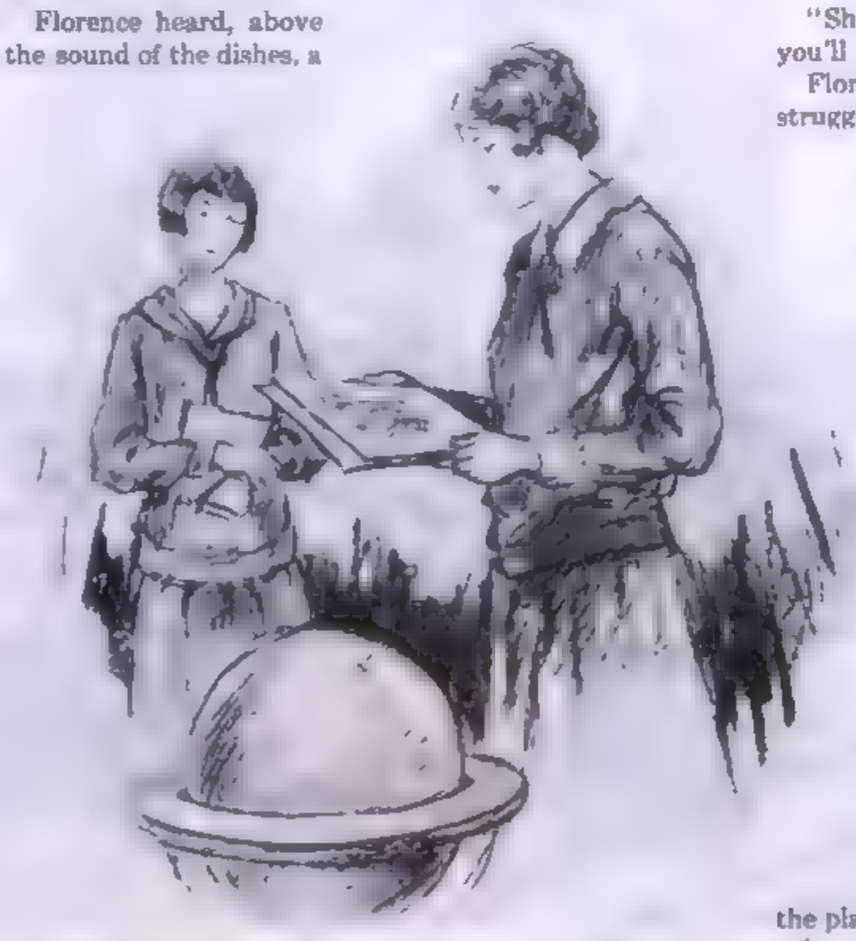
"There's one thing about my kids—they go to sleep when they're fed," said mother. "They're healthy; they take after my family. They're going to be big—you can see that—they have large bones. My grandfather and his three brothers in the old country, they weighed a thousand pounds together, and so with my great-grandfather and his three brothers. Not that they were fat; they were just big, powerful, husky men. My kids has no Irish in them; they take after me. That's what everybody says; they say ——"

Grandfather rose and stepped into the narrow hall. He was going to his room—the room which had belonged to Florence. Here he kept his few belongings, including the small satchel, now tightly locked, which he had carried down the slanting roof and up the steep uncertain slope. Into the depths had sunk all his furniture, all his clothing, all his books, for grandfather owned a few books and prized them. What was in the satchel no one knew. It contained no securities—those were in the bank. Mother believed it was filled to the lock with greenbacks. Coin it did not hold; many times she had weighed it speculatively in her hand.

Father was visible for an instant as he passed the door wearing his hat and overcoat. Having finished her coffee, Florence rose and began to clear the table.

"If you had a heart you'd stay home," said mother. "Always the last drop squeezed out—always the last drop!" Mother helped herself to another slice of ham, another egg. It was the egg which Florence had cooked for herself, but which she felt unable to swallow. Mother continued, raising her voice above the noise of dishes rattled in the sink. The noise was louder than necessary. "You get home promptly at noon, and after school, mind! I won't have time to get dinner, and this afternoon you're to take the kids out."

Florence heard, above the sound of the dishes, a



To Most Persons Miss Canfield Was an Efficient Machine; to Florence She Was a Combination of Venus and Minerva

little crow. It was a sound which she feared, because it softened her heart. With the babies in her arms she could no longer hate mother; hate became a wild, intolerable grief. She heard a bell ringing—it was the bell of Stevens School—and mother was lingering, idling so that she would either have to be late or else leave her dishes unwashed and thus merit reproof.

"I must go!" she called.

Mother laughed. "I'll say you're in a hurry," said she. "As if it would make any difference!"

Hearing now two crows instead of one, Florence looked still more wildly round. Her coat and her hat hung behind the door, her books were strapped and lying on the window sill. On top of them lay a large envelope in which was a drawing she meant to present to her teacher, Miss Canfield. She seized them all and ran down to the next landing. As she stood dressing for the street a door opened and Mrs. Yetts, a middle-aged woman, put out her head.

"What ails you, Florence?"

"Nothing," answered Florence sharply.

"Ain't she up yet?"

"Yes."

"She says you ain't going to school any more, because you'll be fourteen tomorrow. Is that so?"

Florence's lips quivered. Her hat was on; she was struggling into her coat.

"The lazy thing!" said Mrs. Yetts. "She ought to take care of her own kids, that's what she ought! Your father ——"

"We look after our family affairs," said Florence. Along with the proud declaration came a sob like the bleat of a sheep. "We don't ——" Vivid words, such as mother might apply to Mrs Yetts came into her mind and were choked back. She ran down the steps and into the street. "If only I had a friend," said she—"just one friend!"

At noon Florence ran all the way home. She no longer shed tears, or bleated like a sheep; her tears were dried and dry despair filled her breast. She had become an automaton whose will was the will of others. She paused now and then, but not to wipe her eyes. Her jersey bloomers caught the coarse serge of her dress and wound it about her thighs. Her dark-brown woolen stockings were ill fitting; round her ankles they lay in folds and between the upper edge and the hem of her bloomers showed a line of white skin.

Between her and home lay the railroad and the large station; she often took a short cut along the platform and through the building. She ran now, hurrying against the wind for the shelter of walls and a roof. In the station she stopped short, as though someone had seized her in a vise. There was no train for an hour, but the waiting room was never empty. Express trains brought immigrants from all the countries of her mother's ancestry, and here they waited for other trains—for Nanticoke and Nescopeck, Nesquehoning and Shickshinny.

It was a sound which halted her, and not a physical obstacle. On a bench sat a Polish woman, a baby at her breast; two other children, almost babies, beside her. Near by on the floor sat a little boy of six, his hobnailed boots outstretched. He rocked back and forth, moving his arms as though he were in a boat and rowing. Meanwhile he sang, over and over again, the same incomprehensible song, sweet and shrill. It was not a merry song;

Continued on Page 209

Chrysler Originality Creates a New Car Vogue

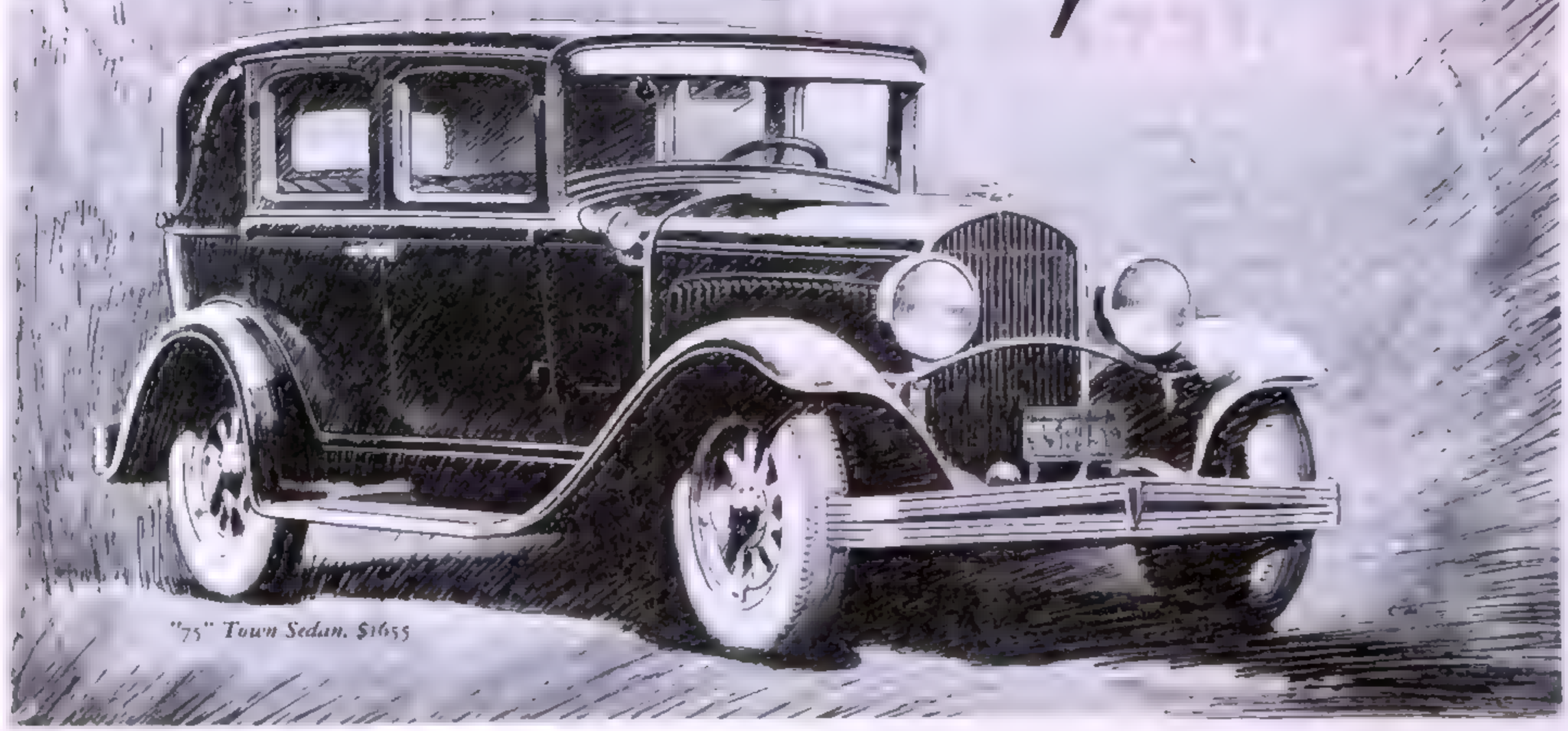
¶ In the new Chrysler "75" and "65" an enthusiastic public recognizes a new style that restyles all motor cars . . . ¶ Once more Chrysler genius has demonstrated that American originality transcends the artistic abilities of the old world . . . ¶ Chrysler offers in the new "75" and "65," beauty and symmetry which owe nothing of their supremacy to the creations of European designers . . . ¶ And Chrysler style is the accepted mode not only in America, but also abroad. . . . ¶ Europe acclaims Chrysler originality as zealously as America —not simply because it is so honestly American, but because it so completely surpasses in artistic excellence all earlier motor car designs.

Prices—New Chrysler "75" (*with 6-ply full-balloon tires*)—*Royal Sedan, $1535; 2-passenger Coupe (with rumble seat), $1535; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1555; Town Sedan, $1655.*

New Chrysler "65"—*Business Coupe, $1040; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1065; 2-door Sedan, $1065; Touring Car, $1075; 4-door Sedan, $1145; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1145.*

All prices f. o. b. Detroit

Chrysler



"75" Town Sedan, $1655

for just a few cents more

The Eveready Layerbilt

Now $2.95 *Eveready Layerbilt Medium Size "B" Battery No. 485, 45 volts. The longest-lasting Eveready of its size.*

Now $4.25 *The original Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486. 45 volts. For heavy duty. The longest lasting of all Evereadys.*

lasts weeks and months longer

TO GET a genuine Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery you need only pay a few cents more than you would for a cylindrical cell Eveready of the same size. The longer life built into the Eveready Layerbilt is worth much more to you than its cost. Every Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery is built of flat cells, which occupy all available space within the battery case, thereby avoiding the waste spaces between the cylindrical cells in the older type of battery.

That is why the Eveready Layerbilt lasts much longer than the cylindrical cell type of battery. The added life is far greater than you might suppose from the insignificant extra cost.

There are two Eveready Layerbilts. One is the original No. 486, built for heavy duty, the longest lasting of all Evereadys and the most economical. It costs 25 cents more than a cylindrical cell Eveready of the same size. The other is the newer Medium Size Eveready Layerbilt No. 485, which has the same dimensions as the cylindrical cell Eveready No. 772, but which lasts much longer, though costing only 20 cents more.

When you go to buy new "B" batteries, add just a few cents to what you would pay for a cylindrical cell Eveready, and get Eveready Layerbilts. They will bring you weeks and even months of extra service.

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night

East of the Rockies
9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time
Through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations

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Getting On in the World

Real-Estate Opportunities

IN A SOUTHWESTERN city of less than 20,000 population I asked a real-estate man if he knew of a young or middle-aged man or woman who had made a good start toward getting on in the world through real-estate investments.

"I know the very person you want to see," he answered. "She is a former schoolteacher who has laid the foundation for a modest fortune by trading and investing in real estate right here in this town, where we haven't had anything resembling a boom in twenty years—since the railroad enlarged their car shops."

Before he had time to expatiate on the golden opportunities for real-estate investing in his town I was on my way to see the young woman he mentioned.

"Yes, I'll be glad to tell you what there is to tell about my business," she replied in answer to my questions. "Toward the end of my third season of teaching I had saved enough money to take a two months' vacation trip. Just before I bought my ticket I went in to see a local banker, a man who had been a friend of our family for many years. He chided me about working all fall, winter and spring, only to spend my entire savings on a summer vacation.

"His talk started me to thinking. I had saved $400. The more I thought of it the more I saw the irony of working for nine months just to provide funds for a two-month trip.

"Instead of buying my ticket as I had planned, I went back to see the banker and said I wanted his advice about a good investment, which I had decided to make instead of going on a vacation.

"'Now you're talking right,' he said. 'I know just the thing for you.' Then he went on to explain that there were two or three investment technics, any one of which was good. He told me that I could invest my little nest egg in sound bonds, bringing from 4 to 6 per cent; that I could invest it in life insurance; or that I could invest it in real estate, and by careful watching and supervision perhaps make two or three times as much as I could hope to make on interest alone.

"Then he asked me to go out and look at a certain piece of property. I shall never forget my disappointment when I saw this property. It was five acres of rough land just outside the city limits. An abandoned railroad right of way ran across the front of the property, and there was a deep ravine through one corner of it. It seemed to be about the most undesirable land in or near town. I returned to the bank and told the banker I had no interest in such a forlorn bit of landscape."

Through Rose-Colored Glasses

"'Just what I expected you to say, young woman,' was his answer. 'Now I am going to give you your first lesson in real estate. The folks who make money buying and selling real estate are the ones who can look at a piece of ground through rose-colored glasses—who can see possibilities in it that the average unimaginative person cannot see. But that isn't all; you must take off your rose-colored spectacles when you start to buy. That's the secret of real-estate investing.

"'Now that old railroad embankment didn't look good to you, did it? Well, you can buy that right of way for fifty dollars. Then you can hire some farmers to plow it down and level up the frontage of that property. You can take the old ties and some of the rock ballast and dam the brook which flows across the lower end of the property.

"'Plow down that railroad embankment, dam that brook, make a little lake or pond, plant some flowers around it, and when the trees are green and the grass is growing the piece of ground will be the most attractive plot in the county. You can divide it up and sell it for home sites five one-acre plots. You ought to get $1000 each for them.

"'But even if you don't do anything at all, I have noticed that the minute a piece of property changes hands once, it nearly always changes hands again, almost immediately, if the owner wants to sell. A tract may go unnoticed for years. Then somebody buys it. Suddenly half a dozen other people who have known about it all their lives decide they want it. So you can turn it at a profit of a couple of hundred dollars in a month or two after you buy it, provided you don't seem too anxious to sell it.'

"When the banker had finished I had my summer's work planned. I would buy that property, beautify it and sell it, just as he outlined. Without waiting to hear more, I rushed out to see the woman who owned the land in question. Imagine my disappointment when she told me she wanted $1600 cash for her property—exactly four times my total capital.

"I saw all my plans gone for naught—all my hopes shattered. Back to the banker I went. He only laughed when I told him the situation. He then explained that the owner would probably be happy to sell for $1200 cash, and that a good trader might buy it for $1000. Then he told me of a man who had money to lend on property, and urged me to go and see him.

"The money lender agreed to loan $800 on the property and so to arrange the mortgage that I could pay it in installments, in the event I sold an acre of it at a time.

"After several days of bargaining I finally bought the plot for $1100 cash, leaving me a working capital of exactly $100. Fifty of this went for the railroad right of way—the narrow strip of embankment across the front of the property. The other fifty went for incidental expenses, fees, recording costs and interest.

"The deal was closed two months before the end of the school term. During those two months I spent money only for dire necessities. When school closed in June I had saved seventy dollars out of the two months' salary, but the seventy dollars had to last me through the summer, and I had no money for improving my property.

"Just when I was almost ready to sell my precious property for anything I could get for it, I had a brilliant idea. I would raise fall vegetables! But what kind of vegetables, or where I could get the tools, seeds and necessary help was a puzzle. I began asking questions. Everybody I knew was given a third degree of questioning concerning possible crops, probable costs and prospective tenants. Finally I found a young man whose father was a farmer and who could obtain the necessary seeds, implements, and so on, to work this five-acre plot. I made a deal with him to plow down that old right of way for the use of the land. I agreed that he stay on the property after the vegetables were mature, and sell them to passers-by for a share of the receipts.

"I never dreamed what a job it would be to dispose of the produce from several acres of rich land. The young man proved to be an excellent gardener. He planted a little of everything. Together we worked that five acres through all the hot summer. We completed the dam across the ravine and bought a secondhand gasoline engine on credit, installed it and pumped water to irrigate the vegetables.

"Before the summer was over everybody in town was watching our experiment. That was before automobile traffic was as heavy as it is now, but our crude dam and the little stream attracted tourists and we picked up a few dollars here and there from stray automobilists who camped under the trees and used our spring water.

"By the end of fall we had cleared $480 from our garden, of which I took one-fourth. But I had the land all cleared, the railroad embankment plowed down and the dam completed. Then I erected a sign offering one-acre home and garden plots for sale. My home telephone number was on the signboard and I stayed within earshot of the telephone the first two days after the sign was erected, momentarily hoping someone would call and offer to buy an acre of my precious land. No one called. I was panic-stricken. Then I inserted a little ad in the newspaper and sat by the telephone for another day. Again I was disappointed. I had visions of foreclosure and the loss of my investment, interest, summer's work and everything."

A Second Venture

"Next day a frightened and discouraged young woman called on her banker for advice and consolation. I received both. The banker gave me the names of six people who had money enough to buy an acre of my property, but who were living in rented homes and who might be interested in building. He explained how I would have to sell the idea to them, show them how to finance a home and do most of their thinking for them. Exactly one month after my talk with the banker I had sold one of my acre plots to a railroad-construction foreman.

"During that month I had taken an intensive course in home financing by pestering every building-and-loan company and lumber company in town. Two months later I had sold all but one of my lots. The first two brought $700 each, the third $800 and the fourth $600 in cash and a second-hand automobile which I sold for $225—I had hoped to sell that automobile for at least $350.

"These four lots brought a total of $3025, and the total cost, including interest on borrowed money, fees, the advertising in the newspaper, the big sign I had erected, incidentals, such as bringing the city water supply two blocks to my property, and some extra work on the little dam, amounted to $1609, leaving me a net profit of $1416 plus whatever I could get for the remaining acre. By this time I had paid off my mortgage and the many little personal bills I had contracted during the summer and fall. I had about $1100 in the bank.

"Then I began looking for another investment. I didn't want to sell that last acre of ground until some of the houses had been erected on the four other lots I had sold. About this time I located another piece of ground—a triangular-shaped plot at the intersection of two main highways. It was neither residential nor business property and no one would loan any money on it. For that reason it was difficult to sell. It was being held by the owner at $2400. I reasoned that with the rapid increase in automobile traffic it would be a good place for a lunch and refreshment stand, and an excellent place for a filling station. After hammering the price down to $1900, I paid $1000 down on this triangle, erected a lunch stand and rented it to a man who had just sold a restaurant. I paid out $150 for erecting the stand and rented it for twenty dollars a month. Then I leased the remainder of the space to a sign company for advertising purposes, for more than enough to pay the taxes. I planned to hold this property, but in two months after I had bought it a man offered me $2700 cash for it and I accepted. Two weeks later he sold it for $3100, and today it is being held at $4000, the present owner having refused $3500 cash for it recently. He has leased it to an oil company for a fancy filling

(Continued on Page 202)

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing

I BELIEVE that any strong language I might use in recommending Universal's productions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Man Who Laughs" is wholly justified. Primarily the authorship of each is a fine recommendation in itself—Harriet Beecher Stowe in the first instance and Victor Hugo in the last. We have invested these pictures with beauty that cannot be described and with stars whose fame is exceptional. Every city, town, village and hamlet must see these productions if they wish to see the very highest achievement in entertainment. And I suggest to you that you immediately ask your favorite theatre to get them. You can't possibly regret it.

—C. L.

The expression that follows from Maynard Madden, Manager of the New Virginia Theatre at Harrisonburg, Va., speaks for itself: "We have just completed the third engagement of 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame.' It exceeded our expectations and patrons who had seen it before, were delighted at the opportunity to see it again. Pictures of this type never die. They do the industry much good."

Carl Laemmle, Jr. Supervisor of "Lonesome"

"*Lonesome*" is a romance which will wrap itself around your heart, and send you home smiling and content. Dr. Paul Fejos, who directed it, and Carl Laemmle, Jr., supervisor, believe it is a picture the public will see more than once and this, by the way, is the real test of value. GLENN TRYON and BARBARA KENT are the stars and the only ones in the cast, yet they are almost constantly surrounded by thousands of people in this most unusual picture.

Marguerite Fisher in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

I would like one or more persons in every city, town, hamlet to take it upon himself or herself to write and tell me how our pictures take in the theatres which they patronize regularly. Will you do this? It means as much to you as it does to me.

Conrad Veidt in "The Man Who Laughs"

Rex Beach wrote a great romance under the title "*The Michigan Kid*," and CONRAD NAGEL and RENEE ADOREE have played it so well that even Beach will be satisfied. I know you will. Ask your favorite theatre to get it.

Carl Laemmle, President

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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Are you one of the great majority who won't buy the same kind of car again

FAR above fifty percent of car owners, when asked in a recent investigation if they intended to buy another car of the same make as their present one, said "NO".

They are the dissatisfied. They know that they are not getting all the motoring pleasure that they might have and so they will turn to something different from what they are now driving.

If you are one of these dissatisfied ones, don't buy a new car until you have tried out a 1929 Reo Flying Cloud, the car that does all things well.

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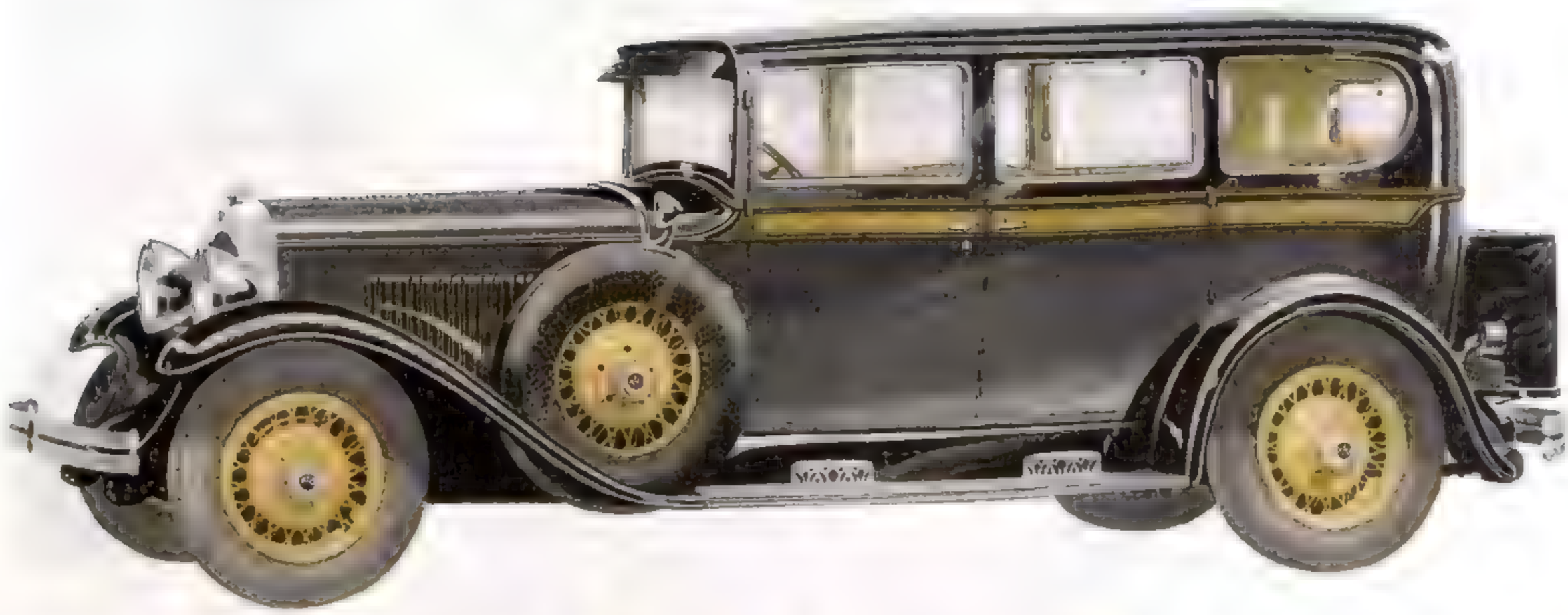

FLYING CLOUD

Sport Sedan, *illustrated above*	$1995	Sport Brougham	$1745
Sedan	$1845	Victoria	$1795
Coupe	$1625	Sport Victoria	$1845
Sport Coupe	$1725	Brougham	$1645
Sport Brougham	$1745
Roadster	$1685
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REO

WOLVERINE

Cabriolet	$1195
Sedan	$1295
Brougham	$1195

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IN THE HOUSE OF WA LEE

(Continued from Page 27)

And his friend, also retired from the world on urgent private affairs, said: "I thought you would come. You are wise to have waited no longer. I have seen your picture posted on the doors of the railway station and the gateways of the law courts. Here you are safe. Let me tell you, there is much to recommend itself in the life of a monk."

II

THERE was certainly much to recommend itself in the life of a monk. The days went by peacefully and no one but monks ever climbed the hill to the monastery perched there. Maung Maung kept inside the gates for some days, but after that he went out, like the others, in the morning with a begging bowl. With him went a small boy to carry the umbrella over his head. From house to house they went, and never a house did they leave without the women folk giving them food—white rice, curry, savory *nappee*. Wrinkled women like apes, fine buxom girls with frangipani petals in their black hair, copper-colored children, pot-bellied, surveyed Maung Maung from a distance with reverence and awe.

Sometimes an old woman would ask the boy who carried the umbrella, "Is this one a very large and learned man?"

And the small boy would reply, "*Ok-ma-lay-lo*, how learned, how large."

It was a good life. And sometimes, waiting outside strange monasteries or village assemblies, they would hear snatches and scraps of the day's gossip, and the doings of the outside world. And sometimes Maung Maung, who was supposed to be too unworldly and lost in meditations himself to ask questions, would prompt his boy:

"Ask have they caught Maung Maung yet?"

The boy would come back to him, round-eyed. "No, they have not caught Maung Maung. That one has disappeared. They say the Nats, or spirits, are looking after him. That is a clever man."

Then Maung Maung would smile and draw the yellow robe more closely round him, and go back to the monastery on the hillside, to sleep all day in the zayat that looked down through the boles of tall palm trees toward the river. And he would laugh and fondle the little white dog and play with its ears. That was a nice friendly little dog. Maung Maung grew fond of him.

Time went on. A feeling of security began to enwrap Maung Maung, and his spirits rose. It was astonishing what a man could get away with, provided the gods loved him, and Maung Maung grew surer, as peaceful week succeeded peaceful week, that he was such a one.

And he began to know, in his heart, the life of the monastery would grow tiresome one day to a man of spirit. He fondled the little dog's ears and wondered how long it would be before it was wise for him to adventure abroad. He would have to be careful then, because though the police would not hunt him again, believing him dead, there was waiting for him Wa Lee and the vengeance of Wa Lee, which Maung Maung knew would be worse than ever the impartial hand of justice.

Now there came a hot morning about the time of the third flowering of the *padauk*. The air was thick and heavy with the scent of that sickly flower. It was the hour when the priests go out to beg. Maung Maung set off in his yellow robe, and with him went also his boy, carrying the umbrella. The streets were very full. There was much conversation and coming and going, and people stood in knots under the flower-shedding *padauk* trees, talking

Maung Maung was supposed to be too unworldly and lost in meditation to ask questions himself. So he sent his boy.

"Find what the matter is and why they stand and talk."

The boy returned, saying, "They have caught Maung Maung. The men who were with him on the night of all that killing have given him away. They found him in a house in a wood, also his *loungyi* and dah." Maung Maung's jaw dropped. "They say he fought the police manfully when they closed round him," said the little boy. "That was a brave man, but now he will be hanged up by his neck with a piece of cord to a pole, as is the custom in jails, until he is dead. But I hope his spirit will go free."

Then Maung Maung pulled the orange robe hastily over his face and returned to the monastery without completing the begging round that morning, for he was afraid he might die of laughing, in the street. He seated himself in the zayat, holding his sides. For he saw it all. Vital Das and Simon the Outcast—and old Wa Lee—they had taken the police to Maung Gyi. They had planned it all out to get the 10,000 rupees for themselves. They had sold Maung Gyi. Was he not in appearance something like Maung Maung, being his blood cousin, and at the same time too short of wits, through having fallen as a child from a bullock cart, to make any proper defense?

Maung Maung laughed until his sides ached.

It was about this time that they noticed the change in the little white dog. The little white dog was no longer friendly. It slunk away when Maung Maung approached. It bared its teeth when he spoke to it, the hair on its back bristling.

"Ho, dog, what is wrong with you?" asked Maung Maung genially, for he was in the best of tempers at this unexpected solution of all his woes. He put out his hand and caught at the little white dog, to fondle its ears. The little white dog turned suddenly and bit him on the hand.

Maung Maung ceased laughing and arose. He lifted his foot with an oath and kicked the dog. The dog snarled and bit him on the foot. Maung Maung, now thoroughly angry, kicked him with renewed vigor, and sent him flying out of the zayat into the sunshine. After which he himself got a big stick and a large stone, minded to kill the little dog.

But the little dog lifted his head with a low thin howl and ran away into the glory of the morning, toward the river, its lips flecked with white foam.

"Let it go and may evil befall it," said Maung Maung, sucking his bitten hand. "What do I care for the loss of a dog, when within a month I can go back into the world again?"

Now he made careful arrangements whereby his boy brought him newspapers up to the zayat, so that he could keep in touch with what went on out in the world. Sitting cross-legged on the floor of the zayat, wrapped in his yellow robe, he followed the trial of the supposed murderer, Maung Maung. All his pitiful protestations, all the feeble struggles of his poor half-witted brain to escape from the net that had closed round him, were in vain. No one believed him. The learned judge had been balked once before by Maung Maung's pretending to be mentally lacking. No man could hope to escape the gallows that way twice. They were surprised he tried it on again. Long experience of Maung Maung and his escapades had taught them he was anything but mentally wanting. So they sentenced him to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, on the day of the Full Moon of Kasoon.

Maung Maung could hardly believe it. They were going to hang Maung Gyi and be quite satisfied with that. The older he grew the more certain he was that the gods loved him, the good Nata fought for him. Was he not practically to be born again at the Full Moon of Kasoon? He could go out into the world with a new name, his old sins conveniently buried with his cousin. Maung Maung sang a song and laid bunches of *padauk* flower on all neighboring shrines—thank offerings to any gods there be.

The heavy clouds of the coming monsoon banked up in the sky. The air was heavy with thunder about the time of the feast. They lit the monastery with colored candles and paper lanterns and flowers. People came from far and near to feed the priests with rice and fruit and cakes and savory *nappee*.

Maung Maung did himself too well at the feasting. He spent a restless night full of dreams—hateful dreams. For it seemed that he and not Maung Gyi stood at the gallows. They fastened the cord round his neck. He felt the tightening constriction about his windpipe and awoke sweating and screaming, to see the quiet sky above him, the full moon looking into the zayat like a white man's face.

He was still suffering slight discomfort when morning came, but it cheered him to think that Maung Gyi was by now dead and he himself free to go forth whenever he wished, out into the world again. He sat cross-legged in the zayat, waiting for his boy to bring him up the paper, in which he would read details of the hanging. Far off through the boles of the palm trees the river lay sparkling in the sun. Vague discomfort he could not explain seized Maung Maung as he looked at the water. He felt again that hateful constriction at the throat that had come to him when he dreamed they were hanging him.

He swallowed.

"That was only a dream," he said, and laughed. But he stopped short. His voice sounded hard and unfamiliar in his own ears. All the vague qualms and fevers he had suffered during the night came back to him with a rush. He became aware of a consuming thirst. The boy arrived with the paper, but Maung Maung left it lying and called to him to bring water at once. The boy brought water in a red earthenware chatty. The chatty sweated damp on the outside with the heat of the day. Drops of water trickled down the sides of it and lay like beads on the dusty floor of the zayat.

Maung Maung stared at them dizzily, clutching at his throat. He took the chatty from the boy and tried to drink. His throat shut up. He tried again. The sight of the water he could not taste maddened him. The chatty fell from his hand and shattered to pieces. It fell onto the floor of the zayat, the water spattering the yellow robe of the little boy and falling in round pools and drops upon the dusty floor.

Now Maung Maung no longer knew what he was doing. He went down on all fours and tried to lap the water off the floor. The world went black about him. He was very frightened. He tried to tell the boy to go for his friend, to tell his friend he was ill, that evil spirits had seized him.

But no voice came out of his lips. Only a low thin howl. Somewhere, very close to him, he heard a dog barking. He looked round, terrified. He thought, "It is the spirit of the white dog, come back." He spun round and round, and became knotted in his yellow robe, trying to see the dog He fell to the floor of the zayat and lay there, barking. The little boy screamed and ran away. The sound of a dog barking filled all the air.

There was no dog. Only Maung Maung, writhing on the floor of the zayat, all tied up in his yellow robe.

The priests and monks stood afar off, looking at him. They said, "He is possessed of an evil spirit. The spirit of a dog has entered into him."

They did not go near to him or help him. They shut up the door of the zayat so that he could not get out. They left him lying there! The terrible noise like a dog barking went on at intervals all through that day.

At sunset Maung Maung lay very still, knotted up in his yellow robe, all among

(Continued on Page 59)

He's a very important character in the story

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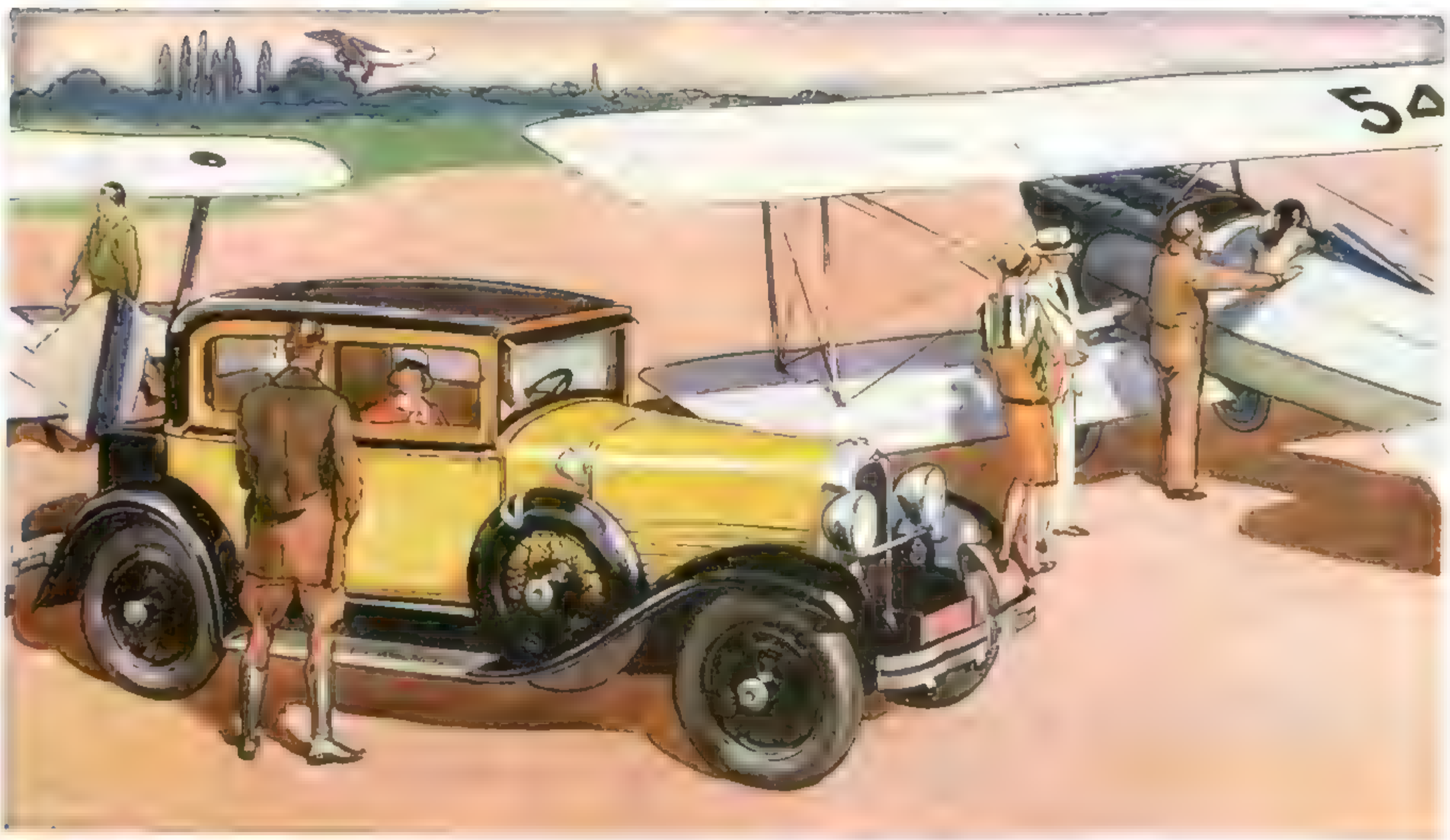

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(Continued from Page 57)

the spilled water and the broken pieces of the red earthenware chatty.

Alec Jones, District Inspector of Police, wrote to his friend in Rangoon:

I am glad you got Maung Maung. I was afraid he would slip through our fingers again, but a large reward will often do the trick when everything else dies on us. Let us hope this will have a sobering effect on other bright sparks who aspire to a career of his kind.

By the way, you know my little dog, Kim. He was bitten by a mad dog that came into my compound some time ago. I put him in a big bamboo cage for inspection, but he either escaped or was stolen, and I was never able to find a trace of him. The poor little blighter came back here last week, raving mad. I had to shoot him. He must have come some way, for he was just skin and bone.

I wish I knew where he had been all that time. For all we know he may have bitten someone else.

BRIGHTER BRITAIN

(Continued from Page 11)

reduce the home competition problem—the curse of the industry since the beginning of 1927.

The elastic price schedule enables British coal to hold its own with the Continental product. If the Midlands pool, for instance, discovers that Poland is offering Denmark coal at eleven shillings and ninepence a ton, it immediately gets busy with an offer to the Danes at eleven shillings and sixpence a ton. In this way old markets are being held and new ones opened up.

This coöperative scheme has a bigger meaning than the mere safeguarding of exports. It shows that British producers are finally working together for the coöperation so essential in the modern industrial scheme where large units are the order. Formerly German coal interests found it difficult to deal with the British end of the business because of the individualism that prevailed. Every operator wanted to act on his own. British coal is now becoming a coördinated whole, which insures stabilization. One concrete result was a recent informal overture from the German coal syndicates for a sort of economic Locarno to eliminate costly competition and stabilize the price in the European market.

Handicapped by Old Equipment

With the new deal in coal must be linked the new cycle in industry, because they are intimately related. While productive areas are changing—the center of gravity, as it has been called, is moving from the depleted north to the south—coal remains the determining factor in the geographical change. Oil has not begun to be used in England to the same extent as in the United States. Hence you find the production boom in the areas around London, Coventry, Oxford and Leicester. While coal, textiles and heavy industries are just beginning to lift their heads above water, so to speak, furniture, motor cars, engineering, pottery, chemicals, building materials and films are humming.

The Balfour Committee, in its Report on Industry and Trade, pointed out the chief defects in iron and steel. I cite them because they are typical of other heavy trades. The survey showed that the present precarious status is partly due to the fact that early industrial development was largely done by Britain. The country retained a considerable amount of the equipment used in development, while those countries which did not participate in pioneering have been able to equip themselves with modern appliances. Few British works are modern throughout in equipment and practice, with the coke ovens, blast and steel furnaces and rolling mills adjacent to one another. They do not make full use of waste gases.

Both Germany and France have better equipment. In the case of Germany, modernization was sped by the frenzy of rationalization that has swept the country for the last two years. France owes her rebuilt industrial machine to the ill wind of war. What the invader destroyed or seized has been replaced by the latest in plants, especially in the textile area, of which Lille is the center.

Up to 1913 Britain shared in the world production of iron and steel. Since 1927 world production of pig iron has increased 9 per cent over that of 1913, but during that period British output was reduced by nearly 30 per cent. At the same time steel consumption within the kingdom has increased greatly since 1913. Monthly consumption is 50 per cent higher than in 1913. This is due to the immense amount of new construction—always a sign of progress—that you find everywhere in England, notably London, where some important business areas, chiefly Regent Street, have been almost entirely rebuilt.

The City—that is, the financial district—also has undergone a vast change. The Bank of England—the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street—is in process of almost complete renovation. Only the picturesque timeworn outer shell remains. The new Lloyds Building near by represents the combination of architectural beauty and practicality. It was opened by the King and Queen.

Every effort is now being made to renew equipment and keep apace with scientific advance. A new mental attitude is largely responsible. Formerly graduates of Oxford and Cambridge dedicated themselves mainly to what was construed as a gentleman's calling. Trade and industry were low and vulgar things, to be indulged in only by the bourgeoisie. Today Oxford and Cambridge brains and brawn are going into business, bringing youth, vigor and vitality to the task of reconstruction. Business training is now an accepted thing. When I left England a movement was under way to establish a school of commerce along the lines of the Harvard School of Business Administration. Britain is turning also to research and factory management—two of the factors that have made for our own industrial supremacy.

For years British industry struggled under the burden of excessive rates, as some taxes are called. Now, thanks to the initiative of Premier Stanley Baldwin, himself a manufacturer of long experience, the rate burden will be more equitably distributed. This reform will be part of the Conservative Party platform in the general election which comes next year.

The New Shipping Duel

There is no better evidence of the inherent industrial soundness of Britain than the comeback of her shipbuilding. Once her pride and joy and the mainstay of a far-flung supremacy, it suffered a serious jolt first when we launched our war-born merchant marine and later during the post-war slump. Between 1924 and 1926 Italy became a strong rival, especially with motor ships. We showed how not to encourage a merchant marine while Britain plugged away at her old game, until now she is away in the front again. Germany is her only rival.

Out of the total world production of 2,285,679 tons of merchant shipping last year, Great Britain and Northern Ireland—the old Ulster—turned out 1,225,873 tons, as compared with 639,568 tons in 1926. It is interesting to add that the United States launched only 179,216 tons in 1927. Italy fell back to fifth place, while Germany went up to second.

The new shipping duel therefore will lie between Britain and Germany. In order to meet the competition of the pair of 46,000-ton German liners launched in August of this year, the two leading British steamship companies have prepared plans for 60,000-ton passenger ships, which will outstrip anything now afloat.

In two new lines of production—aircraft and films—Britain is making herself felt. We will take them up in order.

In view of our tremendous advance in commercial and civil aviation we are apt to pat ourselves on the back and believe that we are the whole works in the air. It is true that we probably build more aeroplanes than any other nation, but we are lamentably behind in passenger carrying. Germany, Great Britain and France—I give them in order of their rank—surpass us by far. One reason is that the three countries I have mentioned subsidize aviation. The other is that our railway service between important cities like New York and Chicago is so fast that the aeroplane is necessary only in emergencies, or, as is the case in a recently organized transcontinental service, in combination with steam transport.

Few—especially our untraveled—stop to realize the extent of European passenger aviation. You can start from London and fly to any Continental capital of importance and to many minor cities at rates that compare favorably with railroad tariffs. The figures for 1926, the latest complete tabulation available, show that during that period 56,268 passengers and 1034 tons of freight were carried by German aeroplanes; 20,367 passengers and 679 tons by British machines; 18,800 passengers and 377 tons by French. The totals for 1927 were considerably larger.

For Transatlantic Airways

Britain has tackled aviation as a commercial proposition in the same comprehensive way that she seeks to revive older industries. Air-mindedness is not a theory but a fact. The popularity of flying has received a great impetus since that energetic young man, the Prince of Wales, took it up. He now goes to many of his appointments by air. In one week last July he made three hops, one of them to the British Legion meeting at Scarborough.

Significant of the methods adopted to encourage aviation is a kingdom-wide movement for an aerodrome in every provincial city. Another is the inclusion of a course in aviation in the schools. Not long ago Sir Samuel Hoare, the Minister of Air, inaugurated the new aviation wing of the Highgate School. The equipment, installed at a cost of £60,000, includes a large roof hangar a flock of aeroplanes and every facility for the study of aircraft construction. Both Oxford and Cambridge have air squadrons.

The great airport at Croydon has been entirely reconstructed and is now the largest in the world, surpassing even the Tempelhof aerodrome in Berlin. It has hangars to house thirty-five aeroplanes, elaborate workshops, garages, a hotel and an eighty-foot control tower, which houses the eyes and brain of the vast establishment.

One development in British aviation has peculiar interest for the United States. It is the construction of the giant dirigible called the R-100 nearing completion at Howden, in Yorkshire. Although a private enterprise, it has government support and sponsorship. The R-100 will be a liner of the air with cabins for 100 passengers, lounges, recreation and smoking rooms and all the other comforts of regulation travel by sea. It has been sponsored by Commander C. D. Burney, who had a distinguished career as naval inventor during and before the World War. He has in process of organization what will be called the Anglo-American Atlantic Airship Company, which will seek a contract to carry mails between England and the United States.

The proposed schedule is to make the journey from Southampton to New York in less than forty-eight hours. If this can be achieved a revolution will be wrought in

Pointer

"—Growing Big and Strong, Thanks to Sergeant's Medicines—"

"When my dog was about 6 months old, he used to have fits and was sick very often. A veterinarian advised some of your Sure Shot Capsules (for worms). Since then the dog has grown big and strong. Thanks to Sergeant's Medicines."

Worms are recurrent. If you do not worm your dog regularly, he may have fits or other serious troubles. Use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules or Liquid. For puppies, use Sergeant's Puppy Worm Capsules.

SYMPTOMS of Worms

Do You Know?

Do you know how to rid your dog of worms? Do you know how to diagnose the ailments that your dog may have at any time? Such information may easily save your dog's life. It's worth knowing. This information costs you nothing. There are now effective remedies for this and all other dog diseases and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

SERGEANT'S Dog Food

A balanced ration containing a large proportion of freshly cooked *Beef*. For dogs and puppies of all breeds.

Famous Dog Book Free

We urge you to write for your free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of more than fifty years. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatments for each. There are useful articles on feeding, breeding and raising dogs. This book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable dogs. It is free.

Expert Advice Free

If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the Dog Book, *write us at once*. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food are on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct.

—MAIL THIS COUPON—

Polk Miller Products Corp.,
1076 West Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

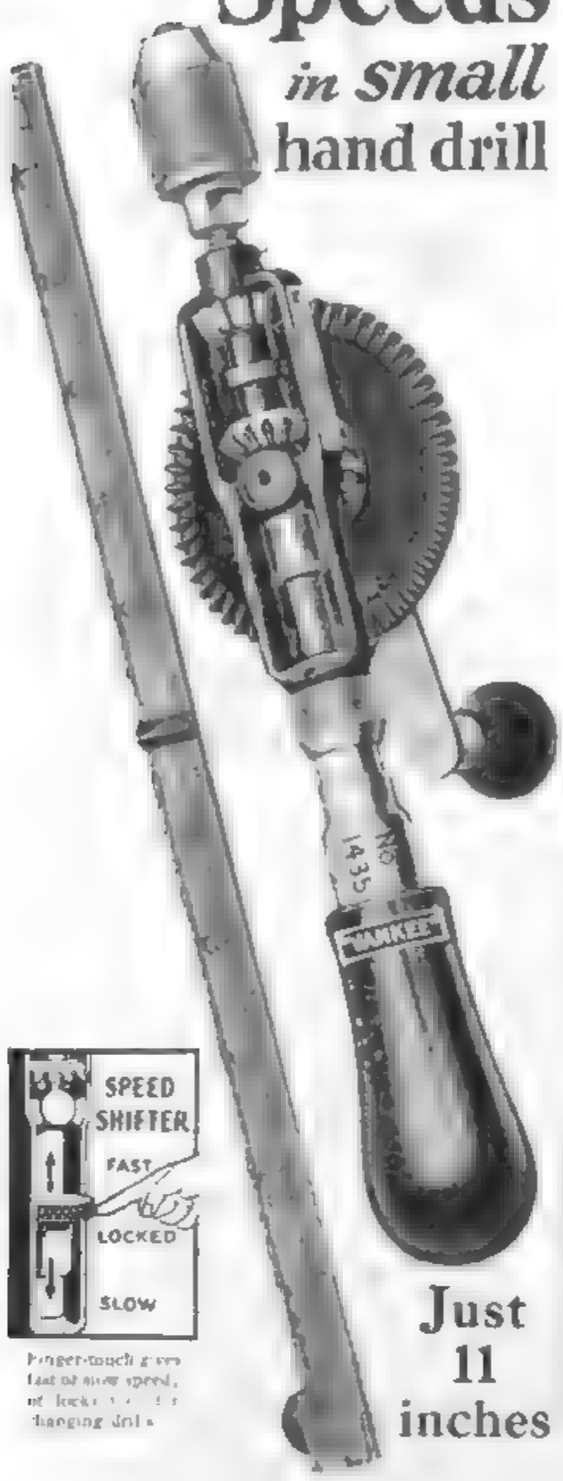
Please send me, without obligation
Polk Miller's Free Dog Book ☐
Sample of Sergeant's Dog Food ☐

(Write name and address plainly)

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Sole Canadian Agents: Fred J. Whitlow & Co., Toronto

New! **Two Speeds** *in small* **hand drill**



Finger-touch gives fast or slow speed, or locks the shifter for changing drills

Just 11 inches

Avoids jamming in drilling through... makes holes true, smooth, free of burrs ... saves drills. Saves time!

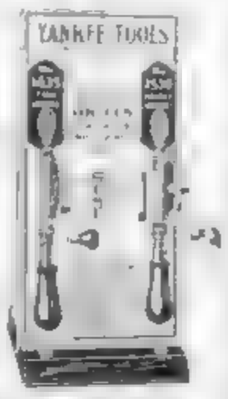
"Yankee" Two-speed Hand Drill No. 1435

Length only 11 in. Weighs but 19 oz. Three-jaw chuck; ¼ in. Price, $4.50.

Only small drill that gives high speed for fast work and slow speed for easy drilling through.

"Yankee" Ratchet Hand Drill No. 1530

For work in tight places. Five adjustments, including "Yankee" Double Ratchet for continuous drilling where crank can be moved only to and fro. Length, 10½ in. Weight, 1¾ lbs. Three-jaw, ¼ in. Price, $5.25.



Look for this "Yankee" Demonstrator on the counter of your hardware dealer. Try these drills for yourself

"Yankee" on the tool means utmost quality, efficiency, durability.

Write us for "Yankee" Tool Book—FREE

Shows how "Yankee" Tools make work easier: Spiral Screw drivers, Automatic Push Drills, Ratchet Bit Braces, Ratchet Breast and Chain Drills, Bench Drills, Vises, Etc.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

both mail and passenger carriage. Commander Burney told me that he expects to make his first trip not later than the end of November.

The R-100 is likely to figure in a dramatically interesting competition. At Friedrichshafen the Germans are putting the finishing touches to an air liner of the Zeppelin type. They hope to get it into action before the British rival is loosed. While Britain and Germany are on the verge of a great air adventure, we have only proposed the construction of similar dirigibles. One thing is certain—the next few months will doubtless witness the supreme test of the feasibility of safe passenger journeys across the Atlantic.

What I called the new film freedom earlier in this article results from the passage of the British Films Bill by the last Parliament. Under its terms every exhibitor and distributor in the kingdom must show or sell a definite number of British-made pictures every year. Exhibitors begin with a 2.5 per cent quota and distributors with a 7.5 per cent quota for 1928. The figure is increased by 2.5 per cent each year until 25 per cent is reached. By that time the British will know whether they can supply enough good films to maintain the quota permanently.

Only this system shows that Britain is in the European quota vogue, aimed directly at what is termed the American film invasion. Beginning in Germany, it has spread to most other important countries and reached its climax last May when France sought to impose a restriction plan which would have driven the American picture off the French screen. A temporary settlement was effected, but the question is certain to bob up again next year. The whole European film offensive against the United States will be dealt with in detail in a subsequent article. I refer to it here to get the episode in the narrative of British events.

Watch Charms

One feature of the new British film movement is worthy of comment. The passage of the films bill started many film flotations in which the public has borne the brunt of the financing. The industry, on anything like a big scale, is so new that the banks have taken no hand in underwriting. This is the exact reverse of what obtains in the United States. Film combines, in line with the general trustification movement, are on the increase. In order to protect their interests, one well-known American company has already merged with the most powerful cinema circuit in the British Isles for both production and exhibition purposes. All this means that London has become the second most important film clearing house in the world.

While the British film future may be problematical, there is no doubt about the destiny of her motorcar industry. It is geared up to high speed and going strong. With automobiles we reach the most encouraging, perhaps, of all manifestations of the new British productive mood. It will serve also to disclose at first hand the livest industrial wire in the kingdom.

Thanks to high-speed production, the automobile industry in Britain has reached the point where it is as important to the economic structure of the country as is the same industry in the United States. The United Kingdom is now the second largest automotive market in the world from the consumer point of view, ranking next to us. In output she ranks third, being exceeded by the United States and France. Passenger-car registration on January first of this year was 840,000, as compared with 754,300 for 1927; motorbusses totaled 42,000, almost double the figure for 1927, while motortrucks increased from 248,300 to 316,000. Output has advanced proportionately. In 1926, 158,699 passenger cars were turned out, while last year the record was 161,920. A notable increase was in truck manufacture, which went from 41,500 in 1926 to 70,000 in 1927. It is altogether possible that this year's passenger production alone will be near the 200,000 mark.

Although the American car continues to figure in the British market because of the establishment of branch assembling plants, the share of domestic sales secured by British builders is becoming greater all the time. In 1922 the home manufacturer netted 49 per cent of the business. This year he is garnering nearly 90 per cent. One reason, of course, is that the British motor manufacturer is amply protected by his government in the shape of an import tax of 33⅓ per cent ad valorem duty on motor vehicles, parts and accessories. This is likely to remain in force.

Sir William Berry, the New Overlord of the British Press

Another reason is the intensive propaganda drive flying the slogan Buy British and Be Proud of It. During the past twelve months certain British motor manufacturers have capitalized the British war debt to us. Here is a sample advertisement:

Think! In settlement of our War Debt we are paying the U. S. A. £33,000,000 a year. Is it good business to aggravate our indebtedness by importing, as we did last year, 16,000 motor vehicles from the United States alone, when British motor manufacturers offer unequaled value and service? Is it good business to give work to other countries while we are spending £50,000,000 a year on the dole?

BUY A BRITISH MOTOR for private or commercial use.

A British motor is a car or a commercial vehicle made entirely in the British Isles of British materials, fitted with British-made tires and accessories, and completed with a British finish.

British motor production has undergone one of the phases that marked development in the United States. What the flivver was to our jokesmith, so is the so-called baby car to British humorists. This results from the fact that licenses depend upon horse power. Hence the concentration on a small effective machine. So keen is the competition that the infant-sized product is facetiously referred to as a watch charm.

Much of the impetus to British motorcar expansion has been contributed by one man. Though the name of William R. Morris is known to the whole automobile world, little has been gleaned on this side of the Atlantic about his personal life. It is a real romance of achievement. He is in every sense the Henry Ford of the kingdom. So far as all Europe is concerned, his feat has been equaled only by André Citroën in France.

Exactly half the entire British motor production comes from the Morris factories. From an output of 357 cars in 1919, he has reached nearly 100,000 for this year. He expects to double this in 1929. To a greater degree than any other British manufacturer, he has adhered to the American policy of standardization in the four distinct types of vehicles he makes.

The Morris narrative shows that opportunity for self-made success has no geographical limitation. In vision, personality and performance he typifies the young go-to-it element that is revolutionizing the British productive structure and putting fogyism and precedent in the scrap heap.

Morris was born at Cowley, near Oxford fifty years ago. One of the striking facts about him is that, unlike most outstanding personalities in automobile progress, he is not an engineer. His only education was in a kindergarten and a village school. The elder Morris was something of a nomad. He ran away from grammar school, where he was ill-treated, and spent some time in New York. Subsequently he went to Canada, where he drove a royal mail coach between Toronto and Winnipeg.

From Cycles to Motors

In connection with the grammar school that Morris' father attended is an interesting coincidence. It was abandoned as a school and used as a military college. After standing idle for twenty-one years it became the nucleus of the chain of factories that the son now controls. His first car was produced within the four walls of the place where his father got the birch rod more than once.

When William Morris was sixteen he got a job in a bicycle shop in Oxford at a wage of five shillings a week, then the normal rate paid to boys starting work after leaving school. After nine months at this employment he asked for an increase of one shilling a week. This was refused on the ground that he was not worth it. Morris thereupon left his employer and started up a little bicycle business of his own directly across the street. Being alert and progressive, he not only built up a good trade for himself but put his former patron out of business.

When he was twenty-two Morris turned to cycle manufacture and built what came to be known as the Morris motor bicycle. Ten years later he began designing his first automobile, which was produced in 1912. By 1914 he had made 500 cars.

His plans were all changed by the World War. He turned his factory over to the Ministry of Munitions and made successively high-explosive shells, trench-mortar shells and mine sinkers for use in the North Sea.

It was not until 1919 that Morris resumed motor construction in the original plant at Cowley, now the mainspring of a far-reaching production. During the first year only 387 cars were sold. Morris visualized the need of small cars and his initial effort was devoted to them. By 1922 he had turned out 6956. I have already indicated the widening scope of his operations.

(Continued on Page 62)

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year

As near as the corner —as wide as the world

Traveling out of Seoul into Songdo, Taiku, or Komgju, representatives of Parke, Davis & Company find more than 500 of the 4,000 native Korean doctors already interested in the medical science of the West, and considerably dependent upon Parke-Davis medical preparations in their practice.

By airplane across the dense jungles and broad rivers of South America, Parke-Davis men make Parke-Davis medicines available to almost inaccessible mountain villages 11,000 feet above sea level.

Wherever you go throughout the world, from the "drug bazaars" of Constantinople to the "medicine shops" of Yokohama and the "chemist shops" of Calcutta, you will find the same Parke-Davis medicinal preparations which your own physician prescribes at home.

For yourself, this means that as a tourist you could have your physician's prescription filled as accurately half way round the globe as at your corner drug store.

For the people of these faraway lands, it means health protection by modern scientific knowledge and standards.

As this knowledge and these standards spread further and further, you will hear less about epidemics and plagues which take their toll in thousands of human lives.

It may surprise you that a maker of medical products has been given the privilege of helping to guard the health of so many millions in distant lands. Many factors are responsible, but the chief of them all is that foreign nations, as well as our own, have learned the need for purity and dependability in medicines. And the representatives they have sent to our laboratories have carried back the word that Parke-Davis products are pure and dependable.

From the compounding room of a little chemist's shop, Parke, Davis & Company have grown since 1866 to be the largest house of its kind in the world, with five foreign laboratories and with numerous branches scattered over the globe.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

A PERSONAL NOTE

Here are a few Parke-Davis special preparations for your daily home use, for sale by your druggist—made with the same exacting care as Parke-Davis medicines

Parke-Davis Shaving Cream
Two fine white soaps are scientifically combined to produce this soothing and effective cream Soap No. 1 makes the lather quick and voluminous; Soap No. 2 adds the richness and fine texture which hold the water against the base of the beard to keep it soft throughout the shave. "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Parke-Davis Orygene Mouth Wash—This deliciously flavored astringent tends to promote firm gums and healthy mouth tissues It helps to prevent the bleeding of gums after hard brushing. It is effective in refreshing the mouth and alleviating impure breath when caused by mouth conditions. (No mouth wash can affect breath impurity which arises from other causes.) "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Parke-Davis Neko (*Germicidal Soap*)—The odorless lather of this pure soap *removes* body odors—it does not substitute one odor for another. This is the soap that physicians and nurses have used for years to keep their hands hygienically clean and thus guard against infection. Thousands of families use Neko regularly for hands, for bath, and for shampooing the hair. "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide—Distinguished among peroxides because it retains its strength for many months. Its purity makes it dependable in emergencies caused by cuts or abrasions of the skin, before medical attention can be obtained. When used for this purpose, or as a gargle, its antiseptic oxygen content is quickly released in a foam of bubbles. "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Things that keep him

Growing Right!

... one of them is

Carbonic Gas

Mail coupon for "Bubbling Health"—
a free booklet telling all about it

"Bubbling Health," a term you know, refers to *bubbles of Carbonic Gas*, the vitalizer of the waters of world-famous health springs and of *Carbonated Bottled Drinks and Fountain Sodas.*

Babies get carbonic gas in *mother's milk* as a body stimulant and mild digestant. Specialists in infant care will tell you this.

Also, high-grade carbonic gas, used properly, has a strong *germicidal* action.

All first class carbonated drinks, of course, are sterilized in bottling. But the presence of carbonic gas is *double* certainty of purity.

That is interesting to you—*important* to the *child* who likes these snappy, zestful, effervescent beverages.

Memorize This Sign

"Liquid" Red Diamond is a brand of the *highest grade carbonic gas*, made by the largest manufacturers of Bottlers' and Soda Fountain equipment in the world. More than half the Bottlers and Soda Fountains in the country already are employing it, and most of them display the "Liquid" Red Diamond to indicate that fact.

Acquaint your children with this "Liquid" Emblem and have them look for it wherever they buy cold drinks or fountain sodas. Mail coupon for booklet, NOW.

RED DIAMOND GAS

Liquid

The Liquid Carbonic Corporation,
Dept. 10-13, 3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, without charge, a copy of your booklet, "Bubbling Health for the Whole Family."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 60)

The assembly and radiator plants at Cowley and Oxford are part of a big production chain. Engines are made at Coventry, where Morris took over the famous Hotchkiss machine-gun establishment and converted it to his needs. Wooden bodies also were made at Coventry. In 1925, with characteristic foresight, Morris saw that steel bodies would supersede wooden ones. He thereupon organized the Pressed Steel Corporation of Great Britain, Ltd., and built a metal-body factory at Cowley adjoining the assembly works. A typical coup was his acquisition of the Wrigley factory at Birmingham, where he makes low-price one-ton trucks.

Toward the end of 1926 the Wolseley Motor Company, which had been in business since the end of the last century, went into liquidation. Morris promptly bought the name, goodwill and equipment and turned to making larger cars. He followed this up by acquiring the Léon-Bollet Car factory at Le Mans, in France, which was in difficulties because of the death of one of the proprietors. The Morris-Léon-Bollet car is the result. Morris rounded out all this with the recent purchase of Morris Garages, at Oxford, which has various branches. Thus he completes the whole circle of activities, from manufacture to housing and upkeep.

Remedying a Big Mistake

This résumé of the British motorcar advance would be incomplete without a reference to a by-product, so to speak, of international interest. I refer to the plight of the railroads. As a result of motor transport competition, in both busses and trucks, the four big groups have averaged a monthly loss of $5,000,000 so far this year.

Because Great Britain is a relatively small area, motor-transportation companies can compete with the railroads at every point. Hence bus development in particular has been little short of phenomenal. Indicative of the enterprise of the movement was the recent inauguration of the first motorbus service in Europe with sleeping-car accommodations. The service is between London and Liverpool. A light breakfast is served before arrival.

The situation is far different in the United States. Not only is the country much bigger but our railroads and motor transport adjust their differences on a coöperative basis. When necessity arises our steam roads meet motor competition by running their own motor lines. The British railroads are not permitted to do this. It is altogether likely that they will petition Parliament at the next session to obtain relief. Meanwhile drastic economies and reduced fares are the order.

As you proceed with the analysis of British industry you find that revival, in some instances, is the result of a costly lesson learned in the school of bitter experience. Trade-union intimidation, combined with faulty production and distribution methods, worked havoc with coal, as you have seen. Rubber, another key commodity, got a terrific setback because of a fallacious control that proved to be its own undoing. The post-mortem on restriction provides an illuminating chapter in contemporary economic history.

There is no need of rehearsing the story of rubber control, because I have outlined it more than once in these columns. Like other government tinkering with the law of demand and supply, it blew a rosy bubble at the start. Late in 1925 and early in 1926 the British apparently had the rubber world by the tail. Crude went to $1.21 a pound and plantation shares soared. As in corners in wheat, cotton and corn, failure was inevitable. It asserted itself in April of this year, when the British Government decided to abrogate restriction, to be effective on November first.

What concerns us here solely are the reasons for revocation and the consequences. Control failed, first, because the free movement of an essential commodity is the very breath of its successful life. Price is the one and only restrictive factor. This was the fundamental flaw in the British scheme.

The second error was failure to take in the Dutch producers. Without them restriction could not restrict 100 per cent or anywhere near it. The Dutch had a free foot and could load up the market at will. Furthermore, so-called native production—that is, rubber grown on small tracts by the natives in the Middle East—sometimes accounts for as much as 40 per cent of the entire crop. It means that two free sources were available to cramp control, and they succeeded.

Instead of stabilizing rubber at thirty-six cents a pound, restriction last year brought it well under this mark. When 1928 brought further declines abrogation was the only way out. A section of the British rubber trade still regards abrogation as a calamity. The main body of the industry, however, as I discovered in England, views it as a life-saver, despite the fact that rubber at the time I write is selling at 19.5 cents a pound and shares in the twelve leading producing companies are quoted at from one-half to one-third the 1925 high. The situation was summed up for me by one of the most influential of the London rubber dealers in this fashion:

"The failure of control was inevitable because we did not take in the Dutch at the start, and also did not consider the effect of the dumping of the native product. All this is water under the bridge and we must face the consequences.

"The one big mistake was the method adopted by the government to bring about the revocation of the scheme. Control should have ended at once, or gradually over a long period. We were given only six months in which to adjust ourselves to the new order. During this time we have had to contend with low prices, while restriction of exports remained in force.

"There is, however, one bright spot. After six years of government interference, the industry is now free to work out its own salvation. Fusion of big British plantation interests is now the order. A pool with the Dutch is also possible. Through concentrated effort we shall restore our supremacy."

The British are not the only ones hard hit. Our manufacturers of tires and other rubber products are required to keep considerable stocks of crude on hand. It followed that when the end of control was announced in April they found themselves with huge supplies purchased at comparatively high prices. They were not able to benefit by the sudden drop which followed the announcement of abrogation. It is estimated that the American loss on crude is not less than $150,000,000.

The Unemployment Impasse

Through all these perilous postwar years when the industrial clouds brooded the blackest, England maintained the integrity of her position as international banker, despite the fact that the world is practically on a dollar basis. The pound sterling remains the most intrepid of financial adventurers. At the end of 1927 Britain had the equivalent of $20,000,000,000 in foreign securities.

One British evil threatens to become chronic. Unemployment sticks around the 1,100,000 mark and the burden of the dole is well-nigh staggering. The amount of unemployment benefit paid from the Armistice to the end of 1927 was £319,000,000. Counting the cost of administration, outdoor relief and special schemes for demobilized officers and men, nurses and war widows, the total reaches not less than £450,000,000, or $2,250,000,000.

There are two underlying reasons for this unemployment impasse. One is the immobility of British labor. The 250,000 idle miners know no other vocation. They must find one or remain permanent charges on the nation. The other reason is that man power has developed more rapidly than postwar industry—this, too, in the face of the facts that Britain lost 1,000,000 in the war and that 200,000 more are employed in industry than in 1913. The birth rate is larger than before the war.

Britain now realizes that the way out lies through two agencies. The first is education that will train both young and old for the less-congested trades. The second rests in wholesale deportation in the shape of organized emigration to various British possessions. The latter proposal immediately runs afoul of human nature. The Britisher in general—and the Londoner in particular—does not want to leave the home heath. Moreover, the dole has subsidized idleness to an appalling extent.

Various mass-emigration projects have been put into effect this year. Some 2000 miners were sent out to Canada to work in the harvest fields. The government now intends to send 20,000 unemployed to New Zealand, South Africa and Australia every twelve months. Rising up against this proposal is dominion opposition to a large-scale British exodus. Besides, the basic industries, such as coal and textiles, in which unemployment in the mother country is most acute, are those in which there is little opportunity for assimilation of labor. Wherever Britain turns to try to solve unemployment she finds herself up against a stone wall.

The most important step in the safeguarding of British industry, and through it the preservation of the entire economic structure, is the new deal between capital and labor resulting from the Mond-Turner conferences. After years of costly strike turmoil, the opposing forces are at last literally sitting around the same table to formulate a policy for permanent peace.

A New Industrial Peace

Certain circumstances, well worth outlining, made the situation ripe for action. After the general strike, an outraged public formulated the slogan Smash the Unions. Destruction, however, meant war, and both sides had had all the war they wanted. In addition, some of the unions, notably the railway body headed by J. H. Thomas, were reasonable organizations. In Britain the trade-union idea is inherent. What it needed most of all was restraint.

Labor was up against it. Union treasuries were depleted because of growing defections, principally among the miners. Further dislocation meant actual hardship. Executive councils were at odds. Resentment flamed against some of the old-line leaders, especially "Emperor" Cook, of the miners, who had brought the men to such a pass. The Trade Disputes Act, which became a law late in 1927, was the last straw. It made general strikes and intimidation of workers illegal and forbade compulsory levies for political purposes. Ramsay MacDonald admitted that labor had struck a bad patch as a result of the act and that it was more difficult to get one pound out of the political levy than it used to be to get ten.

In consequence, 1927 established a record for industrial peace. There were only 303 trade disputes, involving the loss of 1,750,000 working days. Both figures are the lowest ever recorded by the Ministry of Labor. Contrast this with the 322,000,000 working days lost in the period between 1920 and 1926 and you see how conditions had changed.

Intelligent men in both camps realized that the time had come to get together. Early this year Lord Melchett—he was then Sir Alfred Mond—head of the giant Imperial Chemicals Industries and the foremost industrialist of Britain, made the first overture on behalf of the National Confederation of Employers organizations. He asked Ben Turner, president of the Trade Union Congress—it has 5,000,000 members and corresponds to the American Federation of Labor—to name a committee for a joint conference. It so happens that Turner represents the best element in British labor. He looks like a patriarch, has been

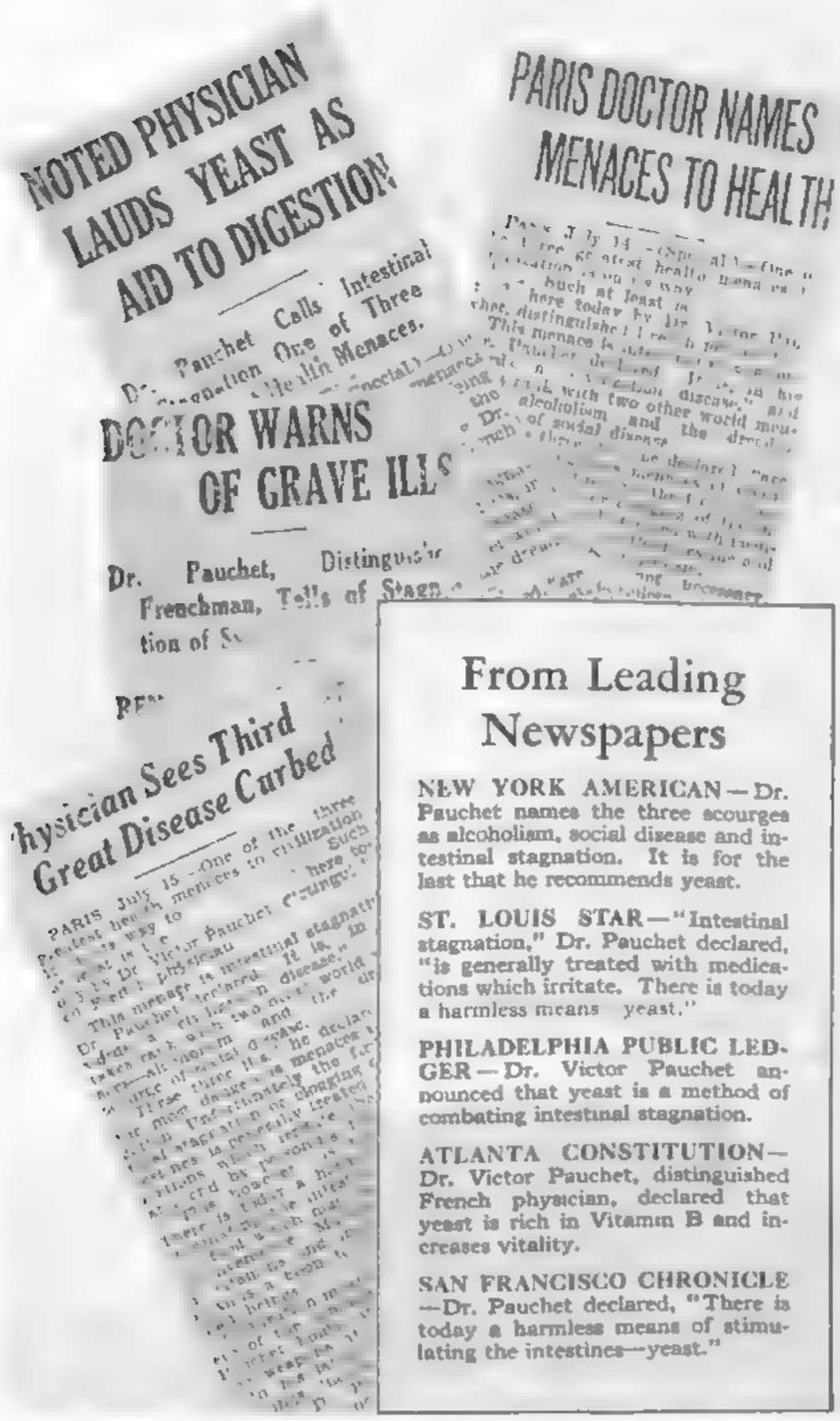
(Continued on Page 64)

Famous authority on intestinal tract

DR. VICTOR PAUCHET, *of Paris*

"Yeast stimulates the intestine" *he says in newspaper interview*

DR VICTOR PAUCHET *of Paris, Surgeon of the Hospital of St. Michel and former professor of the School of Medicine at Amiens, is one of the most prominent of French physicians. He is the author of numerous medical works including "Surgical Practice" and "Constipation." He is a Commander of the Legion of Honor and a recipient of the Croix de Guerre with Palms.*


NOTED PHYSICIAN LAUDS YEAST AS AID TO DIGESTION
Pauchet Calls Intestinal
One of Three
Health Menaces.
DOCTOR WARNS OF GRAVE ILLS
Dr. Pauchet, Distinguish
Frenchman, Tells of Stagn
tion of S
PARIS DOCTOR NAMES MENACES TO HEALTH
Physician Sees Third Great Disease Curbed
PARIS July 15 —One of the three
Dr Victor Pauchet declared, "
This menace is intestinal stagnat
Dr. Pauchet declared it is, in
disease."

From Leading Newspapers

NEW YORK AMERICAN—Dr. Pauchet names the three scourges as alcoholism, social disease and intestinal stagnation. It is for the last that he recommends yeast.

ST. LOUIS STAR—"Intestinal stagnation," Dr. Pauchet declared, "is generally treated with medications which irritate. There is today a harmless means yeast."

PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER—Dr. Victor Pauchet announced that yeast is a method of combating intestinal stagnation.

ATLANTA CONSTITUTION—Dr. Victor Pauchet, distinguished French physician, declared that yeast is rich in Vitamin B and increases vitality.

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE—Dr. Pauchet declared, "There is today a harmless means of stimulating the intestines—yeast."

DR. VICTOR PAUCHET, author and prominent physician of Paris, in an interview recently printed in the American press, says that constipation is generally treated with medications which irritate the intestine and poison the organism. Yeast, however, he states, is a safe food-remedy.

"Yeast stimulates the intestine," he says, "and is also a food rich in Vitamin B."

In a recent survey in the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed this corrective food.

Clear skin, bright eyes, health, happiness, and success result if the intestinal tract is clean, active and healthy.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast three times a day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Fleischmann's Yeast is a natural food, fresh as any garden vegetable. To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time.

All grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains have Fleischmann's Yeast. Begin today to eat yeast and know what health can be.

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-73, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

Who's Who on Brunswick

Electrical Records

Only on Brunswick can you hear these radio favorites

VINCENT LOPEZ

and his Casa Lopez Orchestra

"Lopez speaking" from his New York night club has become one of radio's foremost features. Vincent Lopez and his Orchestra have toured the country in vaudeville, appeared in musical comedy, and have given jazz concerts in this country and in Europe. Lopez gives his idea of the evolution of jazz on Brunswick Record No. 20066, "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Darktown Strutters' Ball."

COTTON & MORPHEUS

"The Sealy Air Weavers"

These singing comedians are famous from coast to coast for their radio appearances as "The Sealy Air Weavers." Cotton is Phil Cook (right), writer of musical comedies, and blackface comedian. Morpheus is Billy Hillpot (left), vaudeville, night club and radio entertainer. Their hottest sketch to date is "That's My Weakness Now," recorded on Brunswick Record No. 3969.

CHESTER GAYLORD

"The Whispering Serenader"

Gaylord is a versatile musician. He appears as pianist, saxophonist and tenor soloist at Station WTAG, Worcester, Mass., and is its chief announcer. He has toured as a concert pianist with Marie Tiffany of the Metropolitan Opera Company, another Brunswick recording artist. As a singer, his unique whispering style of singing to his own piano accompaniment has made him nationally popular. Hear his Brunswick Record, "I Don't Care" (No. 3948).

Would you like to be on our mailing list to receive news regularly about Brunswick Records? Send your name and address to Dept. R-12, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Brunswick

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The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

Chicago • New York • Toronto

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(Continued from Page 62)

mayor of his native town of Batley, and served in Parliament as Labor member.

Turner accepted the invitation and the first of a series of historic meetings was held in London in January of this year. A joint committee was appointed to outline a policy of coördination between capital and labor and to bring about "the better organization of existing industries by means of amalgamation, rationalization, introduction of new processes and of new methods, both technical and administrative." Subsequent sessions of what is termed the Conference on Industrial Reorganization and Industrial Relations have dealt with the effect of taxation of industry, unemployment and such affiliated subjects as the gold standard and national credit.

Ben Turner summed up the possibilities of the conference for me in his office in London. He said:

"I believe that British capital and labor are at last on the right track and that future industrial peace is assured. Instead of compulsory arbitration, which never succeeds unless it is backed up by the mailed fist, we are working out a policy of considered conciliation. We shall not wait until trouble develops, but anticipate and prevent it by mutual agreement. The rights of both employer and employe will be recognized on a fifty-fifty basis."

A Battle of Giants

If carried to a successful conclusion this adventure in coöperation, for such it is, will do more to reëstablish British trade and industrial prestige than all the laws on the statute books of the kingdom. It means that the man-to-man element, so long absent, will assert itself for sane adjudication of differences.

In contrast with the dawning peace in industry is the war in journalism. Two powerful combines are girded up to battle for both London and provincial circulations. It is a duel of giants, which again reflects the new fighting spirit animating nearly every British activity.

For years British journalism was a sort of national institution. Delane made the Times the Thunderer and an unofficial gazette, but its conduct was wedded to tradition. It remained for the lamented Northcliffe to galvanize the London press.

With the Daily Mail he initiated the era of action. Upon his death the Daily Mail passed to his brother, Lord Rothermere, now one of the principal figures in the new line-up which is making things hum.

Northcliffe, being a masterful person, did not know the meaning of competition. The present rivalry developed in a big way only after he had passed from the scene. It was precipitated by Lord Beaverbrook's purchase of the Daily Express and his launching of the Sunday Express. During the past twelve months the Daily Mail and the Daily Express have been engaged in a wild scramble for new readers.

A free accident-insurance scheme has been carried to an astonishing extent. Any reader can become a policy holder, as it were, by merely registering his name with the paper. Rivalry boosted the maximum premium for death in a railway accident to $50,000. After the Sevenoaks disaster last summer, the Daily Mail was able to pay two maximum indemnities to the estate of a man and his wife who lost their lives in the accident. The Daily Express soon after had a similar opportunity. Now both papers pay $100,000 insurance for railway casualties.

In the old days the big London newspapers went on their own. Today they are part of massive combines that link the whole kingdom with the capital and even extend beyond. Heading one group is Lord Rothermere with the Daily Mail, the Weekly Dispatch, the Evening News and the Daily Mirror in London, and editions of the Mail in Manchester and Paris. Lately he organized the Northcliffe Newspapers, Ltd., to publish papers in fourteen provincial British cities. This decision is largely the result of the sensational rise of Sir William Berry to the point where he has become Britain's chief newspaper overlord. The issue is joined between the Rothermere and Berry groups, with Beaverbrook more or less aligned on the side of Rothermere.

Berry has achieved in journalism something akin to what Morris has accomplished for British automobile production. In each case you have a self-made man, animate with energy and with no limit to his ambition.

Thirty-five years ago Berry was a messenger boy in the office of the Merthyr Times, in his native town of Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales. At sixteen he was editor of the paper. He went to London in his twentieth year and started the Advertising World, the first advertising journal in Britain. Since that time his career has been one of constant acquisition of newspapers and magazines. In 1918 he bought the Sunday Times and got control of the Financial Times. His greatest London coup was the purchase last December of the Daily Telegraph, one of the bulwarks of British conservatism. At the time I write he owns sixty publications.

The organization of the Northcliffe Newspapers, Ltd., means that Rothermere intends to fight Berry in the provincial field. All Britain is interested in the struggle, which will not only enlist millions of pounds but almost eliminate the independent newspaper from the picture. Because of the incessant merging of interests—the latest is the union of the Westminster Gazette and the Daily News—London now has only three unattached journals—the Times, the Morning Post and the Daily Herald, which is the labor organ.

Enfranchising the Flapper

With capital and labor in process of being harmonized, British economic forces are assured a clear field for ultimate consolidation. The handicap of political interference, which dogged Continental recovery during the immediate postwar period, is unlikely. Though the general election next year will be hard fought—the Liberal Party is again active and the tariff an issue—results cannot seriously impede business progress.

The so-called flapper vote will be a factor. Formerly only women who admitted they were thirty could vote. The last Parliament enfranchised all females of twenty-one and over. The general impression is that the Conservatives will remain in power with a reduced majority.

This means that Stanley Baldwin, in all probability, will continue at the helm. I know of no better way of rounding out this survey of reviving Britain than to give a close-up of the man who in personality and performance typifies the best there is in British character.

Mr. Baldwin's five years of party leadership have meant a costly personal sacrifice. He is the largest shareholder in Baldwin's, Ltd., one of the old steel concerns. Due to war losses and his long absence from active management, the company has suffered reverses. The equivalent of $20,000,000 was written off this year. In a speech last June the premier said that for every shilling he had when he went into office he has only a penny now. A fact not generally known in this country is that after the war Mr. Baldwin gave a fifth of his fortune to the Treasury.

Although he is frank and engaging, Mr. Baldwin is practically inaccessible to journalists. He never gives interviews. In this respect he is the exact opposite of Lloyd George, who frequently, during his term of office, vociferated as did the late Theodore Roosevelt in his prime as President. This does not imply that the premier is inarticulate. He has a distinct literary bent and can talk and write as readily about the Greek classics as on the modern novel. Rudyard Kipling is his first cousin and Sir James Barrie a crony.

A Bull on England

I talked with the Prime Minister in the cabinet room at Number 10 Downing Street. In atmosphere and setting it is the least imposing of world chancelleries, yet none has loomed so large, perhaps, in world affairs. Here were lost the American colonies; here Palmerston, Gladstone, Russell and Disraeli shaped the course of empire.

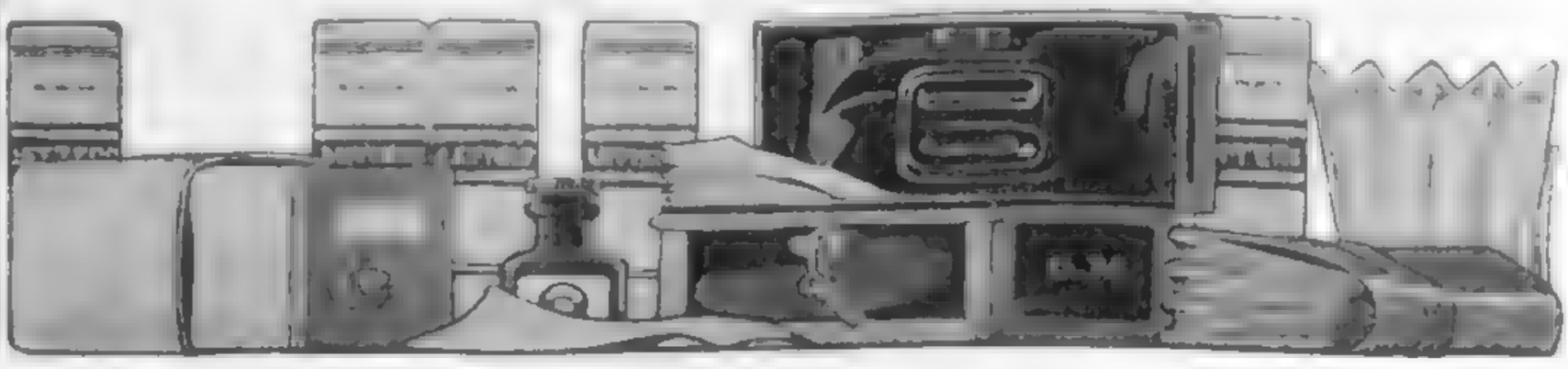
Baldwin sat at the long table in the center of the chamber puffing his usual pipe. He looks more the prosperous man of affairs than executive head of a great nation. He is sturdy and compact of build, alert of movement, and his smooth face is mobile. Lloyd George is more dynamic; Asquith and Bonar Law were more aloof.

As the Prime Minister asked me to take a seat beside him the music of a brass band crashed in. With a smile he said, "You see, we have organized a concert for your benefit." The Guards regiments were rehearsing the usual king's birthday spectacle of the trooping of the colors in the Horse Guards Parade just behind Downing Street and we got the full benefit.

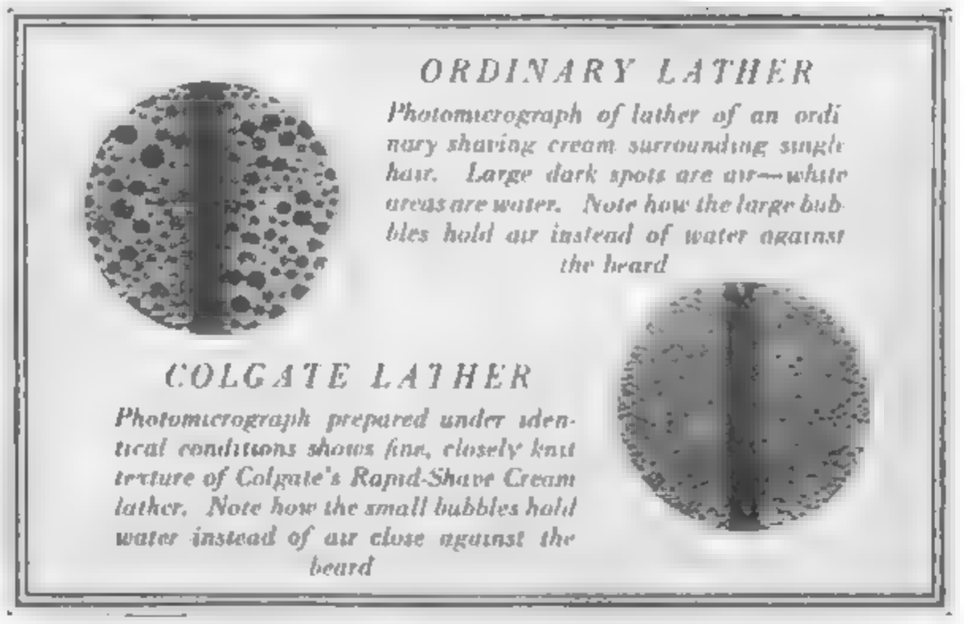
Our conversation covered a wide range—from the American presidential election to rubber control. The premier is a bull on England and he believes she is out of the woods. He showed me his pipe and expressed his kinship with Vice President Dawes in devotion to the brier. I had just returned from Canada, which he visited with the Prince of Wales in the summer of 1927. He spoke enthusiastically about Dominion prospects. Like all European personalities, he displayed much interest in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and its immense circulation. When I described the Curtis plant he said: "I have been in Philadelphia. Thirty years ago I made my first trip to the United States and went as far west as Chicago. When I returned with the debt funding commission I was amazed at the changes everywhere."

No man can meet Stanley Baldwin without realizing his peculiar fitness for the premiership at a time when economic rehabilitation is the supreme issue. In every sense he is the steward and sponsor of this new day of British hope and endeavor.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Europe. The next will be devoted to Germany.



RAZOR-PULL *Disappears!*


ORDINARY LATHER
Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard
COLGATE LATHER
Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard

when beards are softened this Small-Bubble Way

A smoother shave, a quicker shave... is yours for the asking now. An amazing new type of lather softens whiskers in a scientific way.

SKIN sensitive? Beard tough? Forget it, men!

Here's a new, quick way to shave that gets whiskers off clean and smooth . . . without razor-pull, sting or smart.

"Here you are, sir. Most men come back for Colgate's, once they've tried it."

Smooth! You almost feel your beard get soft! This small-bubble lather goes down deep softens whiskers right at base

Razor-pull? Forget it, men! You'll never be bothered with sting or smart, when whiskers are softened this small-bubble way.

It's a scientific principle of beard-softening . . . perfected for you by Colgate chemists.

Just squeeze a little Rapid-Shave Cream on your brush. Lather up! And then—instantly your stubborn beard becomes limp and lifeless . . . soft and pliable . . . ready for the razor.

The minute you try it, you'll discover the improvement over old-fashioned methods. The secret? Small bubbles. And the result is an easy, comfortable shave . . . without smarting or razor-pull . . . right in your own bathroom at home.

You've never known such smoothness in all your shaving days!

Already millions have adopted small-bubble lather. Thousands buy it daily. From coast to coast the news has spread like wildfire.

And now, to broadcast the good news even further, a test is offered. It's a seven-day trial that doesn't cost you a cent. See details in coupon below.

Small Bubbles—why they're better

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

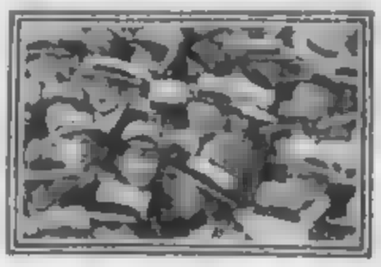
It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard. Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

A glance at the photographs in the circles above proves this better than words. Note how the large, air-filled bubbles of ordinary lather fail to settle close to the whisker.

Now contrast them with the tiny, moisture-laden Colgate bubbles packed close around the whisker.

That's the reason for the amazing results described below. Results millions are getting today. • • •



Thousands Clip Coupon! *Every year thousands of men learn the secret of a quick, smooth shave by clipping a coupon just like this! Why not try it yourself? . . . TODAY!*

That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you:

Good-by, Razor-Pull!

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting. Twice-over shaves aren't needed now. Your face feels clean, fresh, invigorated.

You've never had a shave like this before. You've never known such comfort.

Test it Free, for seven days

Please don't take our word for all this. Make us prove what we say. Just tell us where to send your 7-day tube.

With it comes a free bottle of "After Shave" . . . a remarkable new soothing lotion that men are taking to by the thousands. Try both at our expense. Colgate & Co., 595 Fifth Ave., New York.

FREE OFFER, MEN!

Colgate & Co., Dept. 595 H, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's After Shave.

Name .....

Address .....

OUR HOMELESS DIPLOMATS

(Continued from Page 31)

up to the high position which is accorded her in the family of nations. Indeed, once we got started, as is so often the case with Americans, we moved with lightninglike rapidity. During a whole century Congress remained deaf to every argument when it came to buying a house in Paris; four years ago it absolutely stalled over the idea of appropriating as much as $300,000 for this purpose. Twelve months later $10,000,000 was voted for embassies without turning a hair, and only lately $1,000,000 of this was assigned for buying land on which to erect an office building in Paris.

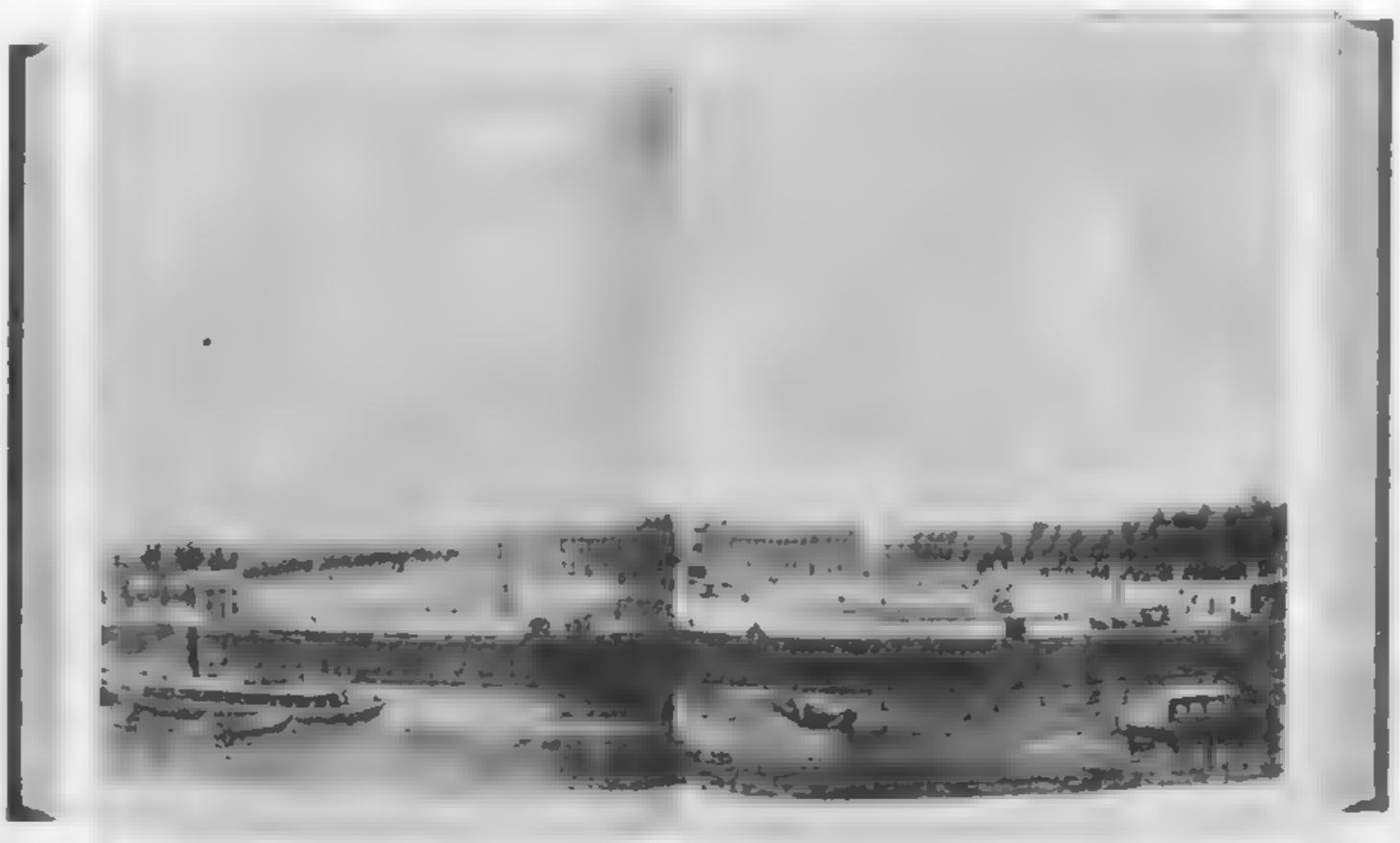
Up to the time when this new policy became established by law we had managed to acquire in one way or another embassies in Peking, Constantinople, London, Rio and a few other capitals, but in hardly any case had we bought a piece of property in a perfectly normal businesslike fashion. The embassy in Rio was secured by means of an appropriation for housing the American exhibit at Brazil's World Fair in 1922. When the fair was over, the property was converted into a residence for our ambassador. The house where Mr. Houghton now lives in London was given to the Government in fee simple by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan; the embassy in Paris was bought by Mr. Herrick at his own risk and peril under quite extraordinary circumstances, which will be related further on; it is even alleged that the purchase of our embassy in Constantinople was decided by a hand of poker.

A Marked Man

This poker story may be an exaggeration based merely on the well-known sporting spirit of Mr. Leishman; but even if true, it would not furnish the only case in which the great American game has been a factor in our diplomatic affairs. The United States minister to England, during the early 70's, acquired much merit by his advanced knowledge of its science and to this day Robert Schenck is regarded as the father of poker in the United Kingdom. From exclusive court circles, where Schenck introduced it, the game made its way throughout the aristocracy and finally its appeal was felt by the general sporting public. Requests for rulings, interpretations and decisions poured into the legation in such numbers that our minister finally drew up a little paper which was known as Schenck's Rules for the Game of Poker, and under this title it was finally printed and sold by a London publisher.

Bret Harte and Mark Twain were at the height of their vogue at this time and their books were as much read and admired in England as in America. Schenck's Rules and their application in daily life brought to every English club and community the feeling that they were enjoying a little of the rough romance of our West which these two great American authors had made so popular. Our minister became a much-sought-after man, as the recognized authority on a new and fascinating pastime. Such a position has its value for a diplomat, but trouble lay in store for him. Strait-laced Americans, not understanding the history of the case, complained to the State Department, the press took the matter up and Schenck came near being recalled. But the affair blew over and he remained—a marked man in diplomatic circles, with his place in English history forever secure.

The U. S. Embassy Dining Room in Paris With Portraits of Washington and Lafayette



One of Gabriel's Drawings for the Place de la Concorde. The Statue of Louis XV is Seen in Prolongation of the Rue Royale. The Four Buildings Shown Exist in Exact Accordance With This Plan. That on the Extreme Left is the One Just Bought by the U. S. Government. The House on the Extreme Right Belongs to Baron Edouard de Rothschild

The Large Drawing-Room in the U. S. Embassy in Paris

Mr. Leishman, as an ambassador, had many resources at his command besides his geniality and his daring sportsman's spirit, and when Turkey was in the midst of her revolutions early in this century, his quickness in estimating human character and his willingness to take a big chance excited the admiration and confidence of both factions and brought to our embassy in Constantinople a prestige enjoyed by none other. Had any of the Allies possessed an ambassador of Mr. Leishman's temperament in Constantinople during 1914 the Germans could probably never have jockeyed the Turks into war on their side.

Cornered

Whether it be true or not that a jack pot was influential in deciding the purchase of the Constantinople embassy, the person who mostly profited from that operation was undoubtedly Uncle Sam. The house which our Government authorized Mr. Leishman to buy had been built by a wealthy Greek merchant at the time of his marriage with a young and beautiful lady. It was generally known as the handsomest private residence east of Budapest and it cost our Government only a fraction of the amount it proved to be worth. What is now a delightful terrace which forms the roof of the chancery, later built on, overlooks and adjoins the only thing in the way of a park ever seen in a Moslem city—I mean the cemetery—and Mr. Leishman once told me that the old Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid was about to make our Government some very interesting concessions regarding that cemetery when he was deposed and imprisoned.

The acquisition of the American embassy in Paris was not decided at the bridge table or on the golf links, but Mr. Herrick brought about its purchase by a coup which no one but an old banker and experienced business man could have carried through. In fact, it may be said he cornered his Government into the painful dilemma of taking over the property or leaving him with a personal profit of $100,000 as the result of his unselfish efforts. The Government probably agreed with Mr. Hoover's recently announced dictum that no impoverishment can result from receiving foreign mo...

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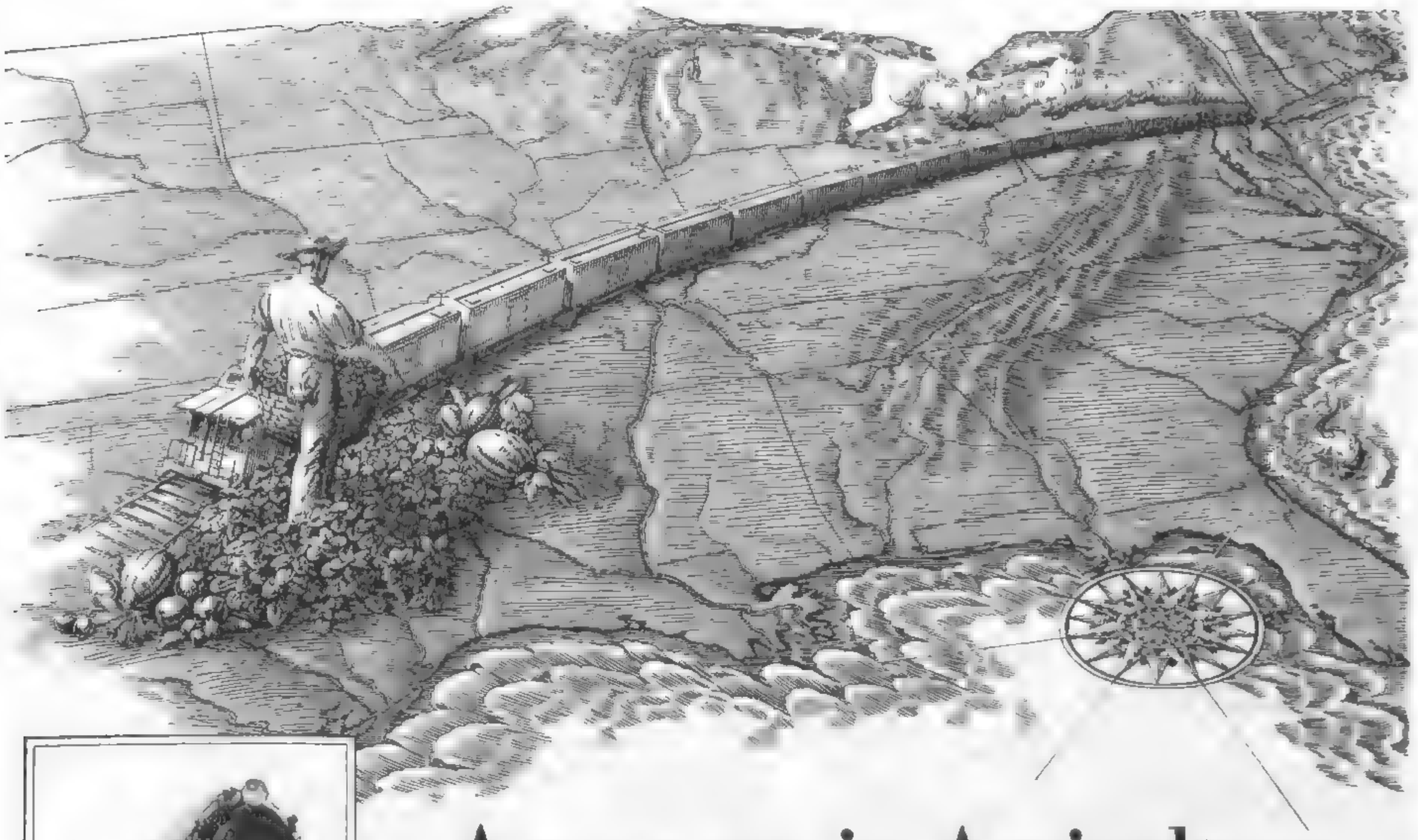
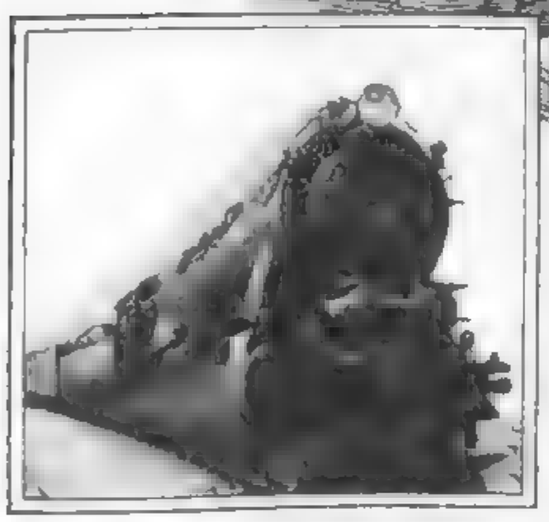




Nearly a Million Cars a Year of fresh fruits and vegetables

The value of the combined fruit and vegetable crop of the country has reached the astounding total of more than one and a half billion dollars. This crop has become one of the nation's major industries.

The transportation of fresh fruits and vegetables over the railways of the United States now amounts to nearly a million carloads a year.

The fresh fruits and vegetables consumed in New York City are brought from an average distance of 1500 miles.

A new era in Agriculture

is being made possible by these developments in transportation

TO MANY it would seem but yesterday that such refreshing delicacies as lettuce, tomatoes, spinach and many of the fresh fruits could be enjoyed only in summer, except by the very wealthy.

Today, these healthful pleasures of the table form part of the normal daily diet throughout the year of hundreds of thousands of people of even moderate means.

This ever increasing production of fresh vegetables and fruits—together with the enormously increased production of poultry and dairy products which preceded it—has meant nothing short of a new era to American agriculture.

In many sections of the country, farming has thus been transformed from an industry of one or two crops, with its attendant risks, to an industry of many crops.

The steady flow of these perishable products from the farms throughout the nation to the populous Northeast has been made possible by the increased facilities of the railroads—the rapid through train service and the refrigerator cars.

IN THIS development of rapid refrigerator service, it has been the privilege of the Pennsylvania Railroad to play a leading rôle.

A few years ago, scarcely 10% of freight trains were run on regular schedules.

Today, 90% of the Pennsylvania Railroad's 2900 freight trains are operated on regular dependable schedules as rigid as those of the passenger limiteds.

Through such great gateways of commerce as Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Norfolk and Washington, the Pennsylvania maintains a fast through service of solid trains of refrigerator cars to the populous cities of the East. Through the winter months this road hauls every week thousands of cars of fresh fruits, vegetables and other farm products from the West, Southwest and South to the main points in the vast industrial region in which it operates.

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

If you can afford to throw away

$62.00

every year *for the rest of your life,*

don't read about

ANACONDA COPPER BRASS *and* BRONZE

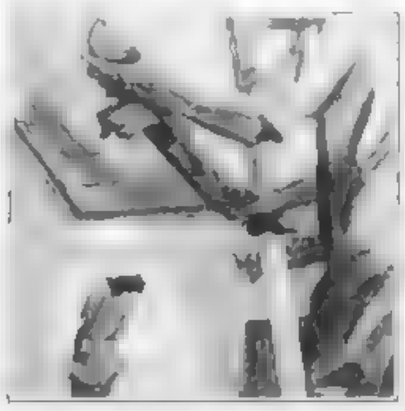
THE experience of architects, contractors and home owners the country over discloses that rusting metals in the average size home cost the owner $62 *every year* in repairs and replacements. The use of metal which *cannot rust* turns this yearly loss into a yearly saving.

Water pipe of Anaconda Brass, once installed, lasts indefinitely without attention. It cannot rust. It will deliver a full flow of clear, clean water.

No fear of damaging leaks, expensive to repair. No rust-clogged pipes which cut down the flow of water to a mere trickle.

• • •

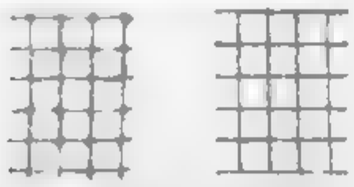
Gutters, rain-pipes and roof flashing of metals that rust are a source of constant annoyance and expense. It costs real money to take down rusted gutters and leaders, to rip up shingles,



to replace rusted, leaky flashing. On the other hand, sheet metal work of Anaconda Coppet *cannot rust.* Lasts indefinitely, without upkeep expense or repairs.

• • •

The economical homeowner can further economize by the use of window and door screens of Anaconda Bronze



Enlarged photos—at left rustable screen, at right Bronze screen after identical exposure.

Wire which cannot rust, will not sag or break. They outlast several sets of rustable screens.

When you buy, build or remodel, insist on these Anaconda metals. They cost *very little more* and pay for themselves many times over in long life and freedom from repairs. Write for the free booklet "Rust-proofed." It will interest you. Address The American Brass Company, Waterbury, Connecticut.

ANACONDA

This trademark is the stamp of guaranteed Copper, Brass and Bronze

(Continued from Page 66)

and so it decided to accept the outcome of Mr. Herrick's unauthorized but profitable operations in its behalf. The story of this final act by which in one short morning he cut the Gordian knot in the red tape which had tied up the question is more amusing than the long history of former efforts directed toward the same end. For almost everything had been tried during well-nigh a century, and all in vain—official letters and personal appeals, satire, anger and cries of real distress; even charity had come forward in the person of a titled lady offering to give us her beautiful house for an embassy with the sole restriction that she be allowed to occupy it during her lifetime. Many will remember also the band-wagon campaign vigorously conducted throughout the United States by Clarence Jones and Frederick Martin, some twenty years ago, in an effort to stir up the people and Congress to buy an embassy in Paris.

This question was inherited by Mr. Herrick, and if he is entitled to the credit of having finally solved it in 1924, we have to acknowledge that he had got nowhere with it during his first term as ambassador from 1912 to 1914. Many visitors to his office, then and more recently, will remember his conversations on this subject. He left no stone unturned to reach Congress effectively, and the file of his personal correspondence with some of its members who gave him the opening are masterpieces of humorous pleading. For Benjamin Franklin was not the last American ambassador who appreciated the business asset of a joke. However, this correspondence, even at this short distance, now invites surprise that such letters on such a subject between such men should ever have been necessary.

Speaking of Benjamin Franklin reminds me of a banquet at which an after-dinner speaker was praising the generosity of Franklin because, when he quitted Paris after the Revolutionary War, he declined to ask Congress for any salary, demanding merely that his actual expenses be paid.

"If they'd only do just that for me," whispered Mr. Herrick, "I could buy a house, give it to the Government and still be way ahead."

A Bargain in Real Estate

All this effort over long years, and indeed from every capital, did finally make some impression on Congress, and the Diplomatic and Consular Bill passed in May, 1922, carried a provision authorizing the State Department, within certain narrow limits and under severe restrictions, to buy houses for embassies and legations at a cost not to exceed $150,000 each; then in the following year this sum was specifically appropriated for Paris.

The fact that nothing whatever in the smallest degree suitable could be had for that price did not discourage Mr. Herrick. He had made an active survey of all the properties for sale and had an idea that he might be able to purchase with the money appropriated, small as it was, a house which would be the beginning of the creation of an embassy, depending upon the comprehension by Congress of the need for further appropriations to finish the job. In this search there was revealed one outstanding property, owned by the heirs of President Grèvy. It had been erected by the president of the republic in 1887 at a cost of 5,400,000 francs, which, at the value of the dollar in those days, amounted to about $1,100,000. At the same time that the Grèvy house was discovered it was also ascertained that it was a burden of expense to the heirs, who wanted to sell it and divide the estate, for which reason it was being offered at the price it originally cost. As exchange then stood, this amounted to somewhat over $300,000.

Now $150,000 was available and another $150,000 had been authorized by dint of unceasing effort on the part of Mr. Fairchild; but before this could become available the Appropriations Committee had to act; and even after that, a board in Washington must examine the proposed transaction and give its approval. This was not the mechanism for picking up bargains in real estate, and nobody knew it better than the ambassador. The Grèvy house at 5,400,000 francs was a bargain and he had managed to get a short option on it; but another government was after it, time was slipping by and the State Department's cables indicated that no action could be expected inside of three months. Even then, of course, there was no certainty, but only the hope that the money would be forthcoming.

On March 10, 1924, the threatened panic in exchange had reached a point which caused most people to believe that the franc was going to follow the mark in a race toward zero. Mr. Herrick told me at the time that he did not share this opinion. It was not necessary for any such thing to happen and he did not believe it would be allowed to happen. If it did, American and English bankers would lose heavily, the French cabinet would fall and national disaster quickly ensue.

Checking the Franc's Fall

When the market closed on March tenth exchange had reached a point where the 5,400,000 francs required to buy the house amounted to less than $200,000, and Mr. Herrick decided to act on his own convictions and responsibility. That afternoon, therefore, he telephoned his bankers to buy francs for his account to the extent of $200,000 at the opening of the Bourse the next morning. The exchange clerk asked whether he was authorized to follow the market and buy gradually so as to obtain the best rates.

"No," replied Mr. Herrick, "I want you to place my order to sell $200,000 at the opening of the exchange."

"Is this to be considered a secret, Mr. Ambassador?"

"Not at all."

"Very well, sir. Good-by."

As soon as the Paris Bourse opened the next morning and a single block of 5,400,000 francs was bought for the account of the American ambassador, rumors that the United States Government was backing the franc ran like wildfire among speculators in exchange, with results which can readily be imagined. The Secretary of State cabled Mr. Herrick: "Reports from Berlin published here assert that you are speculating in francs. What reply shall I make?"

The Matin came out with an article by Stéphane Lauzanne stating that the United States ambassador had scotched the speculators' ring, and one might have supposed that, single-handed, Mr. Herrick had stopped the franc on its downward plunge. Of course such was not the case; but buying enough francs to pay for that house, and buying them when and as he did, unquestionably had an enormous effect upon the market.

Before noon of March eleventh Mr. Herrick's bankers informed him that they had credited his account with 5,433,000 francs, and without losing a minute he arranged a meeting with the representatives of the Grèvy estate, who came to the embassy accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, President Grèvy's daughter, Baron Cerise and the other heirs.

The ambassador took out of his desk the option which had been signed on March fourth. "The value of the franc," he said, "has so depreciated since you signed this paper that it does not seem fair to hold you to the obligation. As you know, I want to buy your house with my own money, but I hope it will be taken over by my Government. However, the transaction must offer no possible grounds for criticism. It must not be alleged by anybody that the United States has taken advantage of an option signed by you when the value of the franc was so much higher; I therefore tear it up"—which he did. "Now, ladies," the ambassador continued, "there no longer

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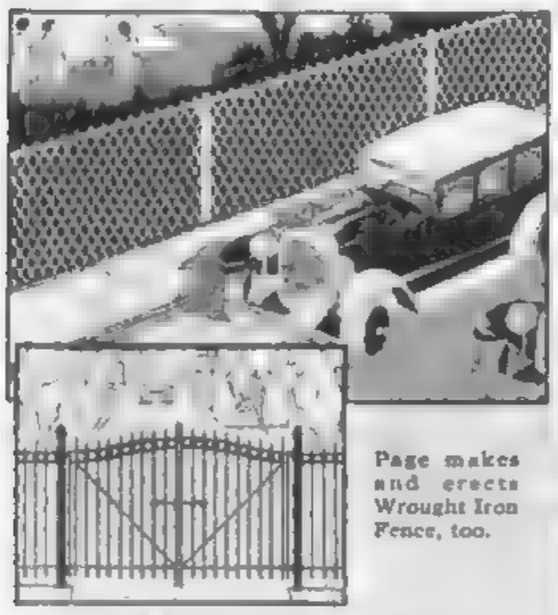

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exists an option, but if you want to sell your house for the price named in it, I will buy it."

The family conferred together for a few minutes and then President Grèvy's daughter said: "We are anxious to divide my father's estate at once and your offer makes it possible. Moreover, I would greatly prefer that this house become the American Embassy than to see it put to any other use, so we accept your proposal."

The preliminary papers were immediately made out, and at three o'clock, March eleventh, Mr. Herrick was the owner of the Grèvy house. It was less than twenty-four hours since he had called his bankers on the telephone, and not a scrap of paper had passed in the meantime except the contract just signed.

That afternoon Mr. Herrick cabled Secretary Hughes saying that he had converted $200,000 of his own money into francs, not as a speculation but for the sole purpose of buying the Grèvy house, and that the purchase had been effected.

"The Government," he added, "has no legal or moral responsibility in the purchase, but I will hold it a reasonable time for its acceptance if so desired. I hope not to be forced to take the profit which the transaction already shows."

When this cablegram reached Washington, the committee, of which the President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury and others were members, was quickly assembled, the appropriation was made and the ambassador instructed to have the deed made out in the name of the United States. What is more - and something which enormously impressed Mr. Herrick—he was thanked by the Government.

A Householder

The premises thus acquired had cost President Grèvy in 1887 exactly what his heirs sold it for in 1924. The question of exchange did not very much enter their calculations. A franc was a franc to the average Frenchman in 1924, just as a dollar was a dollar to the average American in the 70's, when its exchange value was only 33⅓ cents. But from the point of view of the American Treasury, Mr. Herrick had bought in 1924 for $198,000 property which in 1887 had cost $1,100,000. As $300,000 had been made available, there remained $102,000 which could be used for needed repairs and alterations and for the essentials in the matter of furniture.

Most fortunately, Mrs. Parmely Herrick has great taste in the matter of interior decoration and she devoted herself unsparingly for two years to the task of making the new embassy a very beautiful residence. Moreover, numerous Americans were so delighted at seeing our country at last owning its own embassy in Paris that they volunteered many handsome gifts in the way of portraits, tapestries, rugs and old furniture.

Some of the most important of the presents came from Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Edward Tuck, Mr. Ogden Mills, Sir Joseph Duveen, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Thomas Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. George Widener, Mrs. Hamilton Rice, Mrs. Vincent Astor, Mr. John Ridgely Carter, Mr. Charles A. Coffin, Mr. George Blumenthal, Dr. and Mrs. Homer Gage, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Saltonstall.

The difficulties of keeping house with or for Uncle Sam probably are little known to the public. Nothing in history records that this gentleman was ever married, and that may account for his peculiarities when it comes to those little problems which have to be daily solved in every household. As proprietor of a handsome residence in Paris, he had some responsibilities that he was not used to.

For instance, coal had to be bought to heat the place while the workmen were altering it, and a janitor had to be hired to take care of it. Who was going to pay for these things? Up to that time no such matters had ever engaged the attention of Washington, since the ambassador paid for everything out of his own pocket—rent, heat, light, caretaker, servants and all the rest of it. These matters soon got themselves settled, but that they could arise may be news to people who know nothing of the domestic complications of their own Government.

The house has now been the permanent home of the American Embassy for two and a half years, and with each season its charm and suitability for its purpose grow more and more evident. It faces streets on three sides; it overlooks the Trocadéro Gardens and the Seine; it is protected from any possibility of commercial invasion and it is perfectly accessible. It constitutes an extraordinary acquisition.

The Hallway in the United States Embassy in Paris

Having been at one time charged by Mr. Wallace to pursue the negotiations he had started in an effort to get the old Austrian Embassy made over to us, I can say with sincerity that I believe the house we have is more agreeable to live in and better situated for the future than would ever have been the great property in the Rue de Varenne. To have acquired that place might have given Americans the vain-glorious satisfaction of owning as fine a residence and as large a garden as the British, but for the man who lives, works and entertains in it, the present embassy has many things to recommend it, which the Austrian palace does not possess.

This old home of the Austrian Embassy, lying with its vast garden full of beautiful trees in the heart of the Faubourg St.-Germain, was a present to the Austrian emperor from the Duchesse de Galliéra. It has not been reoccupied by the Austrian Legation since the war, as its legal ownership is still undetermined. The Austrian Government claims that it belongs to the Austrian Republic as the legatee of the old empire; the French consider that it belonged to the personal estate of the emperor and as such was subject to confiscation as enemy property during the war. It was this situation which blocked Mr. Wallace in his efforts to get it turned over to us for an embassy as part of the general settlement of war stocks in 1919. As President Wilson was in Paris and the French Government showed every inclination to meet any wish he might express, this arrangement might very readily have gone through had not these legal difficulties presented themselves.

The British Embassy is situated in the heart of Paris, and the narrow street giving access to it is now a source of serious inconvenience on crowded occasions; but it is a splendid house, and its marvelous garden is only surpassed in extent by that of the Élysée, where the president lives, just a few doors away. This property was bought for the British Government by the Duke of Wellington when his duties detained him in Paris after the Battle of Waterloo. He paid Pauline Borghèse, sister of Napoleon, £23,000 for it, and he took over all the furniture as it stood for an additional £10,000. This furniture exists today just as Pauline left it. Of course it has a great historical attraction added to its intrinsic worth, which now runs into millions of dollars.

A Lottery Prize

The German Embassy occupies a fine house in the Rue de Lille, built by a pupil of the great Mansart. In 1803 Eugène de Beauharnais bought it, doubtless with money provided by his stepfather, then First Consul. The price paid was 195,000 francs. Eugène decorated and furnished it in magnificent style and many of the original pieces remain to this day. His sister, Queen Hortense, lived here until the empire fell in 1814. When the allies occupied Paris, Frederick William, King of Prussia, installed his legation in the house, and in 1818 he bought it out of his own purse for 250,000 francs. Later on he presented it to the Prussian state and the German Embassy has occupied it ever since.

The Italian Embassy lies in the Rue de Grenelle, a quarter where so many of the old *hôtels* of the ancient aristocracy still exist. It is charmingly placed *entre cour et jardin*, as the French say, but in these days of big automobiles access to it is very complicated whenever there is a large reception.

During the Revolution the house was offered as the prize in a national lottery, but later on returned to the state through exchange. It then became the home of the Ministry of Foreign Relations, and it is this fact which accounts for its having long been the residence of Talleyrand. Tradition relates that Napoleon first met Josephine here, at a reception. In any case, when General Bonaparte, in October, 1797, returned from the Italian campaign, his first visit was to this house, where he came to report to the Foreign Minister. In 1894 the Italian Government rented the property for its embassy and in 1909 bought it.

When General Porter was ambassador to France he made many efforts to get our Government to buy an embassy, but even with his powerful association, dating from General Grant's presidency, and his eight continuous years of office, he was unable to make the smallest headway. Just opposite his old chancery in the Avenue Kléber, where the Majestic Hotel now stands, was the palace of the exiled Queen Isabella of Spain, and when she died the general made

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(Continued from Page 70)

one last effort to get our Government to buy the house, for it was a great bargain and seemed then to be admirably located for our purpose. He said to me one day:

"Mott, I am terribly tempted to buy that house myself. The Government then might take it off my hands. If they wouldn't, it would be a marvelous investment."

But he got no further than that. Time has proved he was right as to the investment, but had the embassy been located in the Avenue Kléber it would already be suffering from the advance of business along that street—a misfortune which cannot happen to the Grèvy house.

Speaking of Spats

The anomalies presented by congressional legislation in the matter of purchasing embassies has already been referred to. For example, the Fairchild Bill, raising to $300,000 the allotment for Paris, was only passed at midnight March third, after much criticism and contention, whereas, not very long after this, $10,000,000 for similar purposes was voted almost without debate. It might be inferred from a careless examination of such incidents that once our legislators got started they simply rushed off unthinkingly at a gallop, but this is not at all the explanation. It is, of course, evident that the purchase of the Paris Embassy, and the impression produced on the thousands of visiting Americans who went to see it, had considerable effect; but it must not be forgotten that an education in what concerns our foreign service had been going on for years both in and out of Congress, the importance of that service to the business of the nation had become more clearly appreciated, and its needs from a practical point of view finally received the attention they merited. After having been for so long approached from the wrong angle, members of Congress were at last presented with a business proposal and asked to act on it as business men. This was a suggestion they could understand. Until that time, overzealous people had been arguing with them principally about the dignity of our representatives abroad, their requirements for entertaining, and comparing the houses where our ambassadors lived with the establishments maintained by England, Austria, Russia and other great empires, with the inevitable result that the plain Americans who make our laws got into the way of associating the idea of houses for ambassadors with wearing spats and hobnobbing with kings.

Speaking of spats recalls the retort of Mr. Skinner, at present our Minister to Greece, during a conversation on that grave subject. When the Rogers Bill reorganizing our foreign service was passed, a wag in Paris said to him—he was then consul-general—that the only change he could see as a result of this new measure was that our consuls could now feel fully justified in the wearing of spats.

Mr. Skinner replied, "In the course of my long experience I have always found our consuls far more spat upon than spatted."

This Rogers Bill not only reorganized our foreign service but it led to a discussion of the factors which ought to be considered in making it efficient, and for the first time these were examined just as the needs of the postal service or a city fire department are studied when improvements in them are contemplated. Everybody knows that you can't get letters delivered by merely having postmen—you need up-to-date post offices and specially organized mail cars. You can't have a good fire department without engines and engine houses, you can't maintain a navy without ships or an army without barracks. Just so, you can't have an efficient foreign service unless you provide it with the tools for carrying on its work. Among these, proper offices suitably located and equipped are the first essentials, and now we are going to have this very thing; for if the great work started by Congressman Porter is continued, our foreign service will eventually have in every capital a modern equipment fully up to American business standards.

The sacred precincts of diplomacy were the last to be invaded by time-saving devices. Indeed, it is a curious fact that we ourselves have been slower than anybody else in applying to it the methods and machines which originated in America and which have been so generally copied from us in other lands. For instance, we who invented telephones and typewriters were the last to install them in our chanceries; our filing system was utterly antiquated, our clerical help underpaid and insufficient. This situation probably derived from the fact that our diplomatic representatives used to feel that their tenure of office was most precarious, the service they were rendering was poorly appreciated at home, and in the face of repeated discouragement it was useless to try to make things any better. Our ministers jogged along, enjoying the distinction which their position brought and struggling as little as possible against what seemed an insuperable indifference to their requirements in the matter of equipment.

When I first joined the embassy in Paris there was no stenographer, no typewriter and no telephone in the chancery. General Porter wrote out all his dispatches in his own hand and Mr. Biesel copied them in great bold characters which looked like the engrossing on a parchment testimonial. There was one other clerk. Charles Dion attended to the mail and opened the door. This he did with an Old World courtesy he keeps to this day—I saw him yesterday, bowed with his eighty years, making a visit to the chancery. The general came to his desk every morning at nine o'clock and stayed all day. He attended to most of his correspondence with his own hand, Bailly Blanchard doing the rest. Mr. Vignaud, for thirty-five years at the same desk, kept most of the files in his own office, and he alone knew where anything was. They all did first-class work in their own old-fashioned way, but they were the men and methods of another age.

A Forward Surge

Sims was my naval colleague and I greatly envied him, for the Navy Department gave him fifty dollars a month to pay for a clerk and a small amount for other office expenses. The War Department allowed me a total of thirty dollars a month for clerical remuneration, cleaning the office, making fires, and the like—there was no heating other than from open grates. But we were happy and precious little disturbed in our work. Sims covered Spain as well as France, and there was nothing old-fashioned about his fiercely energetic, up-to-date personality. He hired a stenographer who knew Spanish as well as English and we lumped our allowances to pay his salary. Sims used him in the morning and I in the afternoon. When we had to telephone, we went to the Columbia Hotel next door. After two years' effort I obtained enough money to buy a secondhand safe. Sims did as efficient work when attaché as he did in command of our fleet during the war.

This patriarchal organization received some modification under Henry White and Robert Bacon, but it was only when the war broke out that our Government was faced with the imperious necessity of enlarging the office space, increasing the staff and giving it modern facilities for doing its work. Mr. Herrick had taken over the affairs of several of the belligerent countries, and during the first critical months of the war, when the French Government had moved to Bordeaux, he was the only ambassador or minister who remained in Paris. The amount of work, for his own and other countries, which fell upon his shoulders surpasses any imagination. Then, after the United States had entered the war, the truly halcyon days of the embassy began. Men and money could be had for anything, and what money could not buy, requisition through the French authorities furnished.

When the war was over, things of course gradually settled down to a normal basis—but never, fortunately, to the old cheese-paring level. At present the personnel working in the chancery of our embassy, including all ranks from the ambassador to the charwoman, consists of 102 people. But we still have no suitable offices for this force. Our Government rents in two buildings six apartments built for and still arranged as dwelling places, and here, mixed up with families who live in some of the apartments, the business of our country is done. Bathrooms, pantries and kitchens are used for offices, as well as drawing-rooms, dining rooms and bedrooms, and there is not a single room which can be assigned to the use of the numerous official boards and commissions which constantly arrive in Paris and need temporary office room near the embassy staff for the proper transaction of their business. The consul general's office and the passport bureau are far away in the center of Paris, while the Graves Registration Service, the Battle Monuments Commission and the offices of the Reparation Commission occupy still other distant buildings. This has not been a matter of choice but of necessity. It is expensive, inconvenient and in many ways uncomfortable.

Under One Roof

It may be that if American diplomats during all these years had taken pains to write their congressmen and influential business friends as to these conditions, instead of simply enjoying jokes at their own expense and perhaps perpetrating others, what is now rapidly culminating might have taken place earlier. The interest awakened by the somewhat dramatic purchase of an embassy in Paris four years ago helped to draw the attention of our people to embarrassments which had so long existed, and Mr. Herrick took advantage of this to push another idea. Immediately after he had bought the Grèvy house he put on the air the suggestion of purchasing or erecting what he designated as a government office building in which all our agencies would be centered. This idea was in harmony with the Rogers Bill, which brings the diplomatic and consular services together, and the economy in time and money which such an arrangement would insure needed no demonstration.

The suggestion fell on fertile soil in Washington, and as a sum of money had been appropriated, a study was begun of how best to employ it. Mr. Stephen G. Porter, chairman of the Foreign Service Buildings Commission and an old friend of Mr. Herrick's, came to Europe about this time and made an investigation of the entire subject for himself. He was so delighted with the idea of an office building in Paris, as far as it had gone, that he took an active personal interest in it, and it is due to his broad views and unremitting energy that the plans for Paris have been so quickly and magnificently realized. Only last week he completed the purchase of a site which he had chosen and on which the building will be erected. It will house the chancery of the embassy, the consul general's office, the passport bureau, offices for representatives of the Departments of Commerce, Labor, Justice, War and Navy.

It is not an exaggeration to say that this building will occupy the most marvelous site in the world—that is, the most beautiful location now open in any country to purchase or acquisition for such a purpose. From the windows of his chancery our ambassador will look out across the Place de la Concorde, generally acknowledged to be the most harmonious architectural assemblage existing in any city. The splendid old Garde-Meuble of Louis XV will be on the opposite side of the street, the Louvre will be seen in the distance, the Pont de la Concorde will lead the eye across the Seine to the columns of the Chamber of Deputies, while the closely packed horse-chestnut trees of the Champs-Élysées will continue

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the freshness of his own garden. Up the Avenue Gabriel on the right will lie the British Embassy and the Palace of the Élysée, while across the river the long façade of the Foreign Office will close the view, with the dome of the Invalides rising in the sky behind.

In buying this property we became bound by easements established by decree of Louis XV and unbroken to this day. These forever protect our property from the invasion of unpleasant neighbors or the erection of any structure not in harmony with our own. These restrictions permit the owners of houses facing the Place and the Rue Royale to build as they choose behind the façade fronting the streets, but this façade itself, in its height and its architecture, cannot be altered from the drawings made by Gabriel nearly 200 years ago, whose originals still exist as approved by the king and whose prescriptions no authority except Parliament can alter.

As a matter of fact, the only small departure from this royal ordinance ever tolerated took place in the house which the United States has just bought. The original owner in Gabriel's time was what we would call a powerful politician. He was farmer of the taxes and postmaster of the realm. For six years he quarreled with Gabriel and the city because he wanted an elevated terrace in front of his house. A compromise was finally effected, the terrace was built and has remained just as it exists today. As our architects will probably wish to remove this terrace in order to increase the commodiousness of the new building, the original plans of Gabriel for the Place de la Concorde will find themselves at last realized in all their harmony through the intervention of a country which possibly was known to the great architect only as a vague geographical expression.

A Gastronomic Feat

If the residence of our ambassador in Paris has no historical associations attached to it, his chancery will amply make up for that deficiency. The building forms part of a great architectural monument whose origin lay in the desire to honor Louis XV and fittingly to commemorate the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, just as its acquisition by the United States may be traced to the circumstances immediately preceding and following the treaty signed at Versailles. The first owner and his son made themselves famous by their sumptuous entertainments in this house, and it was saved from destruction during the Revolution by the democratic popularity of the latter. From its windows he doubtless witnessed the execution of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, for the guillotine stood but a few yards away, in the center of the Place, where it had replaced the statue of the king.

This next to the last of the Reynières would have escaped any place in history except for an entertainment he gave which forever marked him in the annals of Parisian gastronomy. His grandfather had died of eating too much *foie gras* and his father was the author of the Epicure's Almanack; Alexandré's love of food and drink—and his competence in such matters—was therefore honestly come by, though it seems to be the only talent he inherited from his energetic ancestors. He put it to a strange employment one evening in 1783 by inviting a party of twenty-two intimates—among whom were two ladies dressed as men—to an exquisite feast served with ghoulish accessories. After passing a rigid examination as to identity, the guests were conducted to Reynière, whom they found surrounded by choir boys swinging censers. In the middle of the supper table was erected a catafalque, with its four candles burning. The feast began at nine o'clock, and when, as the night wore on, some of the guests endeavored to depart, they found all exits closed. Finally, about seven o'clock in the morning, when all had succumbed to the disintegrating influences of the table, they were put in coffins and hauled away in hearses, of which a sufficient number had been ordered beforehand and lined up in front of the door.

Dreams Realized

The son of this Reynière, who died in 1795, sold the house to Labouchere, of London, a partner in the Baring firm of bankers. In 1823 the state, after thirteen years of litigation, won a lawsuit against the owner, who was condemned to pay a fine of 3,000,000 francs. The French Government in this way acquired the property and it here installed the Russian Embassy, which, by reciprocal agreement, it was obliged to house. In 1844 the Turkish Embassy, under similar circumstances, occupied the house. In 1862 it was rented to the Imperial Club, which when the empire fell became the Champs-Élysées Club. In 1874 the club bought the property and has, under various names, occupied the premises ever since. The present lease expires in December, 1930, but the club is willing to surrender it as soon as a new home can be found. When this is done the office building of the American Embassy in Paris will be constructed. It will be the first of its kind existing in any country.

It can well be imagined what an immense satisfaction this will be to Mr. Herrick. He whimsically claims that he shares with Peter Ibbetson the power to dream true. But we who serve with him know that he brings to the realization of his dreams not only a tenacity proof against any discouragement but also that fine fanaticism which, working for an idea and not for oneself, alone is capable of inspiring.

FARMING WITH SECURITY AND INDEPENDENCE

(Continued from Page 7)

the soil's fertility was unknown during the first 100 years.

In the early history of this agriculture there is nothing to suggest that it will become the richest and soundest example in the whole country. The land is not the reason. That the land lies tributary to a triangle of such great consuming cities as Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Baltimore is not the reason. Other agriculture is no less favorably placed in relation to these markets. That there was here, to begin with, any superior art of agriculture does not appear.

The answer is in the people.

What were they in the first place? Not racially, not as sectarians; as pioneers, what were they? They were not adventurers. They were spiritual immigrants. What they wanted of the wilderness was freedom to wrestle with God; all they wanted of the soil was the strength to sustain them in that struggle. That was all at first. The ends were solitary and the basic condition was a life of complete self-containment on the soil. In no other way was it possible to avoid putting one's life in the hands of the world and suffering its interference.

There was nothing new in the mere fact of a self-contained life on the soil. It was a common fact, of necessity, until a very recent time in the history of the human race. But whereas generally it was a condition agriculture was only too willing to surrender because it was irksome, and did surrender as fast as modern circumstances were created, here it was an ideal condition rooted in religious feeling, and thus a way of life to be jealously defended.

(Continued on Page 77)

Why try to Heat all Outdoors?

You can reduce heat leakage, save money and enjoy greater year 'round home comfort in a house built with Celotex

HEAT leaking roofs and walls waste fuel, create extra furnace labor, increase household worries. They cause discomfort and endanger health by making rooms cold, hallways draughty and floors chilly and damp.

Ordinary building materials do not offer enough resistance to this wasteful heat loss. A special material is required—one that has superior qualities of *insulation.*

After careful laboratory tests, scientists found the material best suited for insulation—long, tough fibres of cane! These fibres have millions of tiny sealed air cells—just what is needed for retarding heat leakage and for keeping out extreme heat, cold and dampness. Today these fibres are interlaced into strong, durable boards of Celotex . . . boards that *build* as well as *insulate*—that *replace* other materials.

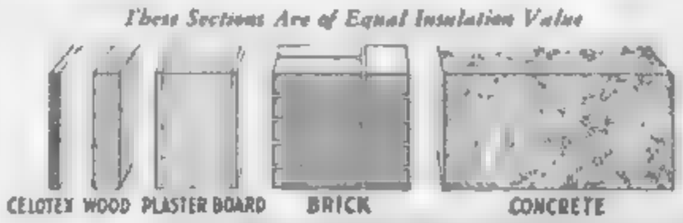
Everywhere Celotex Standard Building Board is used for sheathing; for lining basements, attics and garages; for insulating roofs of old homes as well as new. Celotex Lath gives new beauty to plastered walls because it is designed to eliminate cracks and lath marks. The effect of insulation is familiar to every family that has a refrigerator—and Celotex is used to insulate many household refrigerators and thousands of railway refrigerator cars.

Think of the new living comfort Celotex brings you . . . comfort undreamed of by other generations. Warm, evenly heated rooms in winter . . . cool, enjoyable living quarters in summer, even with an oven-baking temperature outside!

Find out all you can about this remarkable fuel saving and comfort bringing material. Ask your contractor, architect and lumber dealer. Or send the coupon below for the Celotex book, "Year 'Round Comfort and Fuel Saving."

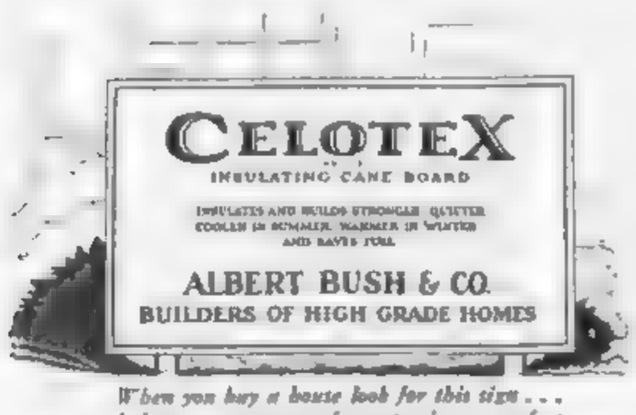
The Celotex Company, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada: Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd., Montreal. All reliable lumber dealers can supply Celotex Building Board and Celotex Lath.

These Sections Are of Equal Insulation Value



Relative heat-stopping values

Cross-sections show why Celotex is needed as insulation back of wood, brick, plaster and concrete . . . As a heat-stop, Celotex is 3 times as effective as wood; 8 times plasterboard; 12 times brick, 25 times concrete. (Data compiled from tests published by the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers Guide, 1928.)



When you buy a house look for this sign . . . it is your assurance of greater home comfort

CELOTEX
BRAND
INSULATING CANE BOARD

The word
CELOTEX
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
is the trademark of and indicates manufacture by The Celotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

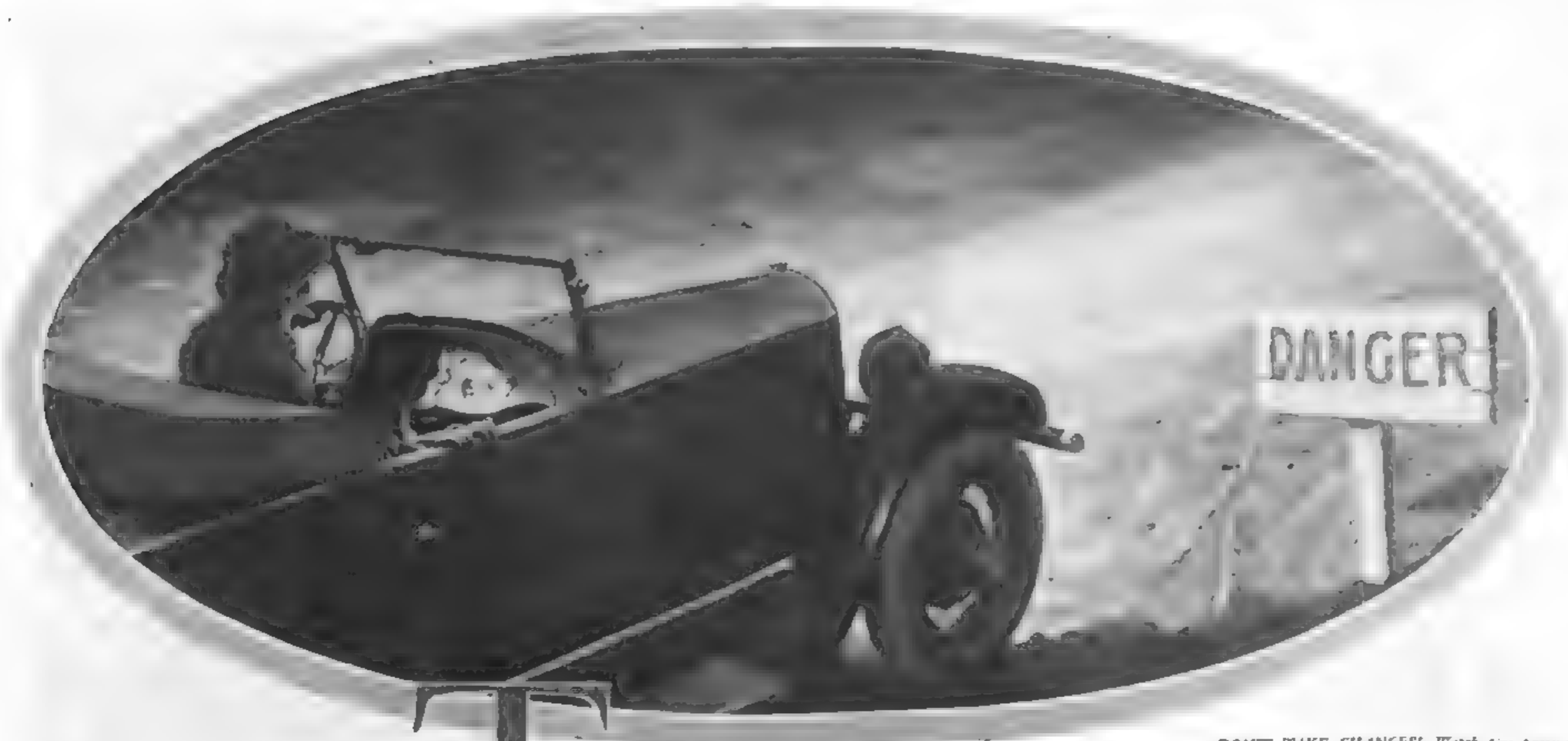
THE CELOTEX COMPANY S. E. P. 10-13-28
645 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free your illustrated booklet "Year 'Round Comfort with Fuel Saving"

Name

Address

City State

CELOTEX IS THE ONLY INSULATION MADE FROM THE LONG, TOUGH FIBRES OF CANE



TROUBLE AHEAD

..for motorists who overlook these facts about tires

Recent tests trace 80 per cent of all tire failures to sheer neglect. Thus millions of miles of tire service are being wasted every year

THE facts disclosed in this advertisement affect every car-owner in America in a very vital way.

They sound a solemn note of warning to motorists who aim for maximum safety and convenience at lowest possible cost.

It is now known that millions of good tires are ruined every year. Junked literally months ahead of their time, simply through the carelessness and neglect of their owners.

Recent scientific findings have proved that 80 per cent of all tire failures may be traced to improper inflation alone.

Premature tread wear . . . fabric ruptures . . . rim cuts . . . broken-down side walls . . . typify the costly results. And thus the added mileage now offered by modern manufacturing methods is being largely wasted.

Now, a nation-wide campaign

Schrader, realizing the gravity of this situation, has launched a nation-wide educational campaign—endorsed by tire manufacturers

This advertisement is part of this campaign. It describes the causes and effects of improper inflation . . . and suggests simple precautions formulated for your protection.

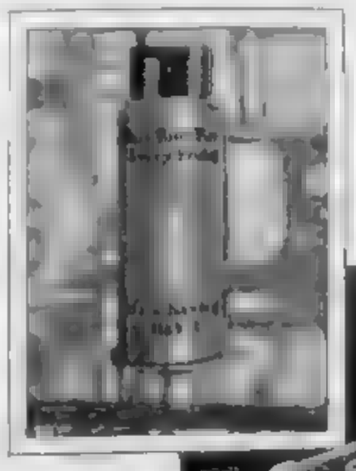
You see, the menace of improper inflation cannot be exaggerated. Without question it reduces tire life tremendously.

When a balloon tire is run five pounds below its proper pressure its life is reduced by hundreds of miles

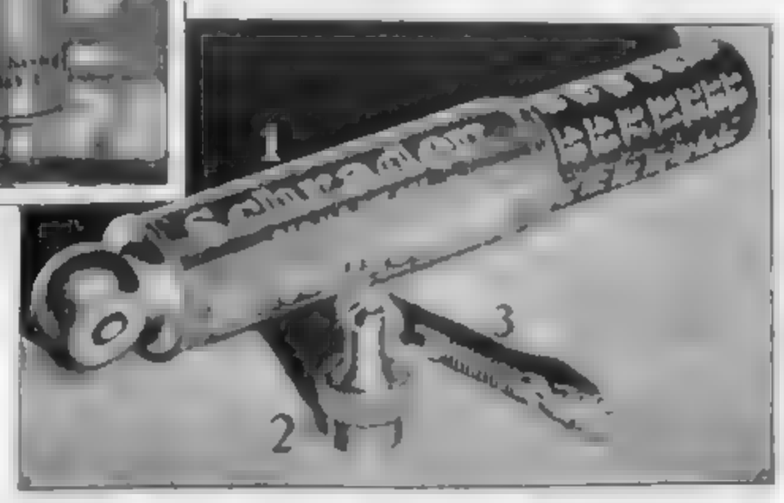
According to actual tests a balloon tire in this condition loses just as much mileage as a high-pressure pneumatic tire under-inflated by twelve or fifteen pounds.

Premature tread wear is one of the most common and costly results of all. Broken-down side walls . . . rim cuts . . . fabric ruptures . . . stone bruises, also. And yet improper inflation can be readily avoided if these easy precautions are taken

First, ask your dealer the exact pressure you should carry front and rear. Then test your tires regularly . . . once a week at least. For this purpose use the reliable Schrader Gauge.



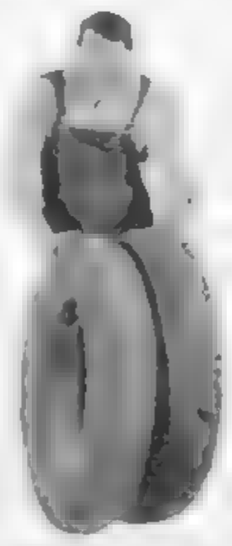
HERE'S SOMETHING to remember! This bright red Schrader display cabinet in a dealer's window or on his counter is a sure sign he carries genuine Schrader products...TireGauges, Valve Insides and Valve Caps.



1. The Schrader Gauge is accurate . . . and it is built to stand the gaff. Wise motorists use theirs once a week . . . to make sure tires are always inflated to the manufacturer's recommended pressure.

2. This Schrader 880 Valve Cap is air-tight up to 250 pounds. Box of five . . . 25c

3. Make sure you have the genuine Schrader Valve Inside. Box of five costs . . . 25c



JUST LOOK AT THIS! Both these tires have been run 4000 miles. One is ruined . . . the other is almost as good as new. This advertisement explains the reason.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES! Watch tire pressures carefully. Follow the rules outlined in this advertisement. Then you won't be bothered by tires that wear out months ahead of their time

This gauge is built on simple, scientific principles. It is accurate and durable. Easy to read. Easy to use.

Second, make sure each valve stem is covered by an *improved* Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap . . . air-tight up to 250 pounds.

In case of a damaged valve inside, this unique cap will prevent the escape of air at mouth of valve until the valve inside can be conveniently replaced.

Third, see that a *genuine* Schrader Valve Inside is screwed securely into every valve stem.

This little mechanism is equally dependable for holding air in either balloon or high-pressure type tires.

And last, change both valve insides and valve caps on *all* your tires at least once a year.

Both of these accessories are marvelous in their efficiency, but naturally they will not last forever

Demand the genuine Schrader

Even when you buy a new inner tube, look for the name "Schrader" on the valve. This will take only a few seconds of your time . . . and it may save you hours of delay on the road.

Always remember that Schrader Valves and valve parts are standard equipment on practically all tires sold in the United States and Canada . . . and that they are available wherever pneumatic tires are used.

So go to your tire dealer. Ask him what pressures your tires should carry.

And then see that this pressure is maintained by the use of the three Schrader products described above. Sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

Send for our valuable little booklet, "The Air You Ride On." Just address A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y. Makers of Pneumatic Valves since 1844.

(Continued from Page 74)

What comes of it at last, and would come of it anywhere else as well, is a sense of security in Nature—security of livelihood, more precious than wealth in any of its shifting, dissolving, reshaping forms. And this is what is handed on by generations. It gives to the landscape that look it has of deep sincerity and to so many of the homesteads a kind of heirloom charm. Such, therefore, is the tradition. A self-contained life the world may not touch, first as an ideal and then as an economic idea.

Not only does this tradition continue to act in Old Dutchland agriculture; urban life also contains it. Regarding this, you see how the counties of York and Lancaster feed the cities of York and Lancaster, and then how the cities of York and Lancaster rely on the native labor supply to man their industries. Self-contained farms, cities natively supplied with food, industry natively supplied with labor—from this rhythm comes a sense of regional security. This, perhaps, explains that air of belonging to itself that seems a singular property of this whole convex formation. What would that be but a translation of the ideal of a self-contained life, directly inherited? Suddenly it occurs to you—as a fantastic thought, of course, and yet not without an element of truth in it—that if all the rest of the world should vanish away life here might go on with a rhythm of its own.

The cities now are very rich. The annual value of their manufactures long ago passed the money value of the agricultural output in the counties. Yet they never forget that agriculture is fundamental. From Lancaster City's book of itself you might think its first interest was farming. It recommends the visitor to "Find the joy, peace and contentment which come from the contemplation of a bountiful Nature."

The population of the cities and the counties is all one piece. It is 95 per cent native born. York City says of itself:

> Without any influx of a trouble-making European element, York has remained truly American in ideals and habits of living. The industrial leaders have developed along with the industries. In most instances each industry represents the lifetime effort of one man, or a few men, to build a plant and a product unexcelled. Thus York industries are manufacturing, and not, as in so many cases, primarily financial organizations.

Strikes are practically unknown, and the labor turnover is under 5 per cent. Some of the industries, notably the tire-chain industry, which is very large, are seasonably staggered with agriculture, their demand for labor running high when work on the farm is slack. Wages are not so high as to drain the farms or to attract outsiders, and yet high enough to keep labor at home against the competition of greater cities.

Industry Weighed in the Balance

The chambers of commerce are intent upon industrial progress—only their idea of it is that it shall be their own, within the rhythm. They offer no inducements of site or bonus to bring industry from other places. On the contrary, if a stranger industry should wish to come in, attracted possibly by the news of labor conditions, the first thought about it would be, "How will it affect our life?" Lancaster City, for example, definitely does not want another large silk mill, because, though it might bring wealth to the banks, it might bring also such labor and social problems as exist, say, in Paterson, New Jersey.

If, as will sometimes happen, a member of the chamber of commerce beats on the table and asks, "Why don't we get some new industries here? See how much faster other cities are growing. What's a chamber of commerce for?"—he is answered according to the tradition thus: "Suppose we did. Whom should we benefit by doing it? Not our merchants. Stores would multiply with the population—probably faster. Where would the new industries find their labor? They might attract it from agriculture; but since we are now absorbing all the labor our agriculture can spare, there would be no advantage in that—only a disruption of farm life. These new industries you want might, of course, bring their labor with them—labor racially and socially strange. Yes, the population would grow, but our standards of living would certainly fall. So, after all, who is benefited? None but real-estate speculators with land to sell in ugly industrial developments. Happily, we have few of these."

Although the subject is farming in Old Dutchland, yet you see it is impossible to treat agriculture apart from industry because of the intimacy between them. They exist together, flourish together, in a symbiotic relation. This you understand better after seeing the public markets to which the counties bring the cities' food supply. In York City, for example, there are 2200 farmers' stalls. That is, say, one to each twenty-five of the urban population. Here is all manner of farm produce—meats, sausage, poultry dressed and offered ready for the oven on individual white china plates, butter, eggs, pickles, cheeses, pastry, bread, vegetables, melons, fruits—everything but dry groceries and things out of season. The stall keepers are mostly women and old men. There is no raucous vending. The urbanites come with baskets and carry the things away. It is the custom

From an Overflowing Table

As the farm population became excessive, from natural increase and from those radical changes in agricultural practice that reduced the amount of man labor required in the fields, so industries were founded and the cities grew to absorb it, and with this arose that paying cash trade in food between city and farm. But never did the typical farm forget the tradition—its own table first. On a rise in the profit from eggs and poultry it would never think of dropping everything else and going headlong for that, thus turning itself into a poultry farm with one specialized product to sell for cash and everything else to buy. See the consequence if it did. Presently more poultry products would be coming to York and Lancaster stalls than the urbanites could consume, and at the same time fewer of those other products hitherto supplied in all variety. Well, then the poultry farms have to begin exporting their products to far-away cities, York and Lancaster have to begin importing a variety of other food products and the old rhythm breaks. A farm may increase its production of eggs and poultry a little on a rise in prices because that means an increase of the demand to be satisfied, or it may even produce a surplus of eggs and poultry for export to Philadelphia. But it will not thereby sacrifice the principle of providing itself with food.

Say to a Dutchland farmer, a potato grower or a tobacco grower, "And you still go on producing everything for your own table?"

He will answer, "Why, of course, with eight coming to table three times a day."

Generally it is the woman does it. There is a saying that the women with their gardens and milk houses and poultry, feeding the eight that come three times a day to the table, and then a surplus over to go to market with, really support the family. And you may easily believe it. In Lancaster City's book about itself you read:

> "Also, in 1925, Lancaster County produced 1,203,110 pounds of homemade butter."

Nor does that include the butter eaten on farm tables.

Local wheat is locally milled, and the farm women make bread of it. Do you ask of a summer afternoon at a vine-clad homestead for the master farmer? He is not around.

"Where is he?"

"Gone to the mill with a load of wheat."

"Mill? Wheat? Do you still grind your own wheat in this county?"

"Yes," they say, staring a little, and wondering at your question. Why shouldn't they still grind their own wheat in this

THERE is a Bird Rug of enduring quality in beautiful colors and design . . . moderately priced for every room in any home. Insist on Bird's when you require floor covering wherein charm of appearance is combined with utility . . . Bird's Rugs and Floor Coverings can be easily cleaned with a damp mop.

Bird's Felt Base Rugs are obtainable in leading department and furniture stores at prices ranging from $6.00 to $18.00

Established 1795

BIRD'S ROOFS in varied colors give lasting protection from the elements at minimum expense. These weather-defying and fire-retarding asphalt slate-surfaced shingles give years of service. Insist on Bird's, if you desire roofing which blends rugged quality with rare charm and distinctive appearance.

Bird's Roofs are made for every type of building, and Bird dealers are always ready to estimate your roofing needs without obligation.

BIRD & SON, inc.
EAST WALPOLE
MASSACHUSETTS
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
In Canada
BIRD-ARCH PRODUCTS
LTD.
Montreal

BIRD
NEPONSET PRODUCTS

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

This Morning

one million men had cool shaves

Did You?

FREE:
***7 COOL* Shaves for you. Different from all others.**
Use coupon below.

INGRAM'S... the pioneer cool Shaving Cream... is more than a Shaving Cream. It cools and soothes the torn skin of one shave and leaves it in good shape for the next.

Tender skins...dull blades ...make no difference... because Ingram's *is* different. Your skin feels a cooling, soothing comfort that makes shaving ideal—not an ordeal. Men like its clean, pleasant odor.

Even the package is different for this different Shaving Cream. Ingram's comes to you in a neat blue jar... with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount. No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you are not shaving ...and does not roll under cover when you are.

Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try Ingram's.

7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You!

Most of the million men who now use Ingram's every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let Ingram's prove itself on your face. Just send the coupon and your 7 free shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 shaving treats for 50 cents.

Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
1450-10th Street, Detroit, Mich.
***Also* Windsor, Canada**

I want to find out what goes on when my beard comes off . . . when I use INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. Please send me the 7 Free *Cool* Shaves.

Name

Address

county? There is a mill in Lancaster County—one of five or six—that grinds 50,000 bushels of local grain a year. The farmers take back the bran and shorts for livestock feed, besides flour if their women want it. The miller does not import fancy wheat to mix with this. Pennsylvania wheat straight is very good, and there is a trade in Philadelphia wanting the flour.

Now consider the economic security of farming on this basis. With the women, by their own productive industry, setting the table and bringing back, besides, enough cash from three days a week at the city market to support the family in its essential needs, the men are free to spend their time and energy in straight money cropping on a fairly large scale. The hazards of money cropping are not as they are when a farm has no other resource. One year's failure will not leave it flat or send it to the bank for money to live on. The household is self-supporting. Moreover, if for any reason the profit departs from one kind of money cropping the farmer may shift much more easily to another kind; for again, in the period of transition the household is self-supporting.

The example is the ease with which this Old Dutchland agriculture went from tobacco to potatoes. For a long time tobacco was the great money crop, and it has a curious history. The Mennonites, the Amish sect, all those calling themselves the Plain People, loathe tobacco. They do not enjoy it. But even more than they dislike tobacco, they hate idleness; and what reconciled them to tobacco culture was the fact that it provided winter's work for the men to do. At least, as they handle it, this is the case. First, having taken it from the fields, they store it in the barns to dry. Then in the winter months, when other work is slack, and working in heated barns, they sort, strip and bale it. Then it is ready for the commercial warehouse. And at twenty and twenty-five cents a pound it was a very profitable money crop.

Partly, perhaps, because they got too deep into it and oversupplied the market and partly for other reasons, the price declined, not all at once, but slowly, to five and six cents a pound. At that price many of them were wasting their time. You, perhaps, never heard of how tobacco as a profitable money crop went out from under Old Dutchland agriculture. A similar thing happening elsewhere might easily have been a first-rate disaster. But here, with the household based on the tradition of self-containment, it was a casualty only. There was no demand for governmental relief measures.

Choosing and Sticking to It

They began to look for another money crop in place of tobacco. The State Agricultural College turned their thoughts to intensive potato culture. If they studied it carefully and learned how to get high yields per acre at low cost, they would have a certain advantage. The freight rate on Maine or Michigan potatoes to Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Philadelphia, for example, was thirty and forty cents, whereas York and Lancaster potatoes could be motortrucked to those cities for twelve cents. Therefore, at market prices such as Maine, Michigan and Minnesota could not afford to accept, York and Lancaster county farmers could make a profit. That was to say, they had a kind of tariff protection in the form of freight rates. All provided they took time, learned the science of potato culture and went about it carefully. To keep their costs down, they must aim at a yield of 500 bushels to the acre.

They went about it most thoughtfully, considering the land, the right rotation practice with other crops to keep the land right for potatoes, the power method of doing it, and so on. Then they tried it a few acres at a time. It turned out to be very profitable. And yet, although they took more and more acreage from tobacco and put it to potatoes, still they did not plunge. They were going into potatoes for a long pull. The Old Dutchland farmer has a scorn for those who jump from one thing to another, always running this year after last year's profit. Pick a good money crop, do it right and stay by—that will be his doctrine.

The best potato growers now get above 600 bushels to the acre. They see very severe competition ahead. Because potatoes have been profitable for several years, there has been an enormous increase in the national potato acreage. However, this was to have been expected. From the plunging of potato farmers elsewhere, particularly in the Northwest, production may be overdone and profits may fall. But knowing his costs and how he may still further reduce them by better method, and knowing also what the freight rate means in his favor, the Old Dutchland farmer will go on.

And if in time what happened to tobacco happens also to potatoes, Old Dutchland agriculture will find another money crop. Meanwhile it has had a fine profit, and it has saved that profit. Even that part of this agriculture which is straight money cropping does not stand or fall by one crop. It rests on corn, oats, wheat, hay, cattle, hogs, sheep, canning crops and tobacco still. Notwithstanding the shift to potatoes as the higher profit crop, a very large amount of tobacco is still produced.

Change With Constant Growth

So you see that agriculture here, for all its stability, is not rigid. It is flexible, going easily into more of this or less of that, but never plunging. To plunge is their verb for folly. If it had ever occurred to them to set up in the highways a terrifying text on this economic sin, as it was their custom to do with words of sudden and awful warning to the soul, it might have been: Dice Not With Nature. They know that subduing Nature to the needs of man is not a gambling business. That is why there is so little speculation in land and why they never pursue visions of great profit.

It may or may not be that the farmers of Old Dutchland are in spirit more coöperative than others. However that is, it seems natural in their pattern of life that they should see the advantage of putting their hands together. So they leaned their houses together in York and Lancaster. Among the potato growers are the spray rings. From the time the bugs appear until the vines are dead, potatoes have to be sprayed once a week with insecticide. A power rig is necessary. For one man this is a costly piece of equipment. One rig moving in a circuit may easily do the work for ten or fifteen growers. Thus ten or fifteen farmers form a ring and put their money together to buy one in common. The mixture also they buy in common. They buy a bull in the same way and hand it around. Thus the cost and keep of a finer bull than one farmer could well afford to possess for his own herd will be spread over a number of herds. When there are experimental projects to be carried out, under the supervision of the county agent, each community is represented by a committee of three to eight men, and this committee is responsible for spreading the knowledge in its own neighborhood and for seeing that it works.

Perhaps no single fact about this agriculture is more significant than the fact of constant succession. Generations pass through these homesteads. Sons follow fathers on the same soil, changing the methods of farming all the time, but keeping the essential tradition.

"Yes," says a master farmer in Lancaster County, "here is the fourth generation on this place. I suppose, though, the only thing my grandfather would be able to recognize is the old house. That hasn't changed. The outside of it hasn't; inside, of course—electric lights and plumbing. When my father retired and I took the place I had some ideas of my own. He watched me and said nothing. For five years that was so. Then one day he said, 'Son, the first two years other farmers kept

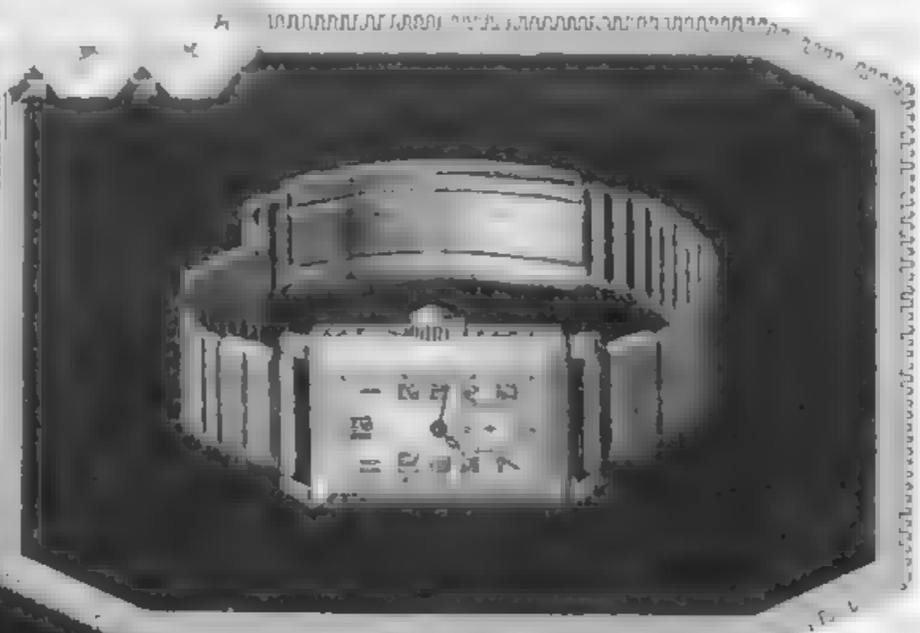
(Continued on Page 81.

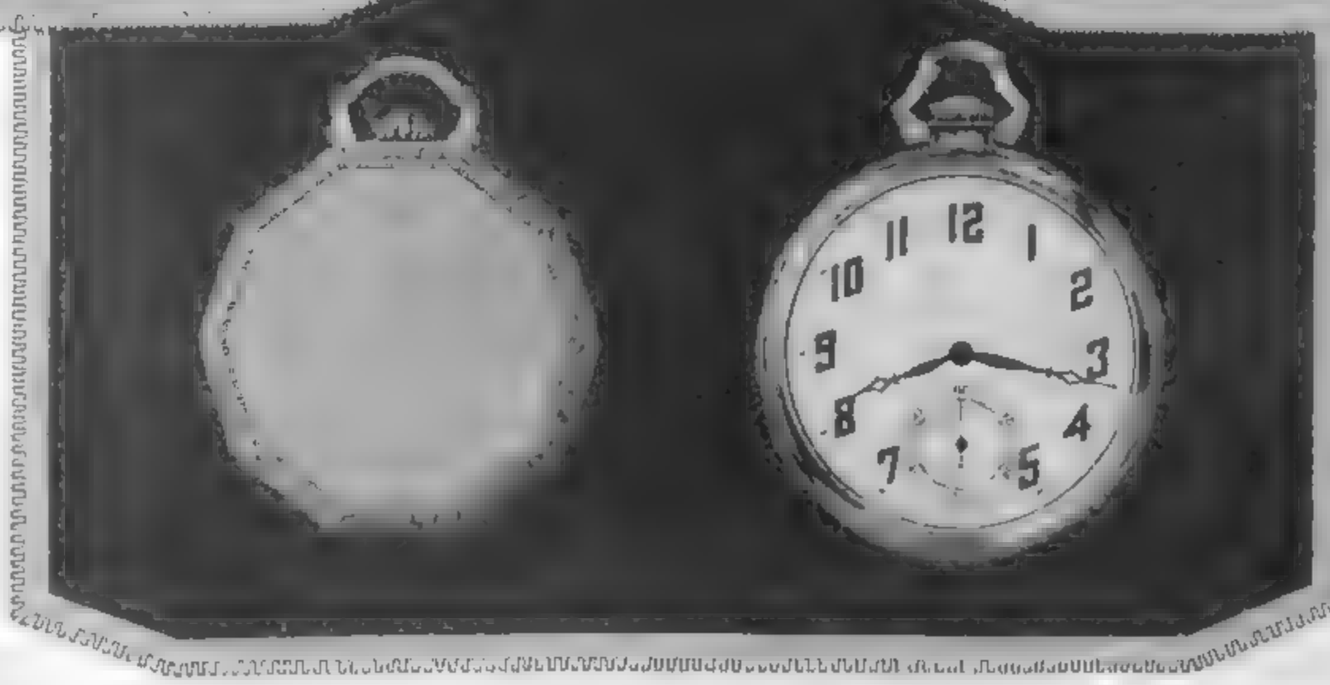
Wadsworth cases are sold to the makers and importers of good watch movements only.

Therefore, one way to be sure of getting a good watch is to look for the name Wadsworth in the case.

Woman's Wrist Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH
Fitted with Wadsworth Watch Band, Athena Model

Man's Strap Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH
Fitted with Wadsworth Watch Band, Lord Wadsworth Model





Man's Pocket Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH
The Decagon,—much in vogue among well dressed men today

Man's Pocket Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH
A striking example of the taste and artistry of Wadsworth craftsmen

WADSWORTH
WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Kentucky
Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

That's why the SPENCER HEATER gives you the lowest cost heat you can buy!

You need no picture or experiment to prove to you that fire burns up-hill and coal rolls down. Yet someone must make many tiresome trips down cellar stairs to feed expensive fuels to your home heater, if it is not built to take advantage of these well-known facts.

Listless grates and busy Gables

Most home heaters are still made with flat grates. They demand the most expensive fuels, and yet are so listless that they must be fed by hand, a shovelful at a time. Spencer Gable-Grates are different. Because they are sloped to make fire burn up-hill, they will burn efficiently the inexpensive smaller sizes of fuel that flat grates do not like. Spencer Gable-Grates not only like these fuels but they feed themselves.

Small-size fuels have just as much heat value as larger sizes—they are simply the breakage that occurs in making the larger sizes. That is why with a Spencer you get as much heat value for every ton of No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite or Pea and Buckwheat coke as other heaters get from larger sizes. A Spencer saves all the difference in ton price between large and small size fuels. That is an average of $6 a ton with No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite, and proportionately with other fuels.

Feeds itself

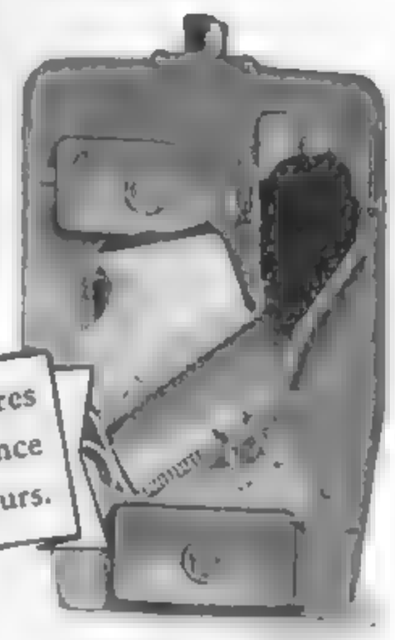
Every Spencer is a magazine feed heater. Once a day you fill the magazine with fuel—any non-coking, graded fuel. Gravitation feeds the Gable-Grate all day long, for as fast as fire burns fuel away, the ashes and embers shrink on the Gable-Grate, making room on the top of the fire for more fuel.

When you build a fire in a fireplace, where do you put the kindling? At the bottom, of course, and that is where you light the fire—for fire burns up. The Spencer Gable-Grate is sloped to make fire burn up-hill, the way it burns easiest and best.

You've seen logs burn through and fall between the andirons. Suppose you could place a store of logs above the fire. As soon as one burned through another would roll down to take its place. That's how the Spencer Magazine feeds fresh fuel to the sloping Gable-Grates.

Just as fast or as slow as the fire requires, fuel rolls down automatically from the magazine to the grate, to keep the fire-bed uniformly thick and the heat even.

Write for the new Spencer book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It tells how the patented Spencer feeds itself with fuels that can save half your annual heat bill. Ask any good heating contractor to install a Spencer in your home, and see how quickly it pays for itself. Spencer Heater Company, *Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company,* Williamsport, Pa.



SPENCER
steam, vapor or hot water
HEATERS

(Continued from Page 78)

coming to me, asking, "Will you tell us what he thinks he's doing?" I said they would have to watch. That was what I was doing. Now they are coming to me asking, "Will you get him to tell us how he makes so much more money than we make?"' And that was about all he ever said.

"Mind you, I don't say there is so much money in farming even now. I don't believe there is as much as there was. I think of it this way: Thirty years ago farmers owned the bank stocks and if you wanted money on a mortgage you naturally went to a farmer for it. Now the bank stocks are owned in the cities and you go there yourself if you want to borrow money on a mortgage. On the other hand, of course, we have more, spend more. Our living is higher. I hire a man just to keep the old place looking nice. Most of my neighbors say that is extravagant. And then if you send two boys to college, you don't get along so fast. Over there by Ephrata Mountain is another master farmer. His boys work right along with him. They get more potatoes to the acre than we do here and they make more money. I understand that in four years he has paid for the farm he was a renter on. That would make a difference, wouldn't it?—if you were buying a farm out of your profits. Naturally, you would work harder."

Ask the man over by Ephrata Mountain how he keeps his boys with him. He says: "I don't keep telling them all the time there is nothing in farming. Besides, they see that if I use my head we can make some money. I don't keep saying 'I wish we were in the city.' I say 'What's in the city for us? We would have to buy a house or rent one. We would spend everything we make.' What if the factory shuts up? Or only suppose we wish to stop work and talk to you this way. We would have a boss to think about, instead of wondering if we've got enough power in this tractor to turn that sweet clover under."

This man is of a Mennonite line and the heritage is stern. In the south of York County, where the landscape has sudden and unexpected delights for the eye, ask a farmer of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian line, who is in livestock, grain and potatoes, how he keeps his boys there. He chuckles:

"It ain't any use expecting them to work for us the way we had to work for our fathers. They just won't do it. They have got to have their automobiles to run around in and then you have to give them an interest right along with you. One of my boys is out now arranging to make the fair circuit with his fancy livestock. That's his interest. Maybe it's better for all these changes. I wouldn't like it so well myself to be working for my father again the way I did when I was their age."

A Farmer's Protective Tariff

Change is no bugbear. This agriculture, conservative as it may seem, does not resist change. What it defends need not be imperiled by change of methods and equipment. There are still many Amish people who fasten their garments with hooks instead of buttons to deny the vanities of the world, and who think it sinful to ride in an automobile. At the same time they buy tractors. That is different.

From regarding this Old Dutchland scheme of life many reflections are bound to arise, touching agriculture itself and the tradition within it; touching the economic intimacy of agriculture and industry flourishing together, neither exploiting the other; touching also a regional distribution of staple food supplies.

Why, after all, should Maine or Minnesota or North Dakota potatoes compete with Pennsylvania potatoes in Philadelphia or Pittsburgh? As why should Pennsylvania potatoes ever compete with Maine potatoes in Boston or North Dakota potatoes in Chicago?

A Lancaster farmer, minded to speak of some of the things that had happened to the general prejudice of agriculture, spoke of the rise in freight rates since the war, with farm products generally falling.

"Would you wish the freight rates on potatoes to be lower?" he was asked.

This he had never thought of. He had been thinking only of how the cost of transportation had gone up and how the average price of farm products had fallen since the war, and it gave him a start as a potato grower to think what the consequences would be if the potato growers of the West had a lower freight rate to Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Pennsylvania potato growers are protected by high freight rates. The amount of such protection may be their whole margin of profit. Are they not entitled to this geographic advantage? But this means logically a regional distribution of food.

However, a train of reflections beginning with this instance will lead to theory. On other ground are the things that are proved.

You have only to ask yourself what two great values are realized in this Old Dutchland agriculture to see at once what they are.

Security and independence.

These are values not inevitably related. Generally they are opposite, one to be sacrificed for the other. Seldom may they be wholly reconciled together. The true superiority of agriculture as a way of life is that it offers both security and independence, provided it rests upon a tradition of self-containment. Otherwise not; otherwise both values may be easily lost.

For Value Received

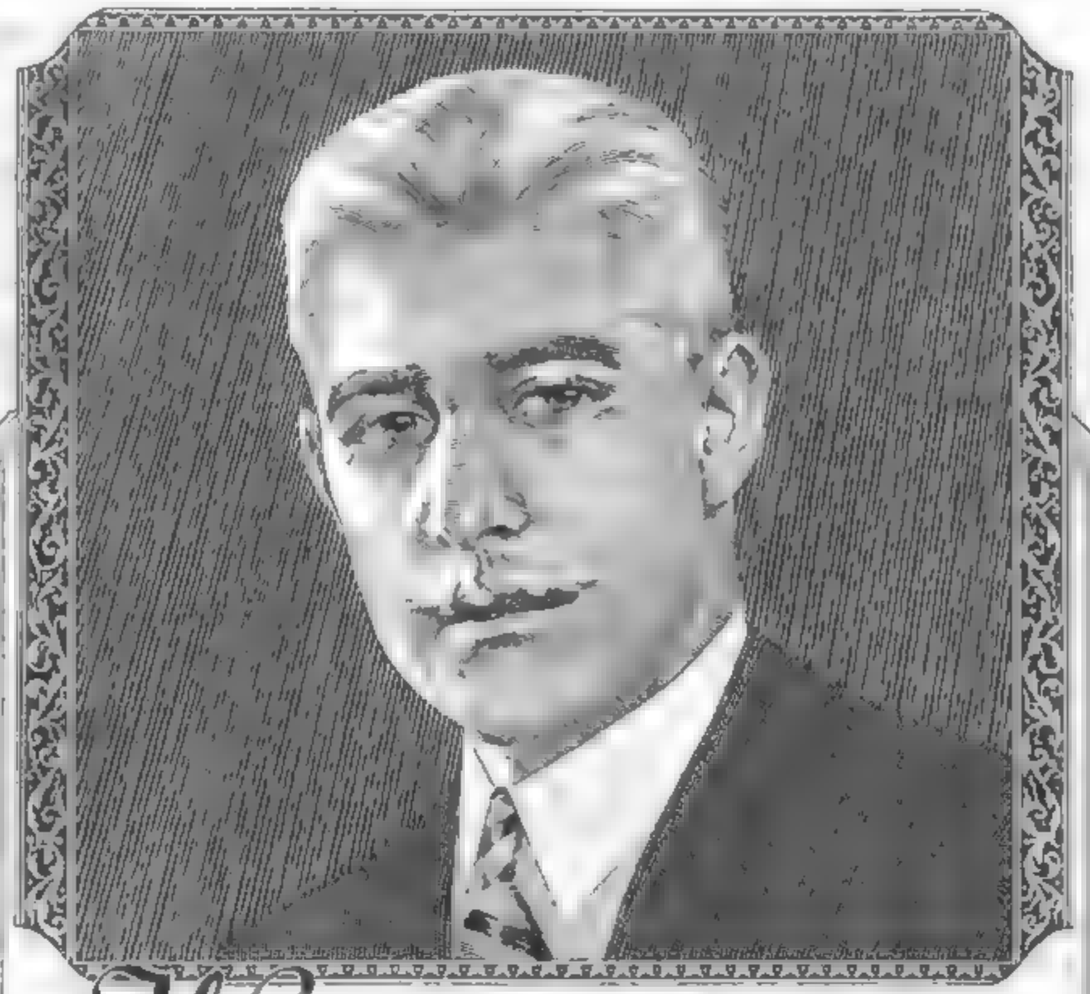
Because food is abundant among us, we forget that food nevertheless is our first concern. The producers of food themselves—farmers running after money crops and neglecting everything else—they particularly have forgotten it. They sell grain and buy flour at the nearest chain store; they sell wheat and buy back the bran and shorts from the mixers of animal feed; they sell milk and buy butter; sell hogs and buy bacon; or they produce only poultry and eggs and set their table out of the town grocery. In every case they can prove that it pays. It is cheaper to buy what they eat than to produce it.

The weakness of this conclusion is not all in the arithmetic. Most of it is fundamental in the nature of human experience. Where you see the old tradition holding, as in the Dutchland of Pennsylvania, there you find security and independence to what is now a very uncommon degree. And where, as it is there, the eight coming to table three times a day are sustained by home products, you find that the problems of money cropping take their place. The money crop may fail, but the farm for that reason is not swallowed up in a wake of disaster. It is sustained at the center by its own household industry.

You may not like the life. Well, then you may sacrifice the security and independence that go with it and move to the city; or you may choose the alternative, which is to treat farming as a business purely, having exact knowledge of its manufacturing costs, its overhead, its gross and net revenue, all on a cash basis of profit and loss, like any other business.

That is quite possible to do. But the conditions are such that success seems often to demand more ability and enterprise than it can adequately reward; and this is so because agriculture, regarded purely as a business, is overpopulated and excessively acred. Production is easily expansible with no reasonable limit and the competition for money profit is intense, tending always to limit it for the producers of high efficiency and to destroy it altogether for producers of low efficiency.

In its mere economic aspect the case for self-containment on the farm has been distorted in a curious way. The table a farmer may provide for himself and his family—what is it worth in money? Always its money value is calculated at farm



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Van Heusen has brought men the happy combination of trim, clean-cut smartness and easy, unstarched comfort. It is unique—will not wilt or wrinkle, yet it never requires starch.

Get acquainted with Van Heusen. You, too, will acknowledge its superior correctness and comfort. It costs no more than ordinary collars—yet, measured in satisfaction, it is beyond price.

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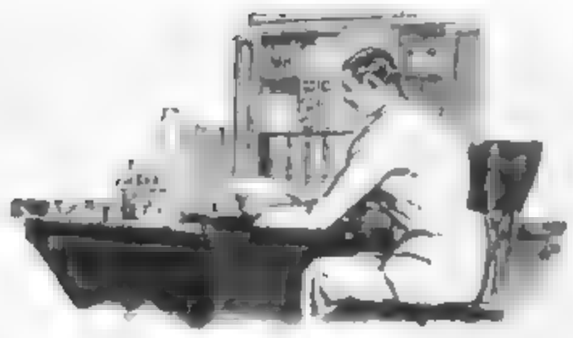

Five leading Philadelphia hospitals confirm the warning of doctors

Harsh toilet papers are dangerous

WHEN surgeons at five of Philadelphia's largest hospitals warn against unsafe toilet papers, you can be sure their words are supported by actual cases.

From their day to day experience they have learned that inferior toilet papers are only too frequently a menace in even the best homes.

At this moment, if you are in the habit of buying "just any" toilet paper you are taking chances with the health and comfort of your family.

In the words of these noted surgeons: "It is a fundamental principle to avoid the use of a coarse toilet paper."

Two tissues that satisfy hospital standards

Three qualities are essential, doctors agree: complete absorbency, special softness and chemical purity.

Naturally, you cannot make laboratory tests yourself to determine the safety of your toilet paper. But you can buy today two tissues scientists have tested and physicians have approved — ScotTissue and Waldorf.

Scott tissues are pre-eminently absorbent. The ordinary smooth-finished toilet paper, crumpled into a ball, will float in water many minutes. ScotTissue and Waldorf sink almost at once.

Ordinary toilet paper makes sharp, unpleasant and sometimes dangerous creases, no matter how thin it may be. ScotTissue and Waldorf are as soft and gentle as a silk handkerchief.

ScotTissue and Waldorf are neither alkaline nor acid. Every roll is pure. Each sheet tears evenly, economically. These tissues have all the qualities which make them especially suitable to be used by children and elderly people where gentle cleansing is most necessary.

Don't ask again for just toilet paper. Demand ScotTissue or Waldorf. Careful housewives are buying 107,000,000 rolls this year. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

3 *for* 20¢

2 *for* 25¢

Soft as old Linen
ScotTissue
The absorbent soft white Toilet paper
Scott Paper Company
Chester, Pa. U.S.A.
1000 SHEETS — 4½ X 5 INCHES

Waldorf—a bland, soft, inexpensive tissue. Any home can afford it.

ScotTissue—in rolls of 1000 sheets. Preferred by many women for its whiteness and cloth like softness.

Fit standard built-in fixtures. These prices for United States only.

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prices, as if the farmer were buying food from himself at what he could sell it for. The statisticians of the United States Department of Agriculture no doubt founded this method when they began to compare farm incomes and standards of living with urban incomes and standards of living. Now all statisticians do it.

But suppose the farmer goes with his family to the city. Will he buy food there at farm prices or at city prices? City prices are very much higher than farm prices. City food prices are farm prices plus all the intermediate profits and costs of distribution. Now why should the table a farm family may set for itself be valued at less than the same table would cost in the city? An egg, a chicken, a pound of butter, a potato, consumed on the farm table, has exactly the same food value as when it is consumed on the city table. Yet always this fact is ignored.

If it is the relative economics of urban and farm life you are comparing, then you should say either that the urban family's table would be much cheaper on the farm and therefore that much is to the disadvantage of a city income, or that the farm family's table would cost it much more in the city and therefore that much is to the advantage of farm income. Or putting it differently, you may say that the food products consumed by the farm family on its own table are the only products for which full city value is realized. Instead of selling this food at farm prices, they are eating it at what it would cost them if they were setting their table in the city.

At security and independence as values of life the statistician stops. These values cannot be expressed statistically. He must leave them out. But all that propaganda for farm relief in some shape of aid and subsidy by the Government does much more than leave them out. It supposes that agriculture may receive security from the Government, or from acts of benign legislation, without at the same time losing its independence.

This is the propaganda that says:

> The Government has guaranteed the railroads a profit; now let it guarantee agriculture a profit.

Or this from what is perhaps the most thoughtless and most widely read newspaper column in the country:

> If the railroads are not making money, the Interstate Commerce Commission fixes it so that they can make money. Farmers lack that advantage.

The Price Demanded

It is not true that the Government guarantees the railroads a profit, or that the Interstate Commerce Commission fixes it for them to make money. This is true: Through the Interstate Commerce Commission, and as much because farmers demanded it as for any other reason, the Government took absolute control of railroad rate making. Having undertaken to say what the railroads should charge, it was obliged then to determine how much they should charge. Thus there had to be a policy; and the policy is that freight rates shall be such as on the whole will enable the railroads to keep their properties in good repair and return a fair interest on the capital invested. At a rate that must be set for all alike, if it happens that one railroad earns more than the prescribed fair interest, the excess must be handed over to the Government. So far as the railroads are concerned, the benefit is a kind and degree of security they never before enjoyed. Another great panic of general insolvency, of which there have been two in the short history of railroads, now is impossible. If necessary the Interstate Commerce Commission would raise rates to prevent it, on the ground that a solvent transportation machine must be maintained as a matter of public policy.

The price of this security is a loss of independence. Formerly, if you had the money, or could borrow it, you were free to go out and build any kind of railroad, anywhere you might think to put it, and having built it, you could charge what you pleased to haul freight—a rate to move it, or what the traffic would bear, or enough less than your nearest competitor to ruin him. No such thing is any longer possible. You cannot build a new railroad or extend an old one or tie the ends of two tracks together without a certificate of permission from the Interstate Commerce Commission. Even though you may be able to show you have the money and that the railroad will pay, still you cannot build it if the Interstate Commerce Commission thinks it would increase competition excessively or hurt an existing line. And, moreover, a railroad in being cannot change one of its rates without consent of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It cannot cut its own rates—that is, it cannot sell transportation as cheaply as it may wish to sell it, if the Interstate Commerce Commission thinks that by doing so it will hurt something or somebody. Recently the transcontinental railroads were denied permission to cut their rates to meet the competition of the Panama Canal.

Sacrificing Independence

All this is to say that in exchange for security the railroads have delivered their independence, the very life of their industry, into the keeping of the Government. The Government not only says how much they shall charge and how much they may make; it also takes control of transportation as a commodity and sees that it shall not be produced in an excessively competitive manner.

Logically this must be so, for if the Government undertakes to control the price of a thing, it must control also the production of it. There is no other way.

By the same logic, the Government could not control the price of an agricultural product, or guarantee agriculture a profit, without also undertaking to control the production and limit the profit. Any scheme of government aid, however disguised, that made agriculture more profitable would very soon break down unless it provided also for government control of production.

With what result? You could not go on your own impulse and begin farming. You would have to get a certificate of permission, and then you would have to limit yourself by engagements. Or if you were already at farming, you could not sow and reap as you pleased. You would be held to so much of this and so much of that. There might be the blessing of security; it would involve the sacrifice of independence.

Practically any approach to agriculture by governmental agency, Federal or state, tends unfortunately to create habits of mental dependence. In the United States Department of Agriculture and in the state agricultural colleges there is an increasing body of activities that might be called, in general, farm-welfare work—home economics, how to cook, how to sew, how farm women dress, how they do or do not play, and how they should, vacation and recreational camps for farm women.

This is all very good. The cultural values of farm life tend thereby to be uplifted. Nevertheless there is a certain effect neither intended nor quite right. These professional farm-welfare workers naturally emphasize what is ugly, dreary and sad in farm life, with the worthy intent to create a sense of dissatisfaction that will cause the conditions to be acted upon. It will, of course, not occur to them to say that a great deal of life in the cities also is ugly, dreary and sad. If they said this they would weaken their own effect. The impressions they leave in the agricultural mind, therefore, are—first, that urban conditions are somehow better and more glamorous than these; and secondly, that in its anxiety to uplift the rural life the Government has a paternal obligation to discharge.

There has been a tremendous effort to bring urban values to rural life—to make farm homes like city homes, to make rural education like urban education, and so on.

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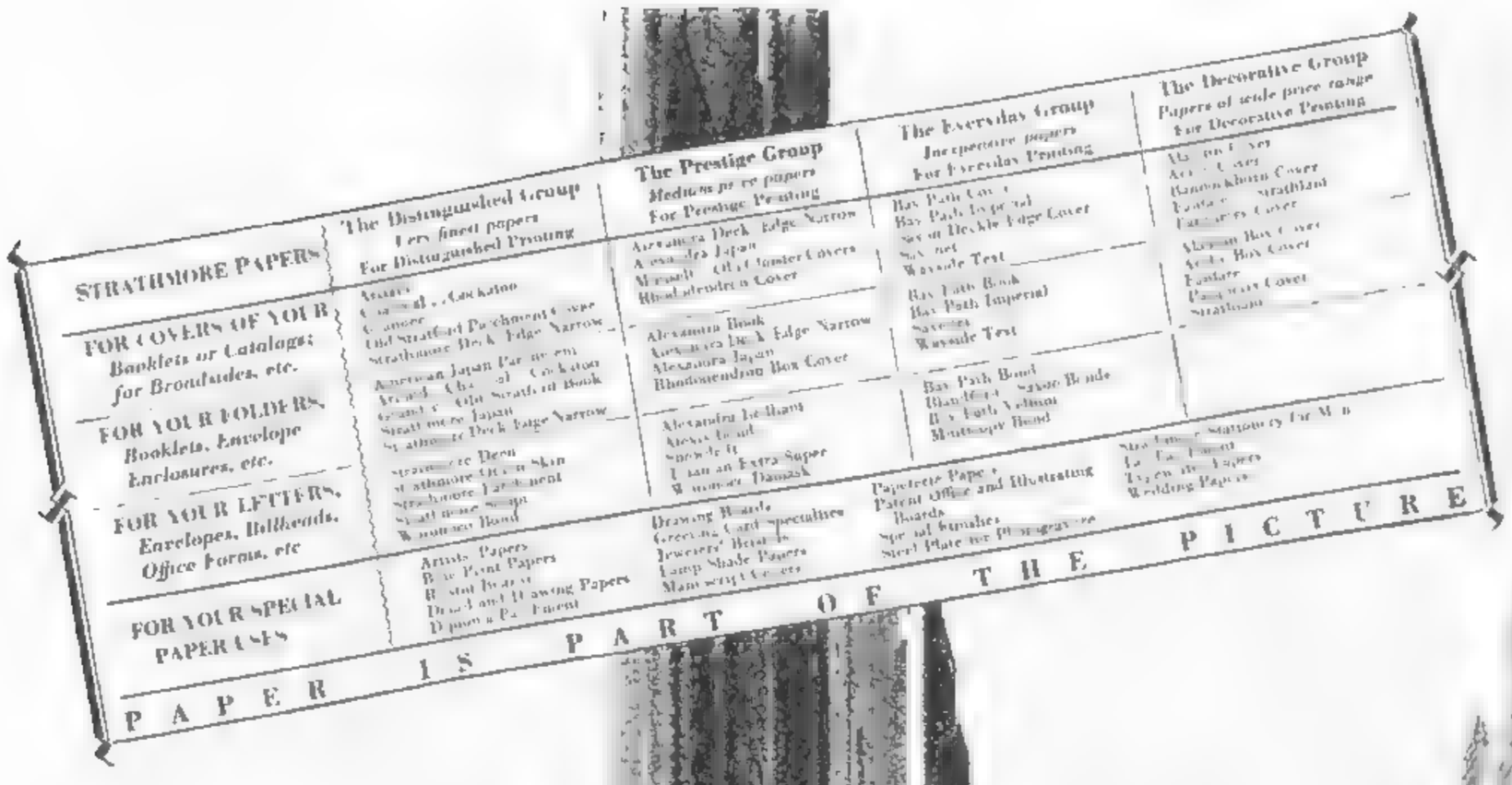

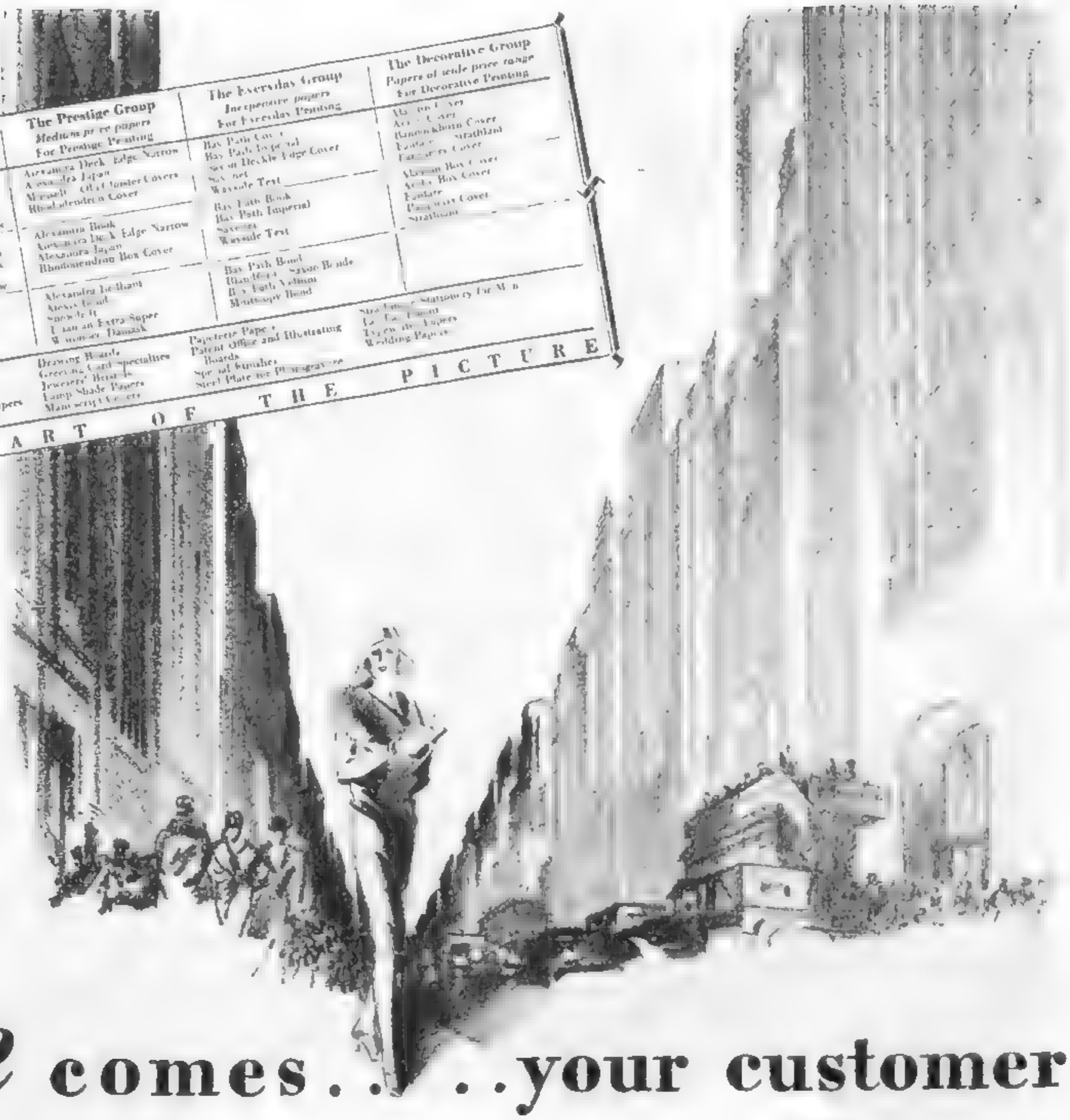

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That isn't enough. For, before a mailing can produce a sale it must attract favorable attention. It must be *good enough* to influence and sell the prospect.

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To the man who has located beyond the city water mains that his family might have "room to really live"—

It costs so little to give them the conveniences of running water. Fairbanks-Morse volume production and world-wide sales have placed within the reach of every family, a complete, self-contained, automatic water system at an unparalleled low price. This compact little unit will deliver 210 gallons per hour to kitchen, bathroom or laundry—any place in the house and its surroundings where water is needed.

Think what it means to your family. Running water at a turn of the hand! Low price. Easy terms. Just use the coupon for full details.

There is an F M Water System to meet every requirement. The plant shown below can be furnished in either 210 or 420 gal. per hour capacity and is designed for service where the source of water supply is not more than 22 feet beneath the unit. It is completely enclosed, safe, and finished in attractive blue lacquer.

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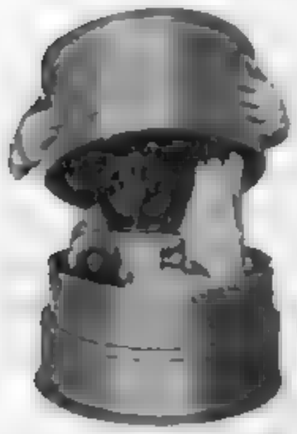

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Send your FREE Home Water Service Book and Special Circular giving full details about the New F M Home Electric Water System.

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Town County State

My source of water supply is
—Lake —Spring —Stream
—Deep Well —Shallow Well —Cistern

(Continued from Page 82)

It may turn out to be wrong. However that may be, constant emphasis upon the superiority of urban life is certainly wrong. There is wisdom in that old Minnesota leader of boy and girl farm clubs who, when he takes his youngsters to Chicago for the spree they have earned by winning all the county-fair and cattle-show prizes, takes them to see industrial plants where boys and girls of their own like and age are performing monotonous machine tasks, and to the stockyards, and then to see how people live by thousands on one acre of ground in vertical houses.

Someone says to him, "Why do you take them to see such things? They want to see the grand sights."

He answers, "I want them to see what life is like in a city." And having seen what it is like, they are glad to get home.

Misguided Beneficence

That agriculture should rely upon the Government for statistical information of world, national and regional conditions, and for authentic news of economic events, of discovery and change, is quite natural. For this service there is needed a machinery that farmers could not well invent for themselves. That it should rely on governmental agencies, both Federal and state, for scientific research also is natural. Such work may be regarded as a proper extension of the American theory of free education. And it is clearly productive of benefit to the whole population. Nor is it unwise that agriculture should expect the Government to analyze and define its great economic problems, and then, with these problems clearly in view, formulate a national agricultural policy under which the individual farmer may administer his own affairs to better advantage. A national agricultural policy might go very far in the way of assisting agriculture to set up economic institutions of its own, comparable in principle to many of the organizations that belong to modern business, and still not touch the freedom and independence of agriculture.

But without any agricultural policy whatever, merely with the idea, wherever it might happen to rise, of doing something for agriculture, the Government has interfered with it deeply, touching its physical state, its methods and its ways of thinking. And much more than it knows, agriculture has thereby been injured.

The movement of population from the farm to the city was inevitable in the nature of change, as everyone now can see. The productive power per man on the soil had been so increased that fewer and fewer people were needed to produce the nation's food supply. But when this movement, beginning of itself, had run only a little way, the Government undertook to resist it. All that it could see was a decline of agriculture. Every man who left the farm was counted, and the annual number of him was a measure of the decline in agriculture and therefore a national calamity. What was the remedy? To make agriculture more attractive and more profitable so that people would stay on the farm, no one ever asking whether they were needed on the farm.

And a specific remedy—now in retrospect so fantastic as to seem incredible—was with public money to create in salubrious Western climates beautiful irrigated areas and turn people back to the land by allurement. These reclamation projects were represented to settlers with a romantic literature and a power of pictorial artistry that were the despair of the private land-development companies.

The history of these projects is sad. The people were not needed on the land. The country did not require their production. The facts now are admitted. Says the Secretary of Agriculture, annual report, 1927:

> In recent years it has been proposed to extend the federal reclamation policy to humid areas of the country, particularly in the Southern states. . . . Federal activity in the promotion of farm-land expansion seems particularly unwise when we reflect that a number of Federal reclamation projects are suffering seriously from depression. On these projects large numbers of farmers have been in serious arrears with their payments. Moreover, the land in them is far from being fully utilized.

The settlers on reclamation projects, superfluous to agriculture, are not so unreasonable when they say to the Government, "You got us here; now what are you going to do about it?" The Government cannot move them off if they do not pay their water rents; it cannot make them pay. It has no choice but to treat them in a paternalistic manner, as wards.

The Government had a reclamation policy and mistook it for an agricultural policy.

In a very different way, and with deeper consequences, the promulgation of ideas was mistaken for policy.

The basic factors in farming, as in any other business, are these three: Cost, production, price.

For years the United States Department of Agriculture and the state agricultural colleges generally—that is to say, the whole Government as it touches agriculture—have been obsessed with two of these factors. The two that obsessed them were production and price. Increase of production was supposed to reduce cost. So it may; then again it may not. That depends on how you do it. Simply to emphasize increase of production with the assumption that cost will fall is to ignore the most important basic factor. That is cost itself. Yet this all governmental agencies did.

Ignoring the Factor of Cost

With the knowledge provided for that purpose, production did wonderfully increase. But as it increased, the problem of price became more and more important, owing to the surplus of production; and from wrestling with this problem of price came a bias of mind in the bureaus of agriculture toward some kind of governmental interference in the field of prices. This bias now is very common in both Federal and state bureaus and is naturally bound to affect a farmer's way of thinking. It is not without justification that the farmer says to the Government: "You got us into this big production. Here is the surplus. There is the price. What are you going to do about it?"

There could be no other sequel to years of systematic education that had emphasized production and price and had neglected the factor of cost. It is known as an elementary fact that from six to eight-tenths of the total cost of producing a crop is the labor and power cost. Yet it is fair to say that of the total effort of education expended upon agriculture by governmental agencies—all telling the farmer what to do—less than 5 per cent has had any reference at all to this enormous factor of labor and power costs. In the Yearbook of Agriculture, United States Department of Agriculture, 1927, with 1212 pages of text and tables and 22 pages of index, you will find in the index nothing under the word "cost," only two references under the word "power," only four under the word "labor," and a hundred under the word "prices."

Look elsewhere for the ideas of power, cost, productivity, per hour of man labor, that are now causing a revolution in American agriculture at the top. They had all to be discovered in agriculture and demonstrated there with very little aid from the Government, and the governmental mind has been slow to regard them.

From the Business Viewpoint

Another effect of emphasizing production and prices with the cost factor in neglect was to turn the idea of coöperation upside down. The governmental literature on this subject is enormous. But it is mainly concerned with coöperation as a means whereby prices may be controlled or improved. Coöperative action as a means to control and reduce costs has been much less regarded. Yet that is where coöperation should naturally begin, for there it is simple and its benefits immediate. That is where it acts in Old Dutchland.

Spray rings, equipment jointly owned, buying rings for seed and fertilizer and chemicals—almost the last thing they think of is coöperative selling.

In the elaborate scheme of agricultural education carried on these last twenty years by Federal and state agencies, there has been one ruling thought. That thought has been to uphold the inefficient farmer and save him on the soil. Well, he has been filled with self-commiseration—and he is not saved.

As one might guess, there now appears in agriculture a cynical feeling about the Government, its wisdom, even its intentions. And at the same time the thought rises of turning to business for aid and solutions. Business always knows what to do for itself, says the farmer. Why can't it tell agriculture what to do?

It could. But when the business mentality comes to look at agriculture, it proposes at once to rationalize it in a sweeping manner. The most pretentious survey of that kind so far made is a book entitled The Condition of Agriculture in the United States and Measures for its Improvement, by the Business Men's Commission on Agriculture, appointed jointly by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the National Industrial Conference Board, Inc. Well, what therein is found to be proposed, among other things, is a National Agricultural Foundation, which would classify the land to begin with, then depopulate that which is deemed submarginal, move the people to better land, arrange them in closer settlements and put their work under scientific supervision.

"A truly prosperous and contented agriculture," it says, "can, in many sections at any rate, be built up only on a basis of community organization with responsible direction." Then it quotes the words of Prof. R. T. Ely: "We have one general problem of modern democracy, and that is to enable the average man—and, indeed, the man below the average—to avail himself of the greater brain power of the relatively few superior men in the country."

It might work. By putting itself in the hands of business, agriculture might come to security. But what would become of its ancient freedom and independence?

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Garrett.

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Giving more than ever for the same low price

The minute you see today's Pontiac Six . . . the minute you take the wheel, you realize that Oakland's policy of progress has *again* produced a finer automobile—has *again* established a higher standard of value in the field of low-priced sixes! For although today's Pontiac Six outshines even its famous predecessors in power, speed, economy and smartness . . . although it incorporates important advancements in design, it still sells for the same low price!

A new and larger carburetor . . . new improved manifolding . . . smaller, sturdier 10-spoke wheels and larger tires . . . increased gear ratio—such are the sources of greater power, higher speeds and more intriguing smartness. Such are the additions to an already impressive array of features typified by Fisher body . . . the G-M-R cylinder head, the cross-flow radiator and the advantages of super-precision construction in the world's most modern automobile plant. Visit your Oakland-Pontiac dealer today. Learn the new measure of value that is winning still greater success for an already successful six!

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OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

PONTIAC SIX

-a Successful Six
now winning Even Greater Success

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

FOR GOOD OLD TOWLE

(Continued from Page 21)

Well, I know him straight off, and it is old Sam Bowman, but I want my boys to know him, too, and see who is with us today.

Patsy Finn is there, and I say to him, "Patsy, who is this plump bird? He seems to be the yes man up at the Polo Grounds."

Patsy lines him up and says, "Nat, according to me, this is Sam Bowman, the old Giant catcher who is now in the box office."

"You're on the gate," I says to Patsy, and I bust out and grab this Sam Bowman. "Hello, Sam," I says. "Meet Nat Strohm, the manager."

"Hello, Nat," he says, seeing he is discovered.

I knew what he was after in Kit Carson's Park. When the Giants come up from the South, and before their opening game, they play one or two on the lots and pick up some change and get the charleys out of their legs. Well, the Emeralds generally get them, or the Metropolitans, because they got big parks. One of them games is worth upwards of three or four thousand berries, and that's some gate to cut, and I write every year, challenging them for Kit Carson's Park, and they never give me a tumble. So, seeing this bird giving away the Polo Grounds piecemeal for the grand opener, I figured he was there to give us the up and down, and wouldn't you?

"This will give you an idea," I says, turning him to look at the New Havens' stand. "Try and imagine it is only Wednesday yet, Sam. Give us a bright Sunday and we can get six thousand dollars into Kit Carson's Park."

"But it would have to be in large bills, Nat," he says. "Well, here's my station." And he turns into the New Havens' stand. I go on to see my boys. They are all sitting against the Towle grand stand like a group of crap players waiting for the wagon, and all they do is chew their tobacco and think, and that is not college spirit.

"Listen," I says. "Turn over or you'll get bedsores. Do you know who is up in that grand stand? It is a scout from the Polo Grounds, and he is here to look you over and see what you got."

"What did he lose?" growls Dutch Krebs. "He ain't going to search me without a warrant. That's the law."

"Never mind," I says. "He wants to see if you bums can play ball. He don't want to send the Giants against a lot of bums, does he? So get out there and show something, understand?"

The New Havens come in and my boys go out and throw the ball around. So I give my ump the signal to go in there and do his duty, and he ambles behind Patsy and bawls "Play!"

I am starting George Cash; as a rule, I hold Rim Rock back for the wrecker. That is good strategy, because if my ump got good control George will be invincible; and if my ump has a bad day, then Rim Rock can always roll them down the groove.

But he was in great form. "Strike!" he says, before George is out of his wind-up. And it was a strike, too—right over the pan—and I can hear the New Haven stand giving my ump credit and wondering how he knew so quick.

The New Havens' leader is named Harrigan; he is batting left-handed and he is built very close to the ground, so he is a hard man to pitch to, and he is going to make my boy George work. "Strike!" says my ump.

Well, I had to look away that time. It was rather bad. But I had nothing to say. That is how I am; I give a man a job to do and all I ask is results. The New Haven leader steps out of the box and looks gently at my ump, and steps back in again like a little man, and never a word. And he hauls off and slaps the next one, even if he had to jump for it. It goes over Saugerties and down into left field, and Harrigan shoots down to first and halfway to second before Happy Malane heads him off. So there is a man on and nobody out.

The New Havens thought it was great and they give their cry. Good old Towle come back at them with: "Next! Next!"

Well, when a man is on first in them days, he got a good chance to go down, because Patsy is not got as much snap in his whip as he had once, and he has got to take a run and throw, and no catcher can run as fast as he can throw. That's been tried. So when Harrigan goes down, Patsy does not try to nail him, but only heaves the ball over my boy Fitter's head that I got on second, and Dutch Krebs comes in from center and takes the throw. But this boy Harrigan is not so dumb as that and he looks where that ball is going before galloping madly onward. So he is on second.

There is a party named Rogers taking up the quarrel for the New Havens and picking out his home-run bat. Well, my boy Cash is warming up, and he bends one. It is an out-drop, which is every pitcher's favorite curve, just like the high shoot is his favorite for a fast ball. George had a very pretty out-drop, on account of his second finger being broke; and since he is only beginning to operate on this Rogers party he can throw one away, and he starts this one in the groove. It rolls down the groove while Rogers is bracing to knock it back again, and then it swings away toward the New Haven stand. Well, it will be a ball, unless my ump can do something about it, but Rogers is not taking any chance of being left high and dry by my ump, and he lets go at it. He gets it with the tip of the bat and breaks the bat, and the ball loafs over toward first base. Patsy and my ump light out after it, and Patsy gets it first and shoots it down, but it is no go and it is not even close. So there is a man on first and Harrigan on third. And up steps the New Havens' clean-up man. Third up; if that man can't hit we're playing nine bums.

Farragut up. My ump remembers his stuff and goes out behind George to watch the bases, and have no arguments over if he could see the play. It always makes arguments if the ump is looking the other way and calls a man out, specially if it is very rotten.

My boy George puts over a wide one to give Patsy a chance to do his stuff. Farragut takes a slow sweep at it, wasting a strike to throw Patsy off. Patsy steps out, grabs the throw, takes a running jump and starts the heave down to second to head off Rogers, who is galloping that way. But Patsy don't go through it. When the ball is already passing his ear, he turns and whips it down to third. Now that is something you don't learn to do the first time you play baseball, or maybe even that week. You just got to know where them bags are tied, because you are pegging in the dark. Down goes the ball, and friend Harrigan ten foot off the bag and legging for home. He is caught standing up, and I got to give my ump credit for one of the best decisions I ever see in baseball. A beautiful throw; right on the bag and a foot high. "You're out!"

Say, folks, right then and there these college patrons tipped their mitt, if I was wise. The New Haven stand comes up for the play! Can you imagine? Yep, Patsy hears the yell, and he ducks, thinking it is a bottle, but it is not. It is a cheer.

But there is this Farragut to do something about, and he has got two more swipes. My boy George sees he is feeling bad about Harrigan and wants excitement. He is being whooped on by his folks and he is bending his right knee for just one real good sork. So George floats one, like he would throw a mushmelon, with all his hand around the ball and a strong shove, and let it go. I can see it coming all the way, and it is getting bigger and bigger, and by the time it gets up to Farragut it is as big as a ham. Farragut is caught off his guard and he starts several swipes at it, and has then got to wait until it comes a little closer. You know, when you're batting a ball you got to get the time and you got to be screwed up just as tight as the pitcher. Suppose he is bending them—you got to be all set to snap, don't you? You only got that split second to start your punch—when the ball begins to bend—and that ain't more than ten feet away; and it is only so much worse with a shoot that turns over as quick as you can turn your hand. But if you just been looking over speed and are all screwed up for more and not keeping your head cool, you are a sucker for the old change of pace—see what I mean?

Well, this Farragut is no sucker, but he is off balance, and when he begins to sock for real he is still a little ahead of the proceedings. He turns it down along the third-base line and it goes like a tin can and Fido's tail. And where was my boy Saugerties? Not where he belonged. With a man on second and nobody on third, he had a right to be playing the ordinary deep field and he could still cover the bag for a throw if the short took the hit. But he is right there within a jump of the line and up with the bag, and this terrific slap is on him before he can cry help. It knocks him for a loop, but he hangs onto it and comes up to the surface again right behind Rogers. Rogers sees how things are and turns back, and Saugerties could have put the bee on him then and there, but he got to wait for orders till Patsy yells, "Second!" He lobs it over then, and Fitter grabs it and runs Rogers down in a straightaway—something like Whoozis tried to do to Eddie Collins in that World's Series, but didn't quite catch up. And that was three out.

So I look up in the New Haven stand and I catch my friend Sam's eye. He never grabbed a base runner neater in his life.

"You are got some ball players there, Mr. Strohm," says this boy Sands.

"Give them time," I says, passing it off. "The college is only just found and some of the students are not very high up in the branches yet."

"What is this youth learning about?" he says, meaning Patsy.

"Student Finn," I says, "is taking after the high mathematics, and he is already over a hundred."

"Really?" says Sands. "He don't look a day over sixty. Well, I have heard some complaints in my days about colleges hiring ball players, but this is the first time I hear of ball players hiring a college. I see where we are not going to use our second string. To be quite frank with you, I did not hear of your college before, but the boys all voted to lose another day from their studies and let the grinds do their dirty work."

I am looking over the New Haven pitcher, and he is nothing but a great big boy and full of innocent fun. If he is pitching ball five years, he started before he got his working papers. You know him; it is Chet Coogan, the same boy that was give his unconditional release by the Yanks to Boston last year for only a hundred thousand dollars, but, as the case is, he does not get on with the Yanks till he graduates from New Haven that June, so he is still not got much experience this Wednesday that he works against my boys down at Kit Carson's Park. All he got is smoke and control and a break on his round ball and a pretty good shoot. But he is a left-hander, and a left-hander with a pretty good shoot is a pest. A shoot is always smoky, and when it comes raging along the alley and pointing right at a batter's neck, the batter is liable to give ground, specially if it is a fake spitter, because nobody knows what way a spitter will turn. And then the shoot dives merrily across the plate.

So Coogan feeds my boy Dutch two of these shoots, and "Ball Two!" proclaims my ump.

Well, I do not have a grand stand behind the plate, because that gets patrons arguing strikes and balls, and as I often say to patrons: "Who is paying this ump—you or me?" But Farragut is catching Coogan, and he gets pettish and turns on my ump.

"Young fellow," says my ump, "I called strikes and balls behind the home plate at the Polo Grounds for five years and never missed one yet. Play ball!"

"Well, you didn't miss these either," says Farragut, dusting off the rubber with his cap, "if that's what you're going by. Because they was certainly nowheres near the home plate at the Polo Grounds."

Well, my ump wants to do the right thing by everybody, so he splits the next four pegs fifty-fifty—two balls and two strikes—and my boy Dutch takes his base.

Fitter up. He lays down as pretty a bunt as you want to see, and if Coogan's throw beats him to the bag, it wasn't by enough to mention. So there is two on and Patsy Finn picking out a club.

Well, I guess you notice in your time that a catcher can always hit, just like a pitcher can't. There was a pitcher once named Ruth that turned out to be not such a slob with the stick, but where are the others? And that is because a pitcher always sees the ball going away from him and a catcher sees it coming. Well, in fact, a pitcher is the one man that don't see the ball travel at all. When he makes his peg, his head is pressed against his shoulder and he is sighting along his arm, down a straight line, and he sees the ball hanging in the air before the plate. Well, it don't hang when he is up there to hit, see? But a catcher is watching it all the way. Patsy could hit. You can say it again—he could hit. He could certainly pickle speed. I don't doubt he near broke up the league down in Sarasota, because in the spring that is all a sensible pitcher will use, as it is easy on the arm, and if he bends one he will pull something. But Patsy could not hit a round ball with the backstop, unless he knew it was coming; and Jaspar has not yet come in with the signals, though he is supposed to be out there behind the sign with a spyglass when my boys are at bat.

"Strike one!" says my ump, while Patsy gives a groan and unties himself out of a knot. Well, that is fair enough, because Patsy certainly swiped at that ball.

He loses another in helping Fitter down, and then Coogan has him two and nothing, and decides he will pass him out quick. Farragut was right; I see him noing Coogan—meaning keep out of the groove and pitch to Patsy—but Coogan is young and ambitious and got great faith in smoke, and he lays back and drives it down and over.

Bang! Oh, my. Right on the old fuse.

Patsy socked that ball with all he had, or could beg or borrow; one of them screamers that climbs. It crosses West End Avenue and it is only beginning to pick up, and I got to reconcile my conscience with losing eighty-five cents.

Patsy's props are not so good, and it looks like he will have to call a cab if he is to get home that night, but being that nobody is hurrying him, he sticks it and crosses the rubber under his own power. And that is three for us—three to nothing.

Did good old Towle come up for him? Listen:

Massage the pan, the pan, the pan;
Something on the hair!
Shine!
Shine 'em up and manicure and
Sit up in the chair!
Brush!
Don't forget the barber. Don't forget the barber.
Don't forget the bah-bah-bah-bah—bah-ber!
Next!

I guess that was poor, hey? Don't forget the barber—oh, my. You could hear them two hundred old grads, what I mean.

Well, I see where my boys can take these New Havens, and with my ump playing his usual game, they are not a twenty-to-one shot. But they probably do not know

(Continued on Page 91)

Who ever heard of starting a fire with a flashlight!

NO ONE, of course. A flashlight is made for *light*. *Matches* were created for fire. People who strike matches to peer dimly into dark places court the tragedy and disaster that can exist in the tiniest open flame.

Use fire to serve you with *heat*. When you want to *see*, save yourself time and trouble and possible tragedy with the bright, helpful light of a good flashlight. *Don't*, for safety's sake, risk an open flame around inflammables in closet, basement or attic.

Stay out of danger when you can. Have an Eveready Flashlight handy. Then you'll have light, *real* light—a big, clear circle of it—ready right under your thumb. Ever-ready and ever-reliable and *always* safe. Better light, surer light, more helpful light without the ugly menace of fire.

Make fire-prevention week last throughout the year

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

-they last longer

The flashlight habit has saved countless calamities by bringing safe, inexpensive, instantly usable light into the house. Join the national movement to prevent the terrible loss of life and property by fire. Keep *your* home and family safe. Have Eveready Flashlights handy, upstairs and down.

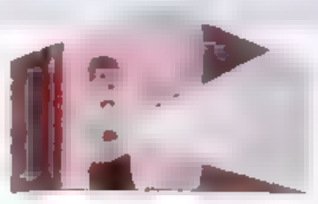
A genuine Eveready Flashlight complete with batteries costs as little as a dollar. Other models at other prices. All types, all ranges, every one built with the famous Eveready features. Become a flashlighteer today and keep your flashlights at their best with the most dependable and longest-lasting of batteries—Eveready Batteries.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

No match for this situation

I smelled gas the minute I opened the garage door. Yes, the floor under the engine was wet. Certainly no place for an open flame—but perfectly safe with my Eveready. Right off, that flashlight spotted a loose connection in the gas-line to the carburetor. A minute's work made everything tight and tidy again.

Just another reason for the flashlight habit around a car. Be ready with an Eveready. And put *this* down for reference: You can't get anything more out of a flashlight in *light* than you put into it in *batteries*. Load up with Eveready Batteries. They just *naturally* outlive the ordinary kind. It's the way they're built. You'll find they fit any flashlight, but they're oversize in service. Insist on Eveready Batteries.



Sonny & Co., lightmakers

The "& Co." is an Eveready Flashlight. We gave Sonny the flashlight for his birthday and he's never had anything so useful, or so full of magical possibilities. Just touch the switch and a stream of daylight pours down the darkest stairway. And his Eveready goes along with him to bed—a bright defender against the bogey-man. Thank goodness, that flashlight has taken away all temptation to play with fire too.

We have the flashlight habit ourselves. We don't believe in risking fire when a flashlight is so much better and safer. *We're* found, too, that the most essential thing about a flashlight is a good battery. Insist on having genuine Eveready Batteries for your flashlights, as a guarantee of dependable light and long service.

Where did I put that . . . ?

Where *did* you put that gadget, thingamabob or whatsit that you saved for just such an occasion as this? Closets will have to be searched, the basement looked into, and you may even desperately ransack the attic. *Use a good flashlight.* Don't trust matches in dry, dusty places. One careless spark may burn you out. Look safely with your Eveready.

Get the flashlight habit when there are things to be found. And learn your batteries! Eveready Batteries carry a bigger load of daylight—they're built *to last*. They come through with service—*real* service. The longest-lasting batteries that ever filled a flashlight—Eveready. The battery *makes* a flashlight. Make yours the help it ought to be. Keep it loaded with genuine Eveready.

If I had a workshop

Out in the garage, in the attic or downstairs somewhere, I'd have a couple flashlights handy there. Ready for the times when you need an extra-bright eye of light to help out. I'd have them, too, as a fire-prevention measure. Oil, waste and those odds and ends that always collect don't need much encouragement to cause a serious fire. Give *me* Eveready Flashlights and safety.

The flashlight habit will see you safely through many a dark situation. Get an Eveready today and promise yourself to use none but the very best of batteries in it. They're Eveready Batteries, of course. The kind that lasts so long. Extra good. Packed with a BIG load of light. Always dependable, never-fail Eveready. Remember them when you reload.

TEXACO

Stamina; vigor; capacity to endure strain; power of resistance; staying power;—these are the qualities that are as characteristic of Texaco Motor Oil as its own unmistakable clean, clear, golden color. *There is a difference in motor oils.*

STAMINA is just another word for "BODY"

No oil will stand up mile after mile unless it has body. And today, more than ever, this resisting quality is vital. Texaco Golden has it.

For Texaco is a modern motor oil, a motor oil with the sturdier heat-resisting body demanded by present-day motoring. Each grade is scientifically produced to meet the requirements of "wide-open" engine operation. Of clean, clear, golden purity—without trace of non-lubricating substance, Texaco is all OIL. It "stands up" under hour-after-hour punishment.

High compression engines, with their faster "turnover," their fiercer heat and heightened pressures, improve in efficiency when Texaco Golden Motor Oil is used. And fortunately enough, with older engines, even when operated continuously at high speeds, Texaco is again the perfect lubricant.

Stop today at the nearest Texaco Red Star with the Green T. Ask for Texaco Golden Motor Oil. Drain and refill the crankcase. Enjoy the pleasure of perfect autumn motoring.

FULL BODY

IN ALL GRADES

TEXACO
GOLDEN
MOTOR OIL

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

Now - two new Electric Cleaners

1/3 and 2/5 smaller than the famous Premier Duplex to fit your purse and purpose

Backed by a liberal guarantee and world-wide reputation, the Premier Family offers you precisely the kind of cleaner you want at the price you wish to pay. For, in addition to the famous Premier Duplex, you now have your choice of the Premier Junior and the Premier Pic-Up. All three have double action—a powerful motor-driven brush and amazing super-suction. Both brush and motor are mounted in ball bearings and never need oiling. Each Premier Electric Cleaner is scientifically designed to meet the specific requirements of every cleaning need. Ask the nearest Authorized Dealer to demonstrate the superiority of the Premier Family in your own home. See all of these models in action and decide which will serve you best. Then you may easily own the one you select on most convenient terms.

$40

$20

$60

Prices slightly higher on Pacific Coast and in Canada

PREMIER DUPLEX

Unsurpassed for the efficiency of its performance, the famous Premier Duplex is giving daily satisfaction in hundreds of thousands of homes. Its double action of motor-driven brush and powerful super-suction loosens and removes all the dirt and actually cuts cleaning time in half. Neither motor nor brush ever requires oiling.

PREMIER JUNIOR

Especially built for smaller homes, apartments and bungalows. Exactly like the Premier Duplex in quality and efficiency but 2/3 its size and 2/3 its price. A complete set of attachments is furnished free.

PREMIER PIC-UP

The light, efficient cleaner is as easy to operate as an electric iron. Just 1/3 the size and 1/3 the price of the Premier Duplex, it has the same motor-driven brush and super-suction. It fills the long-felt want for a machine that will clean stair carpets, automobile and other upholstery, clothing, mattresses and draperies. Equipped with three-foot extension handle for use in cleaning moldings and rugs and carpets.

The Premier Family

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. 510, Cleveland, Ohio

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by the Premier Service Company, with branches in all leading cities. ¶ Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto. ¶ Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 86)

it, see? They are full of college spirit, the way I figure them. And that is what comes to me when this boy Sands gives us the laugh about being barbers. What I hear, these college chaps are full of sporting blood.

So I go out and find my man Jaspar asleep under the sign in left field. My fault, folks; I give him a dollar only the Sunday before, against my own best judgment, and he has been rioting and dissipating over at the Dutchman's.

So I rouse him up and say, "Go out to the hydrant and soak your head and go to work."

"Work?" he says, sitting up and gaping. "What, already? Gosh, but this week went fast."

I am going to use him to get down a few bets. Naturally, folks, I can't put down my own bets, because if I go around and try to inveigle the people, they will remember it is my ump out there, and they will say "I guess you know something." But an innocent bystander like my man Jaspar can get a play from these college sports, and when he has got them dated up I can go and slip him the kale on the quiet to cover. And then I will tell my ump to cut loose.

So I say to him, "Drift over there and canvass them old grads for loose change. And meanwhile we will make the market for you, and let these New Havens come up with us neck and neck. Two hundred and fifty merrymakers on us to win, or any part of it. And if you do good, Jaspar, don't hesitate to call on me for any sum for yourself up to half a dollar."

Why not pick up some easy money—am I right? I am not a gambling man, but this is no gamble. A man that wouldn't bet on this wouldn't bet on sunset. The worst can happen, if everything goes sour, is for my ump to forfeit the game to us, nine to nothing, and then I will come through like a sport and call all bets off.

I go back then to put my boys under a pull, and specially my ump, who is liable to grab the bit in his teeth and run away with the game all by himself. I got to build trust and confidence.

Well, my boys are doing nicely while I am out in the open country with Jaspar. After Patsy gets his long hit, they go out one, two and three, so I just got to go behind Patsy and tell him to keep up the good work, with a word of advice to my ump. And then I go down to the gate and bag the quarters and lug them over to the Dutchman's to swap for ten-dollar notes. Some Wednesday is right; I have two hundred and eighty-three dollars, and there is a living wage in that for me, even if I change my mind and give Towle back the hundred and a quarter he puts up for a guaranty. I think I will give him the twenty-five and promise him the hundred, and if he wants more than that he is a hog.

When I get back to my park it is the fifth inning and the score is three and three. I see where my boys got the situation well in hand and can let the New Havens catch up to them without the least trouble. So I look around for Jaspar to let him do his stuff. I see him working through the New Haven stand, but those tight old grads are all noing him.

This boy Coogan is working pretty. He got good confidence in my ump for the time being and he is showing his stuff. I see him fan my boy Saugerties as I come in, and that is something I don't see every Sunday. Saugerties can everlastingly play ball, what I mean—field, hit—if only he wasn't so dumb. He would be holding down the bad corner on a big-league outfit right then if he could multiply four by four and get better than twelve, or, at best, twelve and a half.

We go into the sixth. Happy and Dutch, and Klink in right, give an exhibition of picking long hits off the fence, and that makes three down, but if I did not give such instructions to make it look right, I would think George Cash was beginning to blow. And in our half my three boys go down without a spare. And maybe this boy Coogan is not using the old smoke screen. Say, when he pushes them, they roll right along. Fitter makes the second out, and George Cash the third. I do not mind about George, because everybody knows he is a professional club swinger, four times up in every game and always taking his daily dozen.

But I do not like Fitter's impersonation of a man striking out, and I say, "Fits, what is the idea of taking a swing at that wild pitch when it goes behind you? It don't look natural."

"Behind me, Nat?" he says. "So that's where it was. I missed it out in front, for a fact."

So then it is the lucky seventh, as the saying goes, and everybody stands up to see the fireworks. Well, it is an actual fact that there is generally business done in the seventh, and that is because the patrons look for it and the boys feel the pressure and get keyed up. I am thinking of calling the Missing Persons Bureau and sending out an alarm for my man Jaspar, when he pops up all by himself.

He pops up and he bawls, "Fifty dollars on us to win!"

He put it over good and everybody turns around. Well, that was fine; all except the fact that he is not over with us at all, but is over in the New Havens' stand. I see he has gummed up the play, and no help for it now. And a stout Italian grad in the Towle stand jumps up and hollers "Put up da mon!" And climbs down onto the field, pulling with both hands at his pants pocket.

And my prize thinker hollers again, "Fifty more on the old school!"

"Here comes your money, fellow!" yells another hair puller.

Now, there is something I don't figure on, or I could lay my jack different and clean up big. I don't figure that the real hot sports I got in my park are the old grads from Towle's. Take it by and large, these here tonsorial artists are the sportingest people we got in this country—am I right? There is the live money that is rearing to go, and not in the New Haven stand at all. But I am getting a wonderful break; I see right away that on account of Jaspar being in the New Haven stand when he gives his cry, they think he is betting New Haven money. Oh, my! All I got to do is tip my man Jaspar and cover his bets and then let the New Havens come through in a driving finish.

I am over there. I crowd up to Jaspar and slip him the roll and say, "Take these barbers, boy—take them!"

And then the barbers are all over him and I am sliding out quick. Well, it would not do to let them know they were laying against me, would it?

So I slide off and find Sam Bowman and take him by the ear and lead him away and say to him like this: "Sam, you're in the sporting game yourself, and you know something, don't you? Well, we are going to let one out of the bag. Grab yourself a barber. Get down a bet on the New Havens, quick. That is my money that is being bet against the barbers, see? You can see now that my boys are good enough to go against your Giants. Say, the only day we can't take these New Havens is the second Saturday of the week. Now we will send these barbers good. Get aboard!"

Because if there is to be a switch Sam Bowman got to know it, and not ask him to listen to an alibi later. I want that Giant game, see?

"Let me understand you," he says, marveling.

Some switch, but that's where the generalship shows. And I am back to my boys, but they are already taking the field and all I can get is my ump. But he is quite some team, and when I say "It's the New Havens," he is on like a shot.

First up is Rogers. My boy George flings one and it misses Rogers' shoe by bouncing off the plate, but Rogers takes a scoop at it for luck. And my ump cries "Ball one!" He certainly got my message, and he is showing results. If my boys want to put these New Havens out, they will have to call the fire department.

Well, my boys are not wise to what is wanted and they let out a wolfish cry. And even the New Havens' captain, who is Farragut, comes right out and says "Goodness me."

Well, there is much dissatisfaction. Then up rolls Sam Bowman, and he says, "That is the rawest thing I ever see on a ball field. If we don't shed this ump there won't be any more game here today."

"Maybe you would like to umpire this game yourself," says my ump.

"I will do that very thing, if agreeable to all hands," says Sam. "Give me your mask."

"Fine!" I says, coming forward. "Friends, this is Sam Bowman himself, and the old Giant catcher, and one of the squarest ball players that ever spiked a baseman. To satisfy everybody, he is going to ump for us today. How about it, Captain Farragut? How about it, Patsy?"

Because straight off I seen the play. Sam has the tip on the New Havens in time to get down his bet, and now he is going to make it look right. He is the boy will know how to do it. We will clean up and yet we will send everybody home happy.

"Play!" says Sam, looking over Patsy's shoulder.

Well, to show his good faith and that he could do it if he wanted, George winds up and rolls the next one down the groove, cutting the plate and belt-high, and as pretty a strike as ever I see, if it wasn't that Rogers notices it just in time and slams it into right field for two bases.

Farragut up. "All the time, George—all the time!" says Patsy, trying to hold my boy up. And what with people crowding around, and much interest, I do not get chance to shoot Patsy a wire.

"Strike one!" says Sam, the ump.

"Ball one!"

George don't seem to have much left out of what he started with. Farragut turns another one down the third line, and it wears whiskers, and it don't strike foul more than inches, and Rogers is tearing around third when Sam yells "Foul!"

Well, he didn't have to do that, the way I see it, but I feel he means for the best and wants to make everything look right, so I pass no remarks. And of course it pleases my boys. It don't make any difference anyway, because Farragut gets the next one right and slams it up against centerfield fence. He is on third when Fitter takes the throw-in.

Up comes Hancey, the left fielder. One—two—sock! Up against the old sign in his own lot. Two home now, and Hancey dancing on first.

Patsy straightens the crick out of his back and looks over to our dugout. "Hey, Rim!" he hollers. He wants the wrecker. Well, the Sunday before, Rim gives me an argument and wants to get paid for sitting on the bench, and I claim he ought to pay his quarter like the other patrons, and he gets pettish. So this Wednesday he just looked in the gate and seen George Cash and said he guessed he wouldn't come in this time and would take a day off and go see a ball game. So there is no Rim.

Getting no Rim, Patsy chucks the ball to third and Saugerties lobs it to Fitter, and my boys throw it around a while, giving George a chance to pull himself together and giving the New Havens time to lose their excitement, so as to break up their rally. Friend Sam got to holler "Play ball!" half a dozen times before they get what he means, and then they roll the ball to George.

"All the time, Georgie—all the time!" says Patsy, going back to work.

But George is through for the day and there is no hop on his fast ball at all; the New Haven boy sees it coming, takes a chew of tobacco and a running jump, and there is Dutch Krebs legging it for the fence again, and Hancey running for the water pail. Patsy kids him out of a few feet by slapping his glove and flashing a handkerchief, but the ball is only on its way, and Hancey picks up again and lams over with the New Havens' sixth run. Six to three and only the shank of the afternoon.

Well, they take four more before my boys cut them down, and then it is ten to three. And Chet Coogan is going like a house afire.

And it ends almost like that—fourteen to five, to be exact. But I am not so much interested in the game after this seventh inning, because I can see it is in the bag. And from where I sit I can see where I have doubled up on the day, taking the barbers for two hundred and fifty seeds. And that Giant game sewed up too? Oh, my!

But let me tell you what comes off in the beginning of the eighth. Folks, listen to me.

My man Jaspar has been saying to me, "Nat, is it all right about them bets?" Oh, how dumb. And I am shooing him away, because I wouldn't be seen talking to him. It don't look right. But after them seven New Haven runs come in, I just couldn't help saying to him in an uncompromising way, "Well, Jaspar, it looks pretty good for your half dollar."

"How is that, Nat?" he says. "I thought I would only get that half dollar if you won your bet."

"That's right," I says.

"Well," he says, "I don't understand much about this baseball game, Nat, but to me it don't look so good for us."

"For us?" I says, getting a wrong feeling.

"Yes, Nat," he says. "That is who I bet the money on, like you told me."

"What!" I says, letting my voice peal forth. "Ain't my money riding on the New Havens? Didn't I see them barbers after you and didn't I tell you to take their bets?"

"Why, yes," he says. "And I took their bets. But they were all wanting to bet on the New Havens."

Can you imagine? "You ignorant ignoramus," I says. And then, seeing everybody listening in, I says: "But I will settle with you later, Jaspar. Good-by for the present and take good care of yourself when we meet again." And I says to Sands, trying to save the pieces: "Well, son, your boys had a good day. But it will be different when we play a return on your home grounds in New Haven."

"Fine," he says, "and what college will you be playing for, Mr. Strohm?"

"Not for Towle's Barber College," says Towle in person, shaking his fist. "You cheap crook and double-crosser. I am through with you. Betting your money on the New Havens, was you? I heard you."

I turn to Sam Bowman and I says, "Sam, old-timer, you are a sporting man yourself and you know how this is. We wasn't trimmed on the level. Now, was we?"

"If you wasn't, Nat," he says, laughing merrily, "it must be I give you the worst of it, and I'll leave it to the boys. Much obliged for your tip on the New Havens, but I didn't take it." And he thinks a while, and he says, "The matter with you, Nat, is you tried to play Sunday ball on Wednesday."

So that's how I lost out with the college league. I was rooked, folks. Them barbers were true-blue at the cheering and giving cries, but when it came to betting their money they used their own judgment. And that is why I say, no more college ball for mine. Give me the game and the patrons I understand, and that understands me—the regular game and the regular patrons that you find down on the lots. Am I right?

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EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR

(Continued from Page 9)

"Well, don't say it as though a curate were something one thrust in the umbrella stand. Do you happen to remember his name?"

"Leech," Doug said.

"I thought so," Katherine cried. "I suspected that that talk about making the path smoother for those who are going to help indicated a pretty taste in young clerics on Aunt Genevieve's part, and this proves it. Do you know what's going to happen to the Medcraft jewels? The minute Mr. Leech wants a new chasuble or a clerestory window, Aunt Genevieve is going to race with them to the nearest pawnbroker's. And to make it just dandy with us, she gives us the treat of having him here for Easter dinner."

"Why, Aunt Genevieve is seventy-five years old if she's a day!" Doug protested.

"That's just the age when the cloth is most irresistible, and she's proved that she's susceptible to it."

"Well, do you want me to write her not to come?"

"Of course I don't. We'll manage somehow. I think it's bad discipline to show the children so baldly that I was only bluffing about their not seeing visitors, but I suppose everything has to yield to reasons of policy."

"That's throwing a nice load on my shoulders," Doug said. "Aren't you glad to have them have a chance to correct the impression they made?"

"They didn't make any impression whatever. I can't imagine what they could do to blast their way through the great layer of self-complacency with which Aunt Genevieve has surrounded herself."

"To put it briefly," Doug said, "I guess you don't think so much of my Aunt Genevieve."

"I'm sorry if it hurts your family pride," Katherine told him, "but I don't think much of anyone who ignores my children. It arouses the tigress in me. Besides, she patronizes me off the face of the earth and acts as though my only excuse for being was that I'd married the nephew of her bishop and a scion of the Medcrafts."

"In one way"—Doug brought up a tardy argument—"I think that Easter is a grand day for her to come. I've just been talking to the kids and they've been planning something for the afternoon which will be ideal."

"You mean the angel business? I'm not supposed to know about it, but Jenny had to confide in me in order to buy the materials. Do you really think that's a good entertainment for a bishop's lady? It seems to me a good deal of a busmen's holiday."

"After all, busmen's holidays are what busmen choose."

"But how about busmen's wives? The trouble is that if Aunt Genevieve happens not to choose, she just won't listen to our Easter angels, and that I won't stand for. Whether she's bored or not, she's got to sit through their performance and keep her mouth shut. I'm not going to have my wan little prima donnas robbed of their debuts."

"Something tells me that Sunday may be just a little trying," Doug said, with the helplessness of a man involved in a great feminine aversion.

Katherine and Doug were invited out for dinner and bridge on Saturday night.

"I don't want to be too late," Katherine said, before they left the house, "because we've got to fix the nests around the garden when we get back."

"Everything's all ready, is it?" Doug asked.

Katherine unlocked the door of her linen closet and showed him her secret purchases.

There was a peep-show Easter egg and an Easter lily apiece for the children, two plaster rabbits each, one on all fours, the other sitting up dangling its paws; two marzipan eggs topped with fat doves apparently in the midst of a protracted quarrel, two chocolate eggs, and a lot of pasteboard eggs which opened and held presents.

"I didn't want them to have too much this year," Katherine explained. "They're still under par nervously."

"I don't think that display is what you'd call stark or restrained," Doug laughed, "but what about real eggs dyed? It doesn't seem like Easter without those."

"That drawer is full of them," Katherine said. "I did them this afternoon while Jenny had the children out walking. Beautiful plain ones in all the pastel shades. Now is your fatherly heart set at rest, or do you want to stop at the five-and-ten-cent store?"

"The only thing that worries me now is the weather. It feels distinctly like rain."

"Then we'll have the nests in the house. Come on now, if you don't want to be late."

It did rain. They came back from the party in a downpour, and on entering the front door they found the house already teeming with rabbits' nests.

Unknown to Katherine, Jenny had been making preparations of her own, identical with hers except on a smaller scale, and with the additional difference that Jenny had felt that the real eggs dyed were made much more charming by the application of pictures of Mutt and Jeff and the Katzenjammer Kids by mysterious hot-cloth processes.

"I think you'll have to tell the children they've been visited by one of those rare flying rabbits," Doug said, when he saw the places to which Katherine was driven in making her nests.

"They know it's a magic rabbit," Katherine assured him. "But I can't feel that it's really nice for even a magic rabbit to be quite so prolific in one night. There must be at least sixty eggs in the house."

"If you count the little candy ones, there must be four hundred," Doug computed. "I only hope neither of you has found it necessary to plant any in my bed. I need my sleep, if I'm to help charm Aunt Genevieve."

"If only there aren't so many that the children get worn out," Katherine sighed. "Well, I can't hurt Jenny's feelings when she's been so darling."

"You might suppress some of your own offerings," Doug suggested.

"They're such cute things," Katherine said with a weak smile. "And they'll be finding them for days to come, anyway."

When Doug and Katherine came down to breakfast the next morning, however, almost every nest had yielded its secret, and the spoils lay on two card tables, while the two huntresses exhibited an ardor for the hunt still appallingly keen.

"I think," Kit Kat observed, "that I will put on my raincoat and my rubbers and go out in the garden and see if the rabbit didn't leave any eggs out there."

"In all that rain! A rabbit wouldn't even go out in a rain like that," Doug asseverated.

"But the rabbit must have had to go out in the rain to come here and leave the eggs."

"Daddy means she wouldn't have left her eggs out in all that rain," Katherine amended the statement.

"We want to go and look, anyway," Patty said.

"But I think you've got such lots of eggs. I never saw so many before."

Patty had taken up a habit of occasionally crooning a remark in a little singsong of her own. She did so now:

"There aren't as many as I expected, though."

"Maybe there are some in the house you haven't discovered," Katherine suggested; and by waiting until the children were searching distant corners, and then pilfering their tables to furnish new nests in the less obvious places, Doug and Katherine were able to make the original eggs fill in the time until 11:30.

Then Katherine, seeing that the egg game was up, made a proposal:

"Now suppose we get some big baskets and fill them with eggs and take them over to the Children's Home."

Kit Kat was enchanted. "That will be fun!" she said, making her mother glow with pride.

The morning had told on Patty. "No," she said, "I don't want to. They're my eggs."

"It will be fun," Kit Kat urged. "We'll put on our prettiest hats and coats and smile when we give out the eggs, and the poor children will think how nice we look. They'll think we're princesses."

Katherine the Great's pride died apoplectically. "Oh, Kit Kat!" she said. "You wouldn't do anything so horrid! If you're just looking for admiration, I'd rather have you keep the eggs. I wanted you to think of the poor children."

She then drew such a picture of the eggless Easter at the Children's Home that her daughters could hardly wait to alleviate the condition by running over and leaving the baskets at the door.

They got back just in time for luncheon, and after they had eaten, went to their naps.

"Remember, daddy is to wake us up and dress us," Patty directed her mother from her bed.

"All right," Katherine promised; "and now I'm going downstairs. I'm going to leave the door open so you won't have any excuse to pretend to be afraid, and I don't want any crying or calling from either of you. Remember, daddy and I are going to have guests."

"Who?" Kit Kat asked, to postpone going to sleep.

"Your Great-aunt Genevieve and a young man."

Patty sat bolt upright. "But I don't want guests!" she wailed.

"I'm sorry you aren't pleased," Katherine the Great said, "but they're coming and there's nothing to be done about it. In fact, there's the bell now. They'll be gone before it's time for your cake."

"But you promised we wouldn't have to see her again."

"That wasn't a promise," Katherine pointed out. "It was a threat."

Kit Kat made an effort to be helpful. "Listen, Patty," she said, "it will be somebody else to look at us."

Patty began to wail with more conviction.

"What's the matter?" Katherine asked her.

"Kit Kat told! She told the secret!"

"She didn't tell anything and I don't want one more sound from you, Patty. Now sleep tight."

As she descended the stairs, however, Katherine heard Patty saying to her sister, "You're a bad girl. You're a bad girl." It was an ominous sign.

Aunt Genevieve was in the living room with a sallow young man Katherine judged must be the crusader. Katherine couldn't help getting a little satisfaction out of Doug's evident discomfort in their presence.

"Well! So here you are!" Aunt Genevieve hailed her.

"I'm sorry not to have greeted you," Katherine told her, with a glance at her husband, "but I know Doug was glad to have had you to himself for a few minutes. He's been looking forward to this visit so much."

"This is Mr. Leech," Aunt Genevieve announced. "He's to begin here next month and I wanted him to meet some young people—jazzy young people. Isn't that what you call yourselves?"

"Well, I never have," Katherine observed, in the certainty of not being heard.

"Your set," Aunt Genevieve went on—"it's among your set that I hope he'll do some good."

Katherine cast Doug a glance which said, "That doesn't sound much as though the

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Medcraft jewels were headed in this direction." And dinner was announced.

"I've been proposing that Douglas take a Sunday-school class under Mr. Leech," Aunt Genevieve continued, as they moved out to the table.

"What did Doug say to that?" Katherine inquired.

"So far he's only hemmed and hawed, but I imagine that we can persuade him."

"I'm afraid you'll have a hard time squeezing eighteen holes into the parish house," Katherine murmured.

Aunt Genevieve heard that. "Golf!" she said. "So that's it! I wish the game had never been invented. You don't play it, do you, Mr. Leech?"

"I've tried it and found it very pleasant," Mr. Leech said, but in a tone which implied that he was one who could trust himself to take a thing or leave it alone.

That one effort at inclusion not having been entirely successful, Aunt Genevieve attended to almost all the rest of the talking herself.

"Where are the children?" she did ask once, suddenly and in the midst of a quite irrelevant discourse, and turning to Mr. Leech, she went on: "They've got two children. I'll say that for them, though they seem to keep them concealed."

"They're at their naps," Katherine yelled in order to be noticed.

"Naps! So that's the idea nowadays, is it? Two little girls, three and five."

"Five and almost seven," Doug corrected her with impolite vigor.

"Five and almost seven! Why, it isn't possible!" And at Aunt Genevieve's words the children were back at the age she meant them to be. "Why, it doesn't seem a year since you were seven yourself, Douglas!"

Doug felt that it was a mercy of Providence that by sheer force of will Aunt Genevieve didn't shoot him back into kilts.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!" she declaimed. "That's all you hear nowadays."

It certainly was if you listened to Aunt Genevieve. On—on she talked, a Juggernaut inveighing against advance.

They were at coffee when Doug saw Patty in her nightgown peer around the jamb of the dining-room door and beckon to him. He excused himself.

"I thought I was to waken you," he said to Patty. "Didn't you have a good nap?"

"No." From that one word Doug knew that Patty was feeling miserable. Since she'd been ill, when Patty felt miserable she covered it by pretending to be cross.

"Is Kit Kat awake?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't she come down?"

"I wouldn't let her."

The children had taken the crêpe-paper angel costumes from the drawer and spread them on Jenny's bed.

"What dresses are you going to put on under them?" Doug asked.

"Oh, we aren't going to put on any," Kit Kat explained. "Angels don't wear any underclothes. Lots of angels don't have on anything at all but wings."

"I think you'd better wear a little something," Doug remonstrated. "How about your nightgowns?"

"No," Patty said—again in that cross tone of which Doug knew the significance.

He yielded the point of the undergarments without argument. The house was warm, and when properly pinned, the paper robes wouldn't show there was nothing beneath.

"Do you want to cough, Patty?" he asked timidly. "If you do, try to cough now and get it over with."

"No," Patty said, and wrinkled up her face.

"You've made her cry," Katherine the Small clamored.

"No, I haven't," Doug declared. "Let's see how the angel costumes go. What's this gollywangus?"

No matter how badly she felt, one could almost always distract Patty by making up what she would consider a funny word.

"What's a gollywangus?" she giggled.

"Oh, just a gollywangus."

"Well, that's the hat," Katherine the Small put in. "Jenny couldn't make those gold things like plates, so she made these."

They were pale blue, and they looked a good deal like Dutch peasant hats.

"And there are blue sashes, see? And these are our wings."

"And look what Jenny did to our sandals," Patty cried, and pulled out from under the bed some glittering objects. "She painted them with radiator paint."

Kit Kat had stripped off her nightgown already and was putting on the paper confection.

"You have to pin it in front," she explained, "and then pin on the wings with safety pins. And you must put one of the Easter lilies on each side of the dining-room door, so we can stand between them like a picture."

"All right." Doug set to work with the pins.

Patty got into her robe too. "Do you suppose mummy will know us?" she inquired.

"I imagine so," Doug said, "unless you put on long beards."

That was a great joke and the children both shrieked at it.

"Do angels have beards?"

"Only old-men angels," Kit Kat said authoritatively. "They're not very pretty."

"Oh, hurry, daddy. I can hardly wait."

"I think you ladies had better sit over there," Doug said, as he placed the Easter lilies each side of the dining-room door.

"You see, the children have planned an Easter surprise," Katherine explained to Aunt Genevieve. "I'm afraid we'll have to be very quiet while they give it."

"Oh, dear, just when I was settled!" Aunt Genevieve sighed. "What kind of a surprise—an Easter egg?"

"You'll see."

"Shut your eyes!" Kit Kat shrieked excitedly from the door. "Shut your eyes!"

"That reminds me to tell you," Aunt Genevieve began, "that your Uncle William is threatened with cataract. I don't see why ——"

"It's the signal for silence too," Katherine said pointedly.

When the company was allowed to open its eyes, the two children stood in rather affected poses between the Easter lilies.

Katherine the Great saw that Aunt Genevieve was going to ask what they represented.

"Why, it's two angels!" she exclaimed.

"Sh-h!" the smaller angel commanded; then, with a singular emancipation from the laws of harmony, the angels rendered the most appropriate hymn they knew, which happened to be Silent Night, Holy Night.

When they were through, they waited for applause, which Katherine and Doug gave generously.

"Oh, does one applaud hymns?" Aunt Genevieve asked, and she and Mr. Leech spatted their hands half-heartedly.

"Now we will sing again," Kit Kat announced, and the angels piped, Angels Ever Bright and Fair.

Katherine saw Aunt Genevieve start twice as though about to begin one of her speeches, and permitted herself to be so rude as to lay her finger on her lips.

At the conclusion of Angels Ever Bright and Fair, however, she realized that Aunt Genevieve couldn't be restrained much longer and said pointedly, "Thank you, darlings, that was lovely."

"We will sing Holy Night again," Kit Kat volunteered graciously.

"Well, suppose you wait for a time," her mother said.

"So that you'll be more surprised?" Patty suggested.

"But I think ——" Kit Kat began to argue the point.

Her mother did a Machiavelli: "Suppose you go in the dining room now and start preparing for the birthday party."

"Good! Good!" the angels agreed.

Doug pushed open the sliding doors of the dining room, which worked a little stiffly, the children went in and he shoved them shut again.

The danger point was passed and in her relief Katherine didn't even much mind Genevieve's opening remark:

"I can't understand it, when the Calders and Medcrafts have always been so musical!"

"But it was very pretty," Mr. Leech said, in a professional tone. "Very pretty."

Unfortunately, Aunt Genevieve couldn't let the matter go with just one exclamation.

"Why, I can remember the way your grandfather sang, Douglas ——" she began

The dining-room door opened a crack and Kit Kat thrust her nose through. "Where is the cake, mummy?" she asked.

"Jenny left it on the sideboard in a box so that it wouldn't get hurt."

"Shall I get it down?" Doug asked.

"I can get it down," Kit Kat said, and withdrew, closing the door.

"Musical to their finger tips!" Aunt Genevieve was pounding away at her point.

Mr. Leech kept nodding his head, as was his habit when Aunt Genevieve made a remark, though he couldn't have known very much about the talents of either the Calders or the Medcrafts.

"And the bishop sings so beautifully! Of course he's not a blood relation ——"

Still, one felt that Aunt Genevieve blamed the children a little for not having drawn some of their great-uncle-in-law's talents by some process of osmosis, since he was so closely connected.

"In fact," she summed up the matter, "I can't think of a person on either side without a good voice."

"There's my side," Katherine said. "I suppose it's from my family that the children inherit their musical failings."

"Couldn't they sing?" Aunt Genevieve asked. "What a shame! What a shame! I always think no talent ——"

Then the personal devil of Katherine the Great gave her an irresistible shove. "Oh, they could sing," she interrupted innocently.

"Really?"

"They just never would."

"Never would?" Aunt Genevieve repeated.

"They thought it was vulgar. You have no idea what a proud, sensitive, high-strung race they were."

"Vulgar!"

"I've known them to discharge a laundress because they suspected her of knowing the scale."

"Katherine," Doug said quietly. Glancing up, Katherine saw that on Aunt Genevieve's face there was a look which might be described as a LOOK.

It came over Katherine that she was being unpardonably rude to an elderly woman in her own house.

"I'm —I'm horribly sorry," she said. "I was trying to be funny."

She didn't get any further because of the noise that at that moment issued from the dining room.

When Katherine the Small had said "I can get it down," shut the dining-room door and turned, she had found Patty planted straight in front of her.

"It's my cake," Patty said. "I want to get it down."

"Well, you can't," Kit Kat told her. "It's up too high and I'm the biggest."

"I don't care. It's my cake and I've been sick."

Kit Kat had felt the knout of oppression once too often. "You want everything because you've been sick," she said. "You make me tired."

With the words, she pushed past her sister and standing on tiptoe lifted down the box.

Patty was nonplused. She stood not knowing whether she could carry out her threat or not. She hadn't whooped for days. In the pause, Kit Kat removed the lid from the box very reverently and peered within.

(Continued on Page 96)

Electrically!

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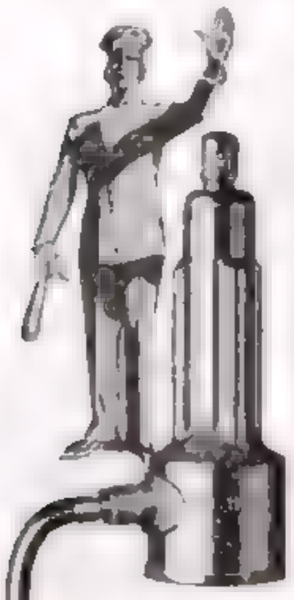

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THE WATCHMAN OF THE COAL PILE

HOFFMAN NO. 2
VACUUM VALVES
(And Hoffman Controlled Heat)

(Continued from Page 94)

"Oh!" she breathed, dazzled by the beauty she beheld, "Oh!"

Patty forgot her grievance. "Let me see."

Kit Kat held the box and Patty peered in.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful!"

"Don't whoop on it," Kit Kat giggled.

For some reason the remark proved distinctly irritating. "I wasn't going to whoop," Patty claimed.

"You said you were," Kit Kat reminded her, and with those words she clapped the lid back on the box.

"I want to see my cake," Patty told her.

"No," Kit Kat refused in a very superior tone.

"You're a bad girl," Patty screamed, and made a dive for the box.

Kit Kat retreated with it. "I am not!" she claimed.

"Let me see that cake!"

"I will not!"

"You're bad!" Patty shrieked again and, lunging at her sister angel, caught one of her wings. Evidently the tug snapped open the safety pin, for with a scream as though she had been stung, Kit Kat leaped into the air, dropping the cake.

It spilled from the box over the floor with a disintegrating thud.

"Now!" the smaller angel cried out at the sight. "Now look what you've done!"

The bigger angel bent over the ruin, and the smaller, seeing her chance, gave her a shove from the rear which brought her face down in it.

"What in heavens' name——" Katherine the Great was saying.

Already Doug had tried to shove back the door, but it stuck.

"You mean! You horrid!" Kit Kat wailed and, blinded with frosting, thrust out a claw and caught her sister's robe.

In the consciousness of guilt, Patty fled toward the door which Doug had just succeeded in opening, but Kit Kat didn't release her grasp and Patty's robe stayed in her hand.

Naked as the hour she was born and wailing "Mummy!" Patty leaped to the arms of Katherine the Great and there began a whoop of gigantic proportions. Katherine the Great fled with her.

That whoop produced the sense of guilt in Kit Kat. Doug had just reached her. Half blind with frosting, she darted from what loomed before her like retribution. Mechanically, Doug stretched out his hand and caught—and found himself holding Kit Kat's robe.

"I knew she was going to whoop!" Kit Kat howled; and fleeing blindly, climbed for refuge into the lap of the empurpled Mr. Leech. "I knew she was going to whoop!"

Doug disentangled her nakedness from that embarrassed cleric and turned to his Aunt Genevieve, the beginnings of apology on his lips. Amazingly, Aunt Genevieve hadn't said a word then he saw why. She had stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth and was making a wild gesture at him which seemed to say, "Take that child away before I burst!"

As Doug climbed the stairs, taking Kit Kat to the nursery, there followed him the strains of a laughter so wild and uncontrolled that it didn't seem as though it could be coming from Aunt Genevieve. Yet it was still less probable that it issued from Mr. Leech.

"I'm going to leave you here until you calm down," Doug told the bawling Kit Kat. "Your mother will decide what's to be done about you."

Kit Kat couldn't speak for tears and dived far under the bed, which was a favorite refuge of hers.

In the living room, Doug found Aunt Genevieve bent over her own lap, hand on her eyes, shaking helplessly.

"I don't know what to do," little Mr. Leech was cheeping helplessly.

"How about laughing a little?" Aunt Genevieve suggested, and went on with her own laughter.

"I haven't seen children be bad for twenty years," she said when she'd got herself a little under control, "and it does my heart good. I didn't know children were ever bad any more. That's just the way your mother and I used to act, Douglas. I remember when I told her that she was adopted and she bit me. It was just like that. Could you bring me some water, Douglas? I'm afraid I'm going to start off again."

"They aren't usually like this," Doug protested.

"That's what all modern parents say when their children aren't talking like Schopenhauer in his last moments, and I actually believed them. What have you done with the one you carried out?"

"Shut her in the nursery. She's under the bed."

"Let me go to her, will you? She's the one you call Kit Kat, isn't she?"

"You should know," Doug told his aunt. "You're her sponsor in baptism."

"I don't know whether I like her best, or the violent little one, only—only ——"

It seemed probable that Aunt Genevieve was off again.

"Only what?" Doug asked.

"Only it was Kit Kat who crawled up on Mr. Leech when I'd asked you to introduce him to some jazzy young people. And he blushed! Did you see him blush? He looked like a tomato that had taken orders! Why, Mr. Leech, you acted like a muff—a perfect muff!"

"The old girl turned out not to be so bad, after all, didn't she?" Doug asked Katherine that evening.

"She certainly had one virtue I didn't suspect in her," Katherine admitted.

"A sense of humor?"

"Yes. To be sure, it was rather a cruel sense of humor. I think she got more fun out of little Mr. Leech's agony than anything."

"I think she was lovely," Kit Kat remarked, popping out from behind a chair where she and Patty had been absorbed—at least, so Doug had thought—in playing house.

"So do I," Patty affirmed.

"She told me lots of stories about herself and granny, and she says when I grow up she's going to give me her pearl necklace."

"She's going to give me a diamond one," Patty said.

"I don't believe she's going to shower me with any jewelry," Katherine observed, "but she gave me a compliment before she left."

"What was that?" Doug asked.

"She said, 'That was very funny about the laundress. I must remember to tell that to William. You said that because I'd acted as though the children weren't as much descended from your family as from ours.'"

"Try as you may," Doug said complacently, "you'll never find a really thick-headed Medcraft."

Katherine merely smiled.

"Hasn't it been a lovely Easter, daddy?" Kit Kat changed the subject. "All except the cake? And didn't we make pretty angels?"

"The next time Jenny wants to make you a costume, though," Doug said, "I've got something to suggest. Nice bright red ones, with horns on your heads, and forked tails."

"What's a forked tail?" Patty wanted to know, but Kit Kat understood what he meant.

"And we could have red and yellow tissue paper around for fire," she said delightedly.

TURN OUT THE GUARD

(Continued from Page 17)

with watch charms in an embracing gesture. "But we'll make 'em keep their interval."

"Keno!" shrieked Miss Wanda. "There'll be a lovely moon."

Butt, Jr.'s, face was clouded for the first time. "Then I'd better not go," he said.

"Why?" said the girl anxiously.

"It'll break my heart to remember it," he said soberly, "when I'm way down below—in Guam."

The colonel was tart. "Never criticize your duty, lieutenant," he said. "Your family keeps its silence when favoritism momentarily triumphs over fitness."

The elder man was every inch a Butt at that moment. But he dropped the manner instantly. He soon was listening attentively to the congressman's exposition of the strategy board's confidential plans for transporting troops to France.

II

BRIGADIER GENERAL STONEWALL J. BUTT, United States Army, stood upon the deck of the Leviathan, having emerged from his cabin de luxe to watch the great transport thread the narrows of Brest and drop anchor under the green hills of Brittany. The harbor was alive with bunting, for on the Leviathan's decks were twenty thousand yelling Americans, and destroyers played beneath her sides as billowing narwhals play in the vasty deep. The millionth American had arrived to settle that old score with Lafayette. They would presently pay it and open new accounts with half his descendants.

Brigadier General Butt for the first time in his life thrilled with pride at naval display as he watched the U. S. S. Romboid reverse her screws and heel sharply, smart angles of her destroyer's bow breasting green water as her tired crew cheered. The Romboid was in from patrol, the great Leviathan safely disposed in snug harbor behind the subnets. Lieutenant—senior grade—Butt could handle the new type destroyer. Brigadier General Butt, for all his landsman's eyes, could not mistake the master of the Romboid's seamanship as the narrow craft knifed her way to her berth behind the breakwater, her forestack flaunting the chevron that boasted at least one enemy submarine sent down to Davy Jones.

Father and son examined each other as they drank warm cognac at a *brasserie* in the Rue de Siam. The brigadier general had not seen his son since Lieutenant Butt had literally swept Wanda off her feet in a whirlwind courtship beneath the very walls of old Panama. The general was wistful and the Sealyham look more like a tired Airedale's. The three ribbons of his breast, withal they were for valor, were not so choice as the single blue-and-white one on his son's tunic. Lieutenant Butt was ruddy and bronzed, and there were weather lines around the mouth of the young Saint John, and seamy strains in the corners of eyes that had followed the channel foam in February's patrolling.

"I'd enjoy spending the week-end with you here," the general said, eying the son's ribbon wistfully, "but I must take the night train for Chaumont. I am eager to be with my brigade." He drank cognac pensively. "After all," he said, "war is war."

The naval veteran smiled. "I'm going to Chaumont with you," he said.

The general hastily sought to prevent him. "It is kind of you to wish to escort me," he said.

The lieutenant broke in as an old mustache might interrupt a village boy: "It's not that. It's that I'm to be in naval guns from now on." He explained bitterly. "You see, Daniels chucked me the Navy

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THE CLEANSING OF THE TROPICS

For generations the scourge of tropical epidemics preyed upon America. By the hundreds, by the thousands, yellow fever struck down men, women and children. Without apparent reason it passed from city to city, from country to country. There seemed to be no escape, no remedy.

Then the discoveries of Koch, of Pasteur, of other great fighters of disease, brought a gleam of hope. These men had found the cause of tuberculosis, they had evolved the antitoxin for diphtheria. They had worked marvel after marvel. Perhaps they could also succeed in defeating yellow fever.

Science accepted the challenge. Less than thirty years ago a group of men under the leadership of Doctor Walter Reed set out for Cuba to undertake the task. After months of intricate research, after many daring experiments, at the cost of the lives of several of their number, they proved conclusively that yellow fever is spread by a mosquito.

Immediately there started a mighty war upon the gutters, the cisterns, the cesspools of the tropics. Gradually (though in truth, when the task is considered, it was with almost magical speed) yellow fever began to retreat. It passed from Havana for the first time in centuries! Gorgas conquered it in Panama! It vanished from such formerly dreaded spots as Vera Cruz and Guayaquil! Soon it was completely under control —the tropics had been cleansed!

It was American medical science that won this tremendous victory. In the West Indies, in the Philippines, too, in Africa, in China, America has also led in the saving of countless lives.

* * *

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NELSON

BOHNALITE

PISTONS

(Continued from Page 96

Cross for that U-78 thing off Cherbourg. But Wanda won't rest until I've copped a D. S. C. Lord knows, I don't want their army dud. I hear they award it to every general that supervises potato transport."

The general coughed savagely. "You forget your present company," he said.

The navy man smiled. "Anyway, Wanda says her French friends never heard of a Navy Cross. So it's up to me." He grinned. "If it's a boy, Wanda thinks it would mean something for me to have an army D. S. C. after Butt." He laughed. "I'd be a unique parent." He caught the strained look in his father's eye and dropped the matter. "By the bye," he asked the general, "what luck did you draw?"

His father was apologetic. "Just at present I suppose I'll be acclimatized in the Service of Supply." Then he spoke the whole truth, for a Butt could not lie in line of duty. "Potatoes," he said, with some bitterness.

"When Wanda hears of this she'll have Pershing recalled from France!" exclaimed the submarine sinker in horror.

"Then don't let her hear of it," said the general, hastily setting down his glass.

Young Butt looked at old Butt curiously. "Father," he said, after a silence, "why not let Wanda get you a combat command? Those trenches can't be so bad."

The potato brigadier's hand trembled and the Sealyham returned flashing and seemed about to spring. The general stood erect.

"You are thick-skulled," he said, the old service animosity reviving, "even for an Annapolis man."

The lieutenant's ruddy face grew white. "I was never confined in those stone prisons at West Point," he said evenly. "Possibly I may seem curious to an army man."

He saluted and waited dismissal. The general returned the salute and started down the Rue de Siam, and was instantly followed by two old girls from the café.

One of the girls tugged at his sleeve and said, "I like deau-boyees, yas?"

Young Butt ran after his father. "Look here, sir," he said, putting his hand across the girl's face and pushing her away from the general's arm, "let's bury this service hatchet. Tell me why Wanda mustn't know you are in potatoes?"

The elder man took the other's arm gently. "I was about to say that Wanda mustn't hear of my post. She must see me in it—find her father-in-law in some warehouse swinging sacks of potatoes." He spoke with the wisdom of thirty years in harness. "There is nothing so disconcerting to high command, my son, as an irate woman who suddenly breaks into the office of the chief of staff, smarting with injustice."

The lieutenant seemed to relish some inner vision, for he laughed loudly. "What would you like in this man's Army?" he said. "You can have it."

Brigadier General Butt spoke his dream. "I'd like a cavalry brigade," he said. "For sooner or later this war will be fought in the open, with lightning movements on a grand scale in Napoleonic fashion. But Pershing is prejudiced against infantry officers. He always puts cavalrymen at the head of cavalry brigades."

The naval officer was loath to discuss the probability of another Waterloo. "You haven't seen Wanda recently," he said instead.

"How is the dear girl?" the general asked.

"About a month now," the lieutenant replied.

"Then we shall have to be quick about her finding me in potatoes."

"Wanda goes anywhere any time," Butt, Jr., assured his parent. "An amazing person. Two weeks ago she made an address in French to the disabled officers of the First Foreign Legion—presented 'em with soap kits." He smiled. "Rode thirty miles in a flivver, she wrote me."

"Your mother was that way," the general said, looking old and sad. He was thinking of her. He wished her success in reorganizing the drainage system of whatever Elysian army post she was at present relandscaping.

III

MAJ. GEN. S. J. BUTT, U. S. A., was making an inspection of heavy ordnance, railway and field, by request of G. H. Q. at Chaumont, before the great guns took the road for the Meuse-Sedan front. The major general was severe in his scrutiny of personnel and *matériel*, for his was a bitter task about which he held no illusions. He knew that the post had been created to send him into limbo

News of his severity had reached the officers of a naval-artillery battalion which, fresh from St.-Mihiel, lay doggo in a small town above Chalons. The general, it was said, had performed the unheard-of rite of inspecting the automatic strapped to the leg of a rear admiral and had publicly reprimanded that naval functionary when the weapon was discovered to be in a deplorable state of rust and disuse.

Lieut. Com. Stonewall J. Butt, Jr., U. S. N., who had the battalion, spoke with some heat of the approaching ordeal. His battalion family was resting in a large oak-paneled room in the only château the town afforded.

"Now, gentlemen," he said decisively to their assembly, "we are to be inspected by a foot-slogging meddler from G. H. Q. tomorrow. Doubtless some of you know that the gen inspecting us has the honor to be related to me."

The lieutenant commander cut short an incipient growth of applause and continued: "But for God's sake don't think that because of my unfortunate blood relationship he'll be easy on us! He is opposed, by accident of birth and breeding, to webbed feet and seagoing guns, to scuttle butts and salty water. So ease off knocking Joey Daniels long enough to have your sections privvy up the guns. And have every man shave his head to the regulation quarter-inch tuft. When Major General Butt accompanied one of the divisions last month as an observer, I understand he had the second wave of an attacking battalion cut one another's hair at the very parallel of departure. Later, when he was back in hospital recovering from his wound, I understand he even ordered the army nurses to conform."

Ensign Snoddy, the lieutenant commander's adjutant, Annapolis, 1918, was unwise enough to ask a question: "Did they conform, sir?"

Lieutenant Commander Butt turned upon him with pity. "So much so," he said, "that the German prisoners in the hospital mistook them for nuns." The meeting dispersed amidst cheers.

"My wife," the lieutenant commander said later to Snoddy, "is bringing that congressional party down to luncheon tomorrow to meet the inspecting general. She'll be rather tired, and of course she'll want some things that are not carried by a naval battalion as regular equipment." He gave a list to Snoddy. "Will you please get a motor bike and go to Chalons this afternoon and get these?"

Snoddy studied the list. "I never saw the pumps at Brest," said the ensign, with the innocence of one whose maternal lore was limited to contact with boatswains and masters at arms since early adolescence. "But there's an auxiliary pump on that condenser, sir. I'm afraid we can't detach it until after inspection."

"I'll have to go with you," his superior said. "Get the bike and you can drive me. While you are scouting around in Chalons, I'll drink your health in that café near the library."

A few hours later Snoddy was discovering that his commander, despite his youthful distinction, was a human being, after all. "These hoggish legislators," Butt, Jr., was saying, "always like sweet red fizz water. I've bought 'em a case of sparkling Chambertin. My father-in-law put sugar in Beaune 1903 last week." The lieutenant commander shuddered. "And my own father puts water in Napoleon brandy." He grimaced. "This is a young man's war, Snoddy."

Snoddy thrilled at such confidences. "We'd better start back," he was told. "We'll take our time. I want you to teach me the new verses to I Knew My Cousin Nellie from Childhood's Brightest Hour. I know only the first seventy-five."

It was a pleasure to serve under Lieutenant Commander Butt—a man who could win a D. S. C. from the Army and still keep his interest in the old Annapolis songs.

"Are you going to send your boy to Crabtown when he grows up, commander?" said Snoddy.

"Mrs. Butt," said her husband with feeling, "has already entered him on the junior admiral's list for the Naval Staff College at Newport."

IV

THE overt incident that actually precipitated the Great War came in Galley Number Four, which was attached to the château itself. The ice that laved the Chambertin was melting rapidly in the heat of September. Heat was particularly oppressive for a congressional party. The American style of tin hat which they proudly wore as denizens of the zone of advance had been soundly made by British steelmasters in 1915 and was irksome to the bald dome of Congressman Porcinus.

Wanda sensed the gathering war cloud and offered to change with him, tendering her French poilu model copied in papier-mâché by Reboux from regulation steel. It would not go on his head. He and his four colleagues of the House had followed the inspecting general the first four hours. But frock coats and tin hats were too much for September weather in the Côte d'Or and consequently the congressional party was a little dampened by two o'clock in the afternoon. Major General Butt had found immense fault with both equipment and personnel. Lieutenant Commander Butt had followed, tight-lipped but broiling.

Major General Butt strode into Galley Number Four, where luncheon itself was waiting. Running a glove around the lip of a copper kettle, the inspecting officer detected grease along the seam of the index finger and asked for some vinegar and soda to show the naval personnel how corrosion comes off metal. In a place redolent of food and wine, the situation acquired the tension of a piano wire.

"You fellows never clean anything in the Navy," he told the cook, third class, who presided over the tureens and buzzicots of Galley Number Four. The cook, who could remember ten days' bread and water because an admiral once tasted kerosene in a chicken he had ordered broiled on an oil stove, answered with an "Aye, aye, sir," in an infuriating manner. As he did so, the major general detected the odor of lemon extract on the cook's breath. This led to a further thirty-minute delay, the cook being carried away to await specifications.

Wanda broke the tension. "Father," she said, to Major General Butt, as two services shuddered, "you've been pottering around, sticking your nose into everything. Luncheon is spoiling. So put down that rag and get out of this kitchen and let Stony Wally serve his luncheon. You can stick your head in those silly guns afterward."

Major General Butt straightened up without regard for his daughter-in-law and turned to his aide-de-camp, Colonel Buskins.

"Have them stand by the howitzers," he said. He whirled to Major Cordovan, his assistant aide-de-camp. "We will first inspect the ammunition stores," he said. The general thrust the Savior of the American Navy from his path and walked past him. A score of hirelings outside in olive drab followed him down the village street. They seemed to bear the pall of Wanda's pride as they passed out of sight.

The Savior of the American Navy became choleric. "I'll stand no more falderal from the military," he said, seizing a bottle

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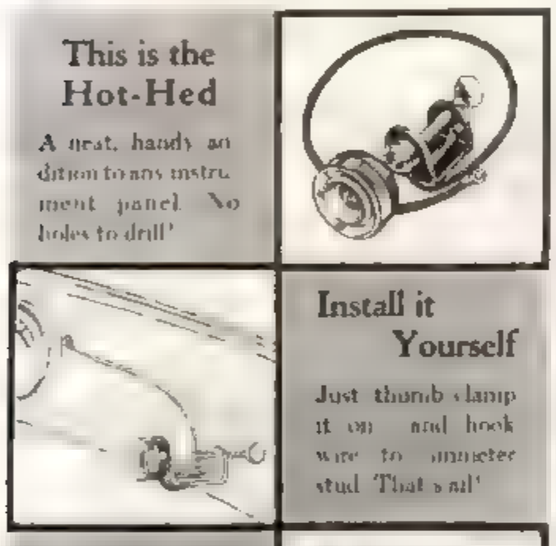
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of Chambertin and drawing from his pants pocket a large buckhorn-handled corkscrew. "I'll lunch now." He caught the arm of Lieutenant Commander Butt, who was turning with Snoddy to follow dutifully after his father. "Order lunch now," he said

"I can't," said Butt, Jr., stonily.

Wanda had not chosen her husband for an ambitious career for nothing. "He really can't, daddy," she said.

Porcinus thrust his daughter aside "Why can't you?"

The naval officer swelled. Saint John turned into Saint Michael. "You, here," he said, "behave yourself!"

The congressman seemed bitten by something sharper than a serpent's tooth. His colleagues, despite the chin straps of their helmets and the warmth of the kitchen, contrived to blanch.

"I'll stand no nonsense from the Navy, either," said Porcinus, taking a half *poulet meunière* smoking from a warmer over the stove.

The naval officer struck it from his hand. "Look here, you civvy," he said, "there's a war on! Damn your manners! You'll stick to routine in this outfit or I'll have you thrown out of the area!"

"Stony," cried Wanda proudly, "aren't you ashamed?"

"I am tired," continued Lieutenant Commander Butt warmly, "of having my relatives fight this war for me! It's my own father sticking his nose in my soup kettles one minute and my father-in-law telling me when to eat the next. Take those silly scuttles off your head and stand by until you are called!"

"I'll have you recalled from France!" the congressman cried angrily. "I'll order an investigation of your career by a special committee of the House!"

"Investigate and be damned!" said Butt, Jr. He strode from the kitchen, Snoddy following him as Greek lads once followed Prince Achilles. They reached the street, to observe the inspecting party returning. The naval officer's tired face relaxed.

"Maybe they're coming to luncheon, after all," he said to Snoddy. "Get ahead and see. Run back."

Snoddy had no chance to report back, for the general came on apace. As Lieutenant Commander Butt saluted and stood by to fall in line, the general shouted:

"Typical navy style, sir! That's right! Ball up your inspection like a bunch of tramps!" He strode to his son. "Where are the keys to the ammunition stocks, sir?"

The naval officer's face was a mask. "With me, sir, where they belong, sir."

"I give you to understand," the general said, "that this is my inspection, sir."

"I give you to understand," cried Lieutenant Commander Butt in fury, "that it is my ammunition, sir."

Major General Butt turned his doggy side to the naval personnel. He seemed gentle. "I want a telegraph," he said. "Where is Communications, sir?"

Butt, Jr., knew the game was lost. His influence lay with the *poulet* on the kitchen floor, struck by himself from the hand of Porcinus. Communications meant nothing but a last-hour relief from his command. He took his medicine.

"Around the corner, sir," he said. "By the guardroom, sir."

Major General Butt relentlessly marched around the corner toward the telegraph office. As he did so, a marine sergeant who had been watching for his passage since sunrise bawled, "Turn out the guard!" And a section of marines, rehearsed to the last notch of impromptu simulation, came tumbling from the guardroom and fell into a faultless line. "Present—arms!" cried the sergeant.

"Will the general inspect the guard, sir?" Lieutenant Commander Butt said to Colonel Buskins with automatic deference. The general stopped at the guard.

"Inspection," cried the sergeant, "arms!"

The general snatched the rifle of the right guide as if he meant to defend himself from attack.

"Rust on the floor plate," he began, before he had looked at the floor plate. "Dust around the upper band. Bayonet swivel and studs filled with petrolatum. Grit in the cartridge guide. Firing pin's corroded." He held the rifle gingerly, as if it were contaminating and he feared to look at any part he had so clairvoyantly pronounced in bad condition. "Do you men never clean the bore of the piece?" he said to the sergeant of marines.

The sergeant was mum. He knew these raty old army bloaters from way back in China. "He'd better pray," he said—some hours later, of course—"that the underside av his undershirt was as clean as the bit av flannel the lads pulled through the bore av their pieces this marnin'."

"A rifle," said the general, "is a soldier's best friend." He thrust the rifle back scornfully, with a straight right jab to the face that the guide parried with practiced apathy.

Lieutenant Commander Butt had hopes that Communications had been forgotten in the new duties of inspecting rifles. At that moment, however, the general perceived that a button was missing from the breast of the sergeant. There was no mistaking it. The tunic gaped, exposing the top of a white singlet and a half moon of furry tattooing.

"My God!" cried the general in awe, extending the gap in the tunic until the head of Buffalo Bill shone clear on the sergeant's breast.

"This man," began Lieutenant Commander Butt smoothly, "reported the loss of a button this morning. The only alternative he had was to use an army button, for there are no stocks of marine buttons in this area. He had lost the button in line of duty, while forcing some German prisoners to uncover to the colors of an infantry regiment passing through town yesterday."

The naval officer was weightily reporting a serious thing. "He quite rightly reported to me that he had no authority to replace the marine button with an army button. For though he is at present acting under orders of the Secretary of War, he is actually an enlisted member of naval forces under the direct authority of the Secretary of the Navy." It was a nice point he made "And I recognized the Army's right to restrict jealously its own insignia to members of its own service. We of the Navy agreed that it was better to risk reprimand at inspection by a ranking general of the Army, sir, than to violate an army regulation."

"Take his name," said Major General Butt to his aide, "and send this man to the noncommissioned officers' school at Gondrecourt as first choice from this area for a commission." The general turned to the sergeant. "I congratulate you, sergeant," he said. "Dismiss your guard."

The heat was oppressive and the general felt the need of brandy and water. "I think we might lunch, sir," he said. "It's been a perfect inspection."

Wanda had the list made out perfectly. Major General Butt was seated at the head, between a bottle of Evian and a bottle of Corvoissier. She sat on his left and her father on his right. Lieutenant Commander Butt sat at the far end, between Snoddy and a forlorn second lieutenant who spoke French. Outside, the regimental band broke into Army and Navy Forever, as Major General Butt rose and proposed a toast that Wanda had whispered to him.

"To the Democratic Party," the general said, raising his glass, "that is making the world safe for democracy."

Lieutenant Commander Butt winked at Snoddy as Snoddy drank his Medoc 1917. Of course he'd have to make it up with Wanda and the baby. He was beginning to love Wanda, just as Wanda was probably preparing to send him to sea. Easiest way to make it up would be to get a wound. Wounds, though, were as scarce as hen teeth in howitzers. He knew Wanda, though. She'd never rest until she had christened his own battleship. His father and Porcinus seemed to be hitting it off Of course Porcinus would be difficult to handle in the future. The future? Well, the Germans were cracking and the war wouldn't last forever. Probably the Democratic Administration wouldn't either.

Wanda was winking solemnly at Snoddy as Porcinus was explaining to an eager major general the exact position of General Pershing in the Argonne Forest.

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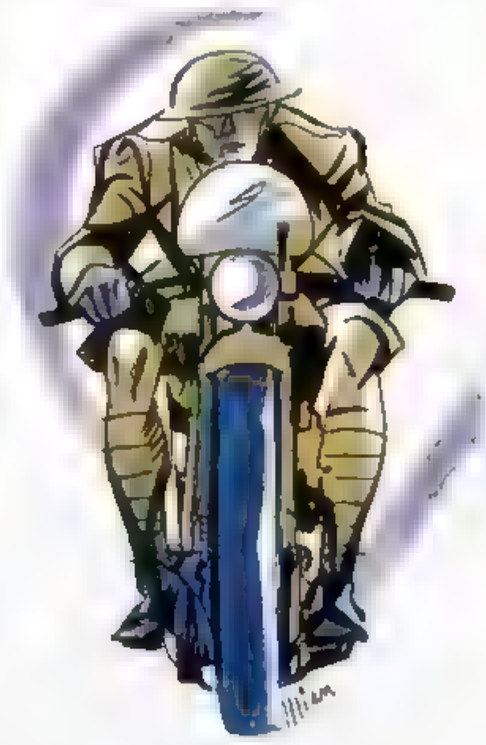

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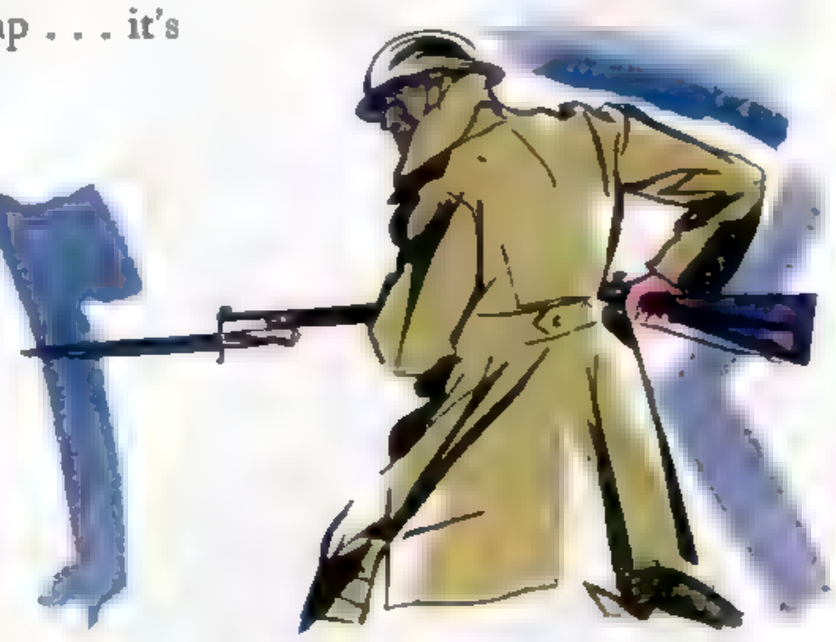

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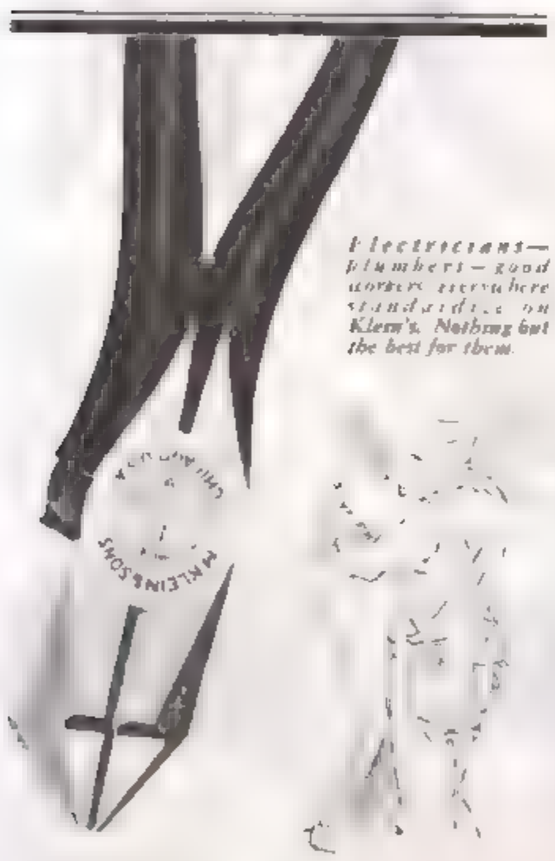

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ELSPETH COMES OUT

(Continued from Page 36

It was Agnes Duchois who contributed this last bit, and as she did so, I noticed several side glances at Christopher Lovegrove, standing near to the group with Ellen Nest.

"Well," commented Third, "it'll be bad if Jane doesn't marry her first season out. They say her old man had to borrow the ten thousand for her debut and he's depending on the husband Jane catches to pay back the loan. Well"—and he cast a cynical glance at a tall slender girl in a cloud of rosy tulle—"nobody can say Jane isn't doing her part. Just look at her over there, trying to hook old Stillwell Hoopes!"

Veronica Silver's eyes followed his to the elderly personage indicated. Stillwell Hoopes was a bachelor of about thirty-three, with that peculiarly fit look that comes from constant exercise. He was always running from some debutante whom he had pursued.

"H'm," sniffed she, "she'll never bag that game. Father says he's established a tolerance to debutantes."

"Yes," laughed Duster Dorr, "he certainly does go in for the buds. Ever hear what old Lumpy Barnes said last year when Amelia came out? Seems he wrote to Stacker Decke: 'Borne into society on the arm of Stillwell Hoopes—my daughter Miss Amelia Barnes.' But I say, Agnes, stop that, will you? It makes me nervous."

His injunction was the result of another of Agnes' periodic glances at Christopher. As they heard it Veronica and Third laughed immoderately.

"Yes, Agnes," advised the latter, "no use in looking at Chris—not unless you're prepared to go out and tend the second-hand bureaus. You've got to have the jack and so has he. No, no," he protested, screening his face with his elbow in affected terror of the glance she turned upon him. "don't pick on me. The Armington Squibbs millions are not for you. They're for some worthy lowborn maiden—with more millions than I."

Throughout the remarks anent Jane Cutfelt I had been shocked at the lack of delicacy that had directed conversation into this particular channel. For the analogy between the Cutfelt and Duchois families, both hit in the same stock-market slump, was too close, so thought I in my pastoral innocence, to make the moment altogether enjoyable for Agnes.

I need not have worried, however. With a feminine daintiness that made her lack of feminine softness all the more emphatic, Agnes luxuriated in diagnosis either of herself or of others. Certainly this was the message of that sudden gay smile which she turned upon Third as a reward for his honesty.

"Please, then," she pleaded, "may I have Chris for my second husband?"

"Not unless you get a swell marriage settlement," retorted the scion of millions. "You've got to realize that if that chap ever paid for his own dinner, all the head waiters in New York would hold a parade."

"Never mind, Agnes," said Veronica, in the wake of the laughter which followed this last remark, "Chris would probably rather skimp on your marriage settlement than live in luxury on the dubutante's fortune."

"Dubutante! Oh, I say, that's good," cackled Duster Dorr, as they all turned to look at the square figure and square freckled face of Mrs. Quentin Van Feder Nest's granddaughter. "Who got off that wise crack?"

"Melville Laird," answered Veronica, touchingly resigned to the fact that it was her best friend who was under discussion.

"Poor old Melville," sighed Third at this point. "Isn't he a sad bird tonight?"

"But is it really true about this British chap?" inquired Duster.

"True!" snorted Agnes. "The old page out of Dickens is telling everybody. She simply can't wait until next week to announce it. Why, she even called up mother this morning to announce the glad tidings!"

"Well, I should think that Melville and all your family would be very much relieved after tonight," said Veronica significantly.

"Wasn't it awful!" breathed Third "When I saw that old codger coming in—well, the old lady got her page out of Dickens this evening, all right, all right."

"Well, of course," shrugged Agnes, "we never were very happy about it all. Still, Melville is simply off his head about Elspeth, and she has treated him abominably. Throwing him over like this the minute this shoddy title came along! And when you think that it was Melville who got her in with us all!"

"Oh, well," sighed Veronica, "you've got to remember Elspeth is like that. We all know she'd throw over anybody the minute she couldn't use him any longer." And the granddaughter of one of America's business kings concluded as triumphantly as if she had really made a differentiation among her friends

Agnes, child of a harsher spirit of honesty, shrugged cynically.

"Pooh!" she commenced. "We'd all of us ——"

She was not allowed to finish, for at this point a man touched her on the arm. It was the Honorable St. John Bockton.

"Ah, Miss Duchois," said he, "mayn't I be the first to be deprived of you?" And with a grimace at the stag line now forming, he explained the invitation.

In response she gave him a dazzling smile Then she pouted down at the bouquet on her arm—one of those supplied by the Lykens to all the assisting buds.

"With pleasure," said she, "if you'll only get rid of these beastly flowers first."

He laid the orchids down on a near-by chair. A second after he had done so, nearsighted Mrs. Silver sat down on those lolling exotic petals, and had the owner ever thought to reclaim her thirty dollars' worth of merchandise, she would have been much annoyed at the result.

The future viscount got around the floor only once with the descendant of past vicomtes. Then Christopher Lovegrove cut in. And it seemed to me that for the next hour I witnessed nothing else except a similar partition of Miss Duchois' favor. Only occasionally did the stags succeed in upsetting this equilibrium.

As for these latter servants of the public weal, they had not yet arrived in full force. Eleven o'clock represents, in fact, the hour when the fashionable debut gets into full swing, and although a few of the hundred extra dancing men invited this evening began to drop in just after dinner, the majority did not start administering popularity until about midnight. In most cases they had come from other parties, and should they find conditions unsatisfactory here they would undoubtedly move on to a more inspiring environment.

I looked at them as they formed their battalions—these elegant youths who were consecrated, not to the Goddess of Getting-on but to that modern deity, the Goddess of Going-on. Some of them were born into society, but the major portion had been merely borne into it on those serviceable pinions—a good prep school or college, dancing legs and evening clothes. Any number of them did not make more than thirty-five dollars a week. Had they received more, they would not have known what to do with it. On those smooth faces only two great responsibilities had ever traced a line. One was to provide a room in some good club or neighborhood, the other was to pay for the laundering of their evening linen.

For the rest, the stag line was literally a bread line—perhaps it would be more accurate to say an ill-bred line. For, with languid arrogance, these young gentlemen awaited dinners, dances, limousines, champagne and week-end parties, and with the most fastidious taste they measured each hand-out. None so quick as they to resent the ignoble economy of the champagne cup or so nimble in escaping to less penurious households

It is to the abolition of the dance program that the glamorous stag owes his authority. Thanks to the cut-in system and its resultant gauging of a girl's popularity by the number of times her dances are split, extra dancing men are a present-day necessity. That this reserve squad cannot be recruited entirely from the ranks of established society goes without saying. Many a newcomer has to be taken into the stag line and some of our future American aristocrats may fittingly adopt as their crest the antlers with which their ancestors battered down the social gates.

As I watched Christopher Lovegrove that evening I found it inconceivable that he should have taken this way—that he, the powerful young fellow whom I had first seen in Mrs. Lyken's kitchen, should have degenerated into this flying debut-tress—this prop of fashionable maidenhood popularity. I closed my eyes to hear a voice addressing defiantly the invisible forms surrounding Elspeth Lyken. I opened them to find a youth radiant with triumph each time that he snatched Agnes Duchois from the Honorable St. John's cross-country dancing.

What did it all mean? That he had first attempted to make social connections because he saw in them his only chance of meeting Elspeth—this was a belief that I had never discarded. Yet now, was it not more than possible that, having stepped into the arena, he had been hardened by victory into utter indifference to his primary motive? Equally tenable, too, was another theory. Entering the lists for the sake of Elspeth Lyken, was he not perhaps remaining for the sake of Agnes Duchois?

Certainly his behavior did much to substantiate this second theory. During that first hour he cut in once or twice upon Elspeth, but after that he never seemed conscious of her existence. As for Ellen Nest, his manner with her hovered between attention and detention. He danced with her dutifully enough, but his eyes were apparently fixed upon one possibility—that of snatching Agnes Duchois away from St. John or some other man.

To Christopher's treatment of Ellen Nest, St. John's conduct toward his fiancée appeared to me to bear an unwholesome resemblance. More than once, in fact, I recalled Harleigh's words as I saw the young Briton's eyes roving out over Elspeth's shoulder toward Miss Duchois.

Yet if Elspeth was an object of commiseration, she herself must have been the last to realize it, for no one was ever given less chance to brood than was the Botticelli Girl at her coming-out dance. Not only were her dances cut—they were shredded. Ten steps represented the maximum period she was allowed to languish in the arms of any one man. So wearing she must have found this subdivision of her time that I was not surprised at last to find her missing from the ballroom.

That I went to search her was due to the request of Mrs. Artley. She and her fat horse-racing husband were going home early, and the former was anxious to speak to Elspeth regarding a box party at the opera.

Nearly all the house had been thrown open to the guests, but my first objective was the roof. I have reserved until this point the feature of Elspeth's debut that made it the most sensational of the season. On the roof, carpenters had put up a temporary structure divided in aspect between an American bar and an English public house. That the resort did not lack for patronage was indicated by the steady

(Continued on Page 104)

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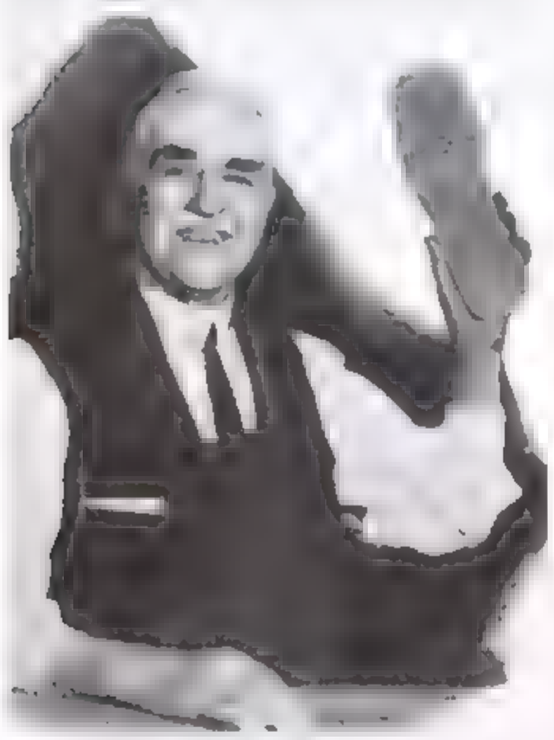

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CINCINNATI, OHIO

(Continued from Page 102)

stream conveyed upward by our elevator. Of this stream the stags constituted a conspicuous current, so much so that as I traveled in the lift with four of them I found a certain classic line endowed with more luminous meaning: "The stag at eve had drunk his fill ——" It was, indeed, through no fault of the Lykens if Scott's words fell short of realism.

The temporary structure was not all that had been done to the roof. Radiating from it in several directions were paths formed by artificial shrubbery, and each path led into some crafty little arbor. In these walks, as I could see from the doorway, a few couples were now strolling about, and I was sure that others had availed themselves of the seclusion of the arbors.

Before taking a step, I paused to enjoy the scene. It was one of those calm and almost balmy nights of November which are like a lock of hair given by departing summer. Soft and sentimental, the air seemed to say, "Take this to remember me by." There was no moon, but the sky was thick with stars. Now, as they hung over Fifth Avenue, they seemed to have lost their solemn detachment. The Dipper, Jupiter and mighty Arcturus—I smiled as I looked up at them. Were these really far-away suns, or were they trifles put up by James Lyken's spendthrift hand to grace his daughter's coming out?

Choosing at random one of the paths, I had gone perhaps ten steps when I was halted by a man's voice.

"Oh, I don't care who hears me!" shouted that voice. "You jilted me to marry a title! And what a title! A soap baron a miserable bounder of a soap baron! And I thought you were so different from the others—that was why I cared so! Now —— Oh, well, what's the use! As if anything I said—anybody said—could reach you!" Almost simultaneously with that last pronoun, carried to the peak of contemptuous pain, Melville Laird rushed out into the open path from the grot where he had been speaking. Head downward, he tore along. He was no more conscious of me whom he passed than he was of two halted figures opposite the retreat he had just fled.

I turned to look after the boy, and when I wheeled around I saw who it was that stood just opposite the arbor. Through the fictitious shrubbery the electric lights glanced upon an arrogant little face lifted high above the sable collar of a brocaded evening coat. Agnes Duchois was looking up into the face of Christopher Lovegrove.

After the two figures had passed on I went toward the arbor. Here I found Elspeth seated on a rustic bench placed under the arching foliage. Her chin was sunk in the depths of an ermine coat and her fixed stare at the ground did not lift at my entrance. Not until I spoke her name did she look up.

"Elspeth," said I in my most matter-of-fact tone, "Mrs. Artley wants to see you about giving you her box at the opera next week."

She gazed at me uncomprehendingly at first. Then, without a word, she followed me downstairs. We reentered the ballroom just as the orchestra was having an intermission and, thanks to the popularity of the roof, there was a comparatively small number of people present. Mrs. Artley was standing in the foreground and Elspeth was proceeding in her direction, when suddenly from the doorway boomed out an organ which we had fondly fancied was stilled for the remainder of the evening.

"Tillie—aw, Tillie," called out Doctor Bannister, "come here once!"

Mrs. Lyken detached herself abruptly from a group composed of the Stone Lairds, the Honorable St. John and Mrs. Duchois. As she did so Harleigh brushed by the old man in the doorway and came straight to me.

"Mrs. Pemberton," whispered the butler, "young Mr. Laird came down from the roof very bad. I'm afraid he's had a bit too much to drink. At all events he broke into the rooms of Doctor Bannister by mistake and raved about there like a madman. It was all we could do to hold him. And now he's lying in one of the rooms quite unconscious. What should we do?"

I looked about me gropingly. The first person my eye fell upon was Doctor Bannister. The old gentleman was now talking to his daughter excitedly, but even that bold larynx had conformed at last to metropolitan standards. Only by his face and gestures could one gather that he was talking of Melville.

"Doctor Bannister," whispered I to Harleigh—"he's a physician. Why can't he do something for the boy?"

Harleigh was prompt to act upon my suggestion. As he did so I saw the old man's face change. First came surprise and then something very like hauteur. Taken off guard by these emotions, he forgot all about standards of reticence. When he replied to the butler, it was to drown once more all puny vibrations of sound in the room.

"Say, young man," roared Mrs. Lyken's father, "what do you take me for, anyhow? I'm a veterinary surgeon."

XIX

A HOUSEHOLD where drinks flow freely and where the music is superlative is well equipped to preserve the confidence of its guests in the face of the most damaging circumstances. It was really surprising, indeed, how, after Doctor Bannister had again been wheedled out of the ballroom, everything went on precisely as if no shadow had ever crossed this correct path of life. Not until after five in the morning did the last guest depart.

Then, in the great drawing-room from which footmen were now gathering up the thirty-dollar bouquets abandoned by Elspeth's assistants, James Lyken confronted his wife with an ancient antagonism.

"Well, now you've done it," he snarled.

"I've done it!" she repeated violently. "Of all unreasonable things to say! I suppose it was my fault father had to come in tonight!"

"Nobody's talking about that. But how about Stacker Decke, eh? Now I guess you'll be sorry you wouldn't take my advice and invite him tonight. A fine story this will make for him to spread around, won't it?—all about how your father broke in on the debut."

"Now, James Lyken, I won't have you talking like that! You know perfectly well why I wouldn't ask him. Stacker Decke is not the gentleman I took him to be."

"Gentleman! Rot! What if he did want twenty-five thousand dollars for his services? Hasn't he earned it? Who got us where we are today if it wasn't Stacker Decke? Why, we owe everything to him! And to think you'd be so stingy! Tillie, you've let twenty-five thousand dollars ruin us!"

"But it wasn't the money," whimpered his wife. "I had idealized him so"

"Idealized! Uh-huh, uh-huh!" sneered Mr. Lyken. "A very pretty story! You mean you didn't want to hand over the twenty-five thousand and you thought we had got so high up in the world we could afford to be independent about him. Independent! Uh-huh! Well, you just wait!"

So this was it—the explanation of my employer's treatment of Stacker Decke! All too well had I realized the motives which had led the publicity man to Lyken Hold that first day. The one thing which I had not been able to forecast was that these motives would come into conflict with those two prime lodgers of Matilda Lyken's soul, Fear and Stinginess.

My brief reflections were cut short by the sound of Elspeth's voice. She had been looking wearily from one to the other of her parents, and at this point she turned on her heel.

"Oh, what's the use of talking?" cried she as she started for the door. "It's all over now—everything's all over!"

Her mother stopped her with an exclamation of alarm.

"Elspeth," she called after the retreating figure, "you don't mean—you don't think this will make any difference with St. John, do you?"

"Oh, no, not that," returned the girl almost contemptuously. "He'd be the last person to care."

I expected her to knock on my door after I had gone upstairs, but she did not do so. Lacking any definite word, I wondered much what she was thinking, there alone in her room. Why had she said that everything was over? Had the cry of Melville Laird touched something in her not yet calcined by her success? Or was it only that she felt the evening had breathed upon her something inescapably sordid and grotesque?

Only several times had James Lyken ever talked to me alone, and I was much surprised therefore when he sent for me at nine o'clock the next morning. Harleigh was serving him his breakfast in the dining room when I obeyed the summons, and our butler's face was lined with the anxiety which this rite always inspired. Getting three courses to one spot in two minutes was an obligation that never brought out the best in Harleigh's contemplative nature and he almost scowled at me over his master's head.

Without any preliminary greeting, Mr. Lyken passed me the paper he had been reading. I saw at once that it had been the society page which had absorbed him, and I understood after I read it why a smile of relief showed at the corners of that pinched mouth. Under the reproduction of a new hundred-dollar likeness of Elspeth taken by Rapello, Stacker Decke had succeeded in getting printed a column of his best adjectives about the debut.

"Very nice," remarked I, giving the paper back to him. "Only, of course, this was written and set up before anything happened."

"Yes—uh-huh; I understand that," he returned. Then, with incredible naïveté, he added: "Still, it's nice to see it—something so flattering—here in print before anything else comes out" At the last words his face grew stern. "Tell me, Mrs. Pemberton," he asked, "do you think there's any use trying to fix things up with Stacker Decke."

I shook my head. "I doubt it," I replied.

I had hardly finished speaking when a voice greeted us from the doorway..

"Hello, Jim!" called Doctor Bannister. "How you feeling this morning?"

For reply, Mr. Lyken scowled viciously at his father-in-law—an expression abundantly justified by Doctor Bannister's appearance. It was irritating to have the Apple of Discord thrown into our feast look as little bruised by the impact as did the old man this morning. Hard and ruddy, his round face looked as if it had been just unpacked from its tissue-paper wrappings.

I started to go as he entered, but he called me back.

"Don't go," said he. "I want to talk to you both about last night."

"Well, I don't," snarled his son-in-law, and with that he strode out of the room.

I should perhaps have followed him had it not been for the sudden crestfallen look in old Doctor Bannister's eyes—a look which fused gradually into a smile of childlike appeal.

"Please don't go," he pleaded. "I've got to have somebody to talk to or I'll go crazy"

"But how about breakfast?" inquired I. "Have you had it?"

"Lord, yes! I got hold of one of them men early and he brought me something to my room."

"Well, then," suggested I, "why don't you come to my office? I can be opening the mail and still talk to you."

With touching alacrity, he availed himself of this opportunity for companionship. Sitting down on the other side of my desk, he watched me commence on the pyramid of letters—mostly for Elspeth—which had come that morning.

"Golly," he remarked as he surveyed the majestic mound—symbol of the heights

(Continued on Page 107)

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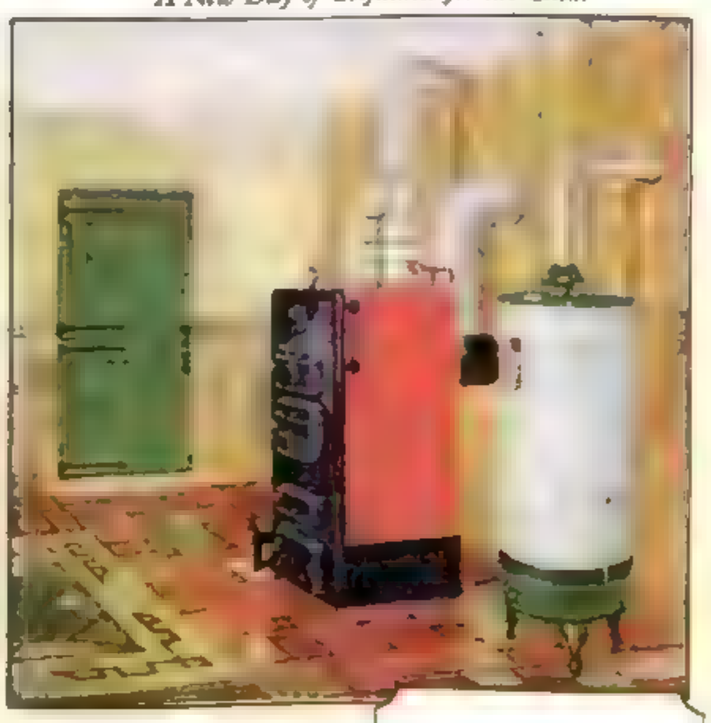

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Continued from Page 104

scaled by his descendant—"anybody would think Tillie was a storekeeper. Do they get this much mail every morning?"

I nodded rather abstractedly, for at that moment I was reading an invitation to Elspeth to form one of the committee of a certain great ball. This invitation always carried with it the implication of being one of the most popular debutantes of the season and I knew that even the future Lady Bockton would not be insensitive to its opportunities for fresh publicity. Yes, another chance to use Rapello's latest study of the Botticelli Girl. I had proceeded from this communication to another almost equally gratifying when I was startled by a question from my caller.

"Say," asked Doctor Bannister, "do you think I did wrong to come here?"

I tried to assure him of the blamelessness of this performance, but his eyes, watching me anxiously, convicted me of an inferior histrionic gift.

"Yes, I did," he reflected ruefully. "I guess I put my foot in it bad. Well, the truth of it is, I just had to see Tillie. Why, Elspeth was just a little girl last time they came out to Wyoming, and every year since, Tillie's kept puttin' us off. I had to see how they was gettin' along oncet before I died, didn't I, eh?"

Even the gratifying communication in my hand—a request that Elspeth take part in a big revue for the benefit of charity—dwindled in significance before a look and a tone that had suddenly dissolved every comic element in the old man's personality.

"Of course you did," I murmured sympathetically.

He shook his head. "But she wasn't glad to see me," said he. "She's changed too much for that."

"Oh," asked I curiously, "she's changed, you think?"

"That ain't the word for it," he returned solemnly. "She's gone—Tillie's gone. If you'd ever seen her when she was a girl—afraid of nothing, bright as a dollar and full of life! Golly, she couldn't get enough life! She could teach school all day and dance all night."

"I didn't know that Mrs. Lyken had ever taught school," commented I.

"Oh, Lord, yes!" affirmed the father proudly. "We gave Tillie every advantage. Oncet there was an elocutionist came out to our place for her health, and Tillie even took lessons from her; but nobody could teach that girl long—she learned too quick for 'em—and soon she was recitin' 'At Paris, it was at the opera there' so much better than the woman herself that there wasn't any comparison. And by the way, she was recitin' that very piece the first time Jim Lyken ever laid eyes on her. He was a surveyor then, you see, and he happened to drop in at a sociable the very first night he came to town. He always said, too, that from the moment he heard her say, 'But, oh, the smell of that jasmine flower' he was a goner. Well"—and he was smiling now over that faded vision of the past—"I guess she wasn't so far behind him, either. In love! You never saw two people more in love than Jim and Tillie."

A young surveyor and a young schoolteacher on the dusty, cactus-pricked stretches of Wyoming, tautly drawn to catch the vibrations of romance and beauty as I saw my employers in these novel terms, my eyes must have widened, for the old gentleman added quickly:

"I guess there ain't much of that goin' on nowadays, but when they were first married humph, the only thing that ever came between 'em was Jim's mopin' around so much over books! She could hardly ever get him to go to a party, and fact of the matter was, they never had parties enough to suit Tillie—she was that lively, you know."

"And how did he happen to make all this money?" asked I curiously.

"Oh, that was Tillie again. When he inherited twenty thousand dollars from his grandmother back East in Illinois, Tillie, she said, 'Why don't you go to New York and get in the stock market?' Well, he didn't want to go—said he didn't know anything about stocks. But Tillie just had her heart set on gettin' some place more lively—I guess mebbe all the pieces she'd been recitin' about the opera and this and that had put notions into her head—and she persuaded him that if he just mulled over stocks and bonds as hard as he did over his old Greek grammar he could make something of himself. Oh, you've got to say that for Tillie—she made Jim Lyken what he is today."

I did not have time to comment upon this achievement, for at that moment Reynolds came in to show me a yellow missive.

"If you please, Mrs. Pemberton," he explained, "a cable has just come for the Hon. St. John Bockton. Shall we disturb him with it?"

"I think so," said I. "He wants all cablegrams to be delivered at once."

As Reynolds departed Doctor Bannister's eye followed with obvious distaste the green knee breeches of our handsome servitor.

"Where'n the world does Tillie get all these men that are willin' to make holy shows of themselves?" he demanded testily.

I hardly had time to satisfy his curiosity before Reynolds was back.

"Mrs. Pemberton," announced he with wide, frightened eyes, "the Honorable Bockton is gone—he and all his luggage."

"What?" cried I, jumping to my feet. "Impossible!" But even as I said it I remembered Harleigh's words, and I remembered, too, the sick smile with which that British face had greeted Doctor Bannister's appearance. I was, in fact, entirely prepared for the sight of those untenanted rooms which greeted me a moment afterward.

As soon as I had assured myself of the truth I rushed down to Harleigh. When he heard my news he shook his head mournfully.

"He might have stuck it if it hadn't been for the last," he opined. Then, putting his hand to his mouth, he whispered with dramatic hoarseness, "His own grandfather was a veterinary surgeon before he got the pub."

I shall not attempt to describe the scene when I broke it to Mrs. Lyken that she could not hope to become the mother-in-law of the future Viscount Bockton. Elspeth's reaction, however, falls within the scope of even such limited powers as mine.

"So I'm jilted," said she, and although she turned deathly pale, she managed to smile flintily. A moment afterward she was telling Celeste what clothes she desired for Jane Cutfelt's luncheon.

Before going to this luncheon, she dropped in upon me for a word.

"A little hard on the Botticelli Girl, isn't it?" she remarked through a smile. "I was just thinking of something awfully cute they can say about me now. 'Oh, yes, Elspeth Lyken! That's the girl that came out -in the wash.' Considering St. John's background, isn't that good?"

Strange that in the moment of her defeat the sense of humor so long absent from her conversation had come back. Proof of the mettle of her spirit, the gay jest allied itself with her determination to carry out the day's program just as if nothing had happened. As she was going out the door of my office I called her back.

"Elspeth," I asked, "what made you do it? You never were in love with him."

"Hardly," she assented dryly.

"Then why—why—when next June Mrs. Artley was going to have you presented at Buckingham? If you had just waited until then you could have had a real English aristocrat."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, I suppose I had to keep on the move—same thing that makes father go from chair to chair. I couldn't bear to think of the excitement of the debut being over without some other excitement to take its place."

I saw her again that day just before she went out to the hotel dinner dance where five hundred guests had been invited to see Ellen Nest launched upon society. This time she came in to report that St. John had gone to the Ritz. Already some of the girls knew of his sudden departure. By that evening the whole world would realize her desertion.

"Heavens!" exclaimed I. "And he'll be at Ellen Nest's dance tonight! How dare you go, Elspeth?"

Her lips set in a grim curve. "How dare I stay away?" she parried. "What? Have anybody think that I care?"

So anxiously did my mind shadow the intrepid young figure at the dance that I did not go to sleep until long after midnight, and when I did so, it was to keep partial grasp of the external world. At five o'clock I heard the elevator, and throwing on a negligee, I went out in the hall to greet the returning Elspeth.

"Oh, hello," whispered she, and she gave my hand a quick little squeeze—a mark of favor never extended to me during all these past victorious months.

At her request I followed her then to her suite, and while Celeste, roused from her slumbers for this nightly service, removed the period frock and the slippers, she chattered gayly of the event. It had all been very grand indeed. The five hundred covers must have cost five or six dollars each—no such stingy dabs of food as Jane Cutfelt had given. The music had been superb, and at midnight there had been some special dancing borrowed from a current musical success. The champagne had been profuse. Only one blemish of frugality had, in fact, appeared on an otherwise blameless horizon. The Nests had used the floral decorations left over in the hotel ballroom from the Gildersleeve debut the night before.

"Imagine such a rich man as Mr. Nest balking at five thousand for flowers!" commented the reveler scornfully. "But of course he's like that—just as stingy as can be. One of the boys was telling me tonight that one day last week he got awfully spiffed at his club and was ranting all around about the expense of the champagne for Ellen's debut. 'Wish my daughter was a ship instead of a snip'—that's what he kept saying—'then it would take only one bottle to launch her!' Penurious old thing! But just wait till he gets the bill for damages to the ballroom! They say the maitre d'hôtel is furious. He found cigarette holes in the tapestries and chairs and a whole lot of other places, and he's going to make old Nest pay for his guests' carelessness."

After Celeste had left us I laid my hand on the girl's arm.

"Come, my dear," I asked, "what really did happen this evening?"

It was just as I was speaking that Mrs. Lyken appeared. So silently she must have moved through the corridors, bereaved tonight of those British boots over which she used to bend so fondly, that her haggard face above a flame-colored negligee seemed to have risen from the ground.

"Tell me," she breathed, "was he there?"

Elspeth turned upon the apparition with a grim smile.

"Yes," she returned, "he was there—rushing Agnes Duchois. Agnes froze me because, so I hear, she happened to be on the roof when Melville was saying good-by to me. Third Squibbs only cut in on me once. And as for your precious Lovegrove"—here she turned flashing eyes upon her mother—"that you would have me invite last night—how do you suppose he acted? Never came near me all evening long. There, that shows you how I stand, doesn't it?—when even the junkman's son doesn't dare speak to me."

With that she flung herself against the door of her bedroom and closed it upon us.

XX

THE following week demonstrated that Elspeth had not exaggerated the disadvantages of her present situation. For the coldness which Agnes Duchois displayed the evening of the Nest debut there was plenty of moral support rising out of the circumstances of the case. As long as Elspeth had jilted Melville Laird in the interests of a more distinguished alliance, it was easy enough for his set to dismiss the case with only a disapproving word. But when she failed to make the distinguished alliance, her treatment of young Laird became an atrocity.

All this does not mean that she was excluded from the constant round of gayety to which her tea and dance had introduced her. She was now too integral a part of the fashionable young set to be so easily dislodged. But it does indicate that under the leadership of Agnes Duchois a powerful cabal had been formed against her. Nowadays the very best she could hope when she saw two friends of hers whispering together was: "Too bad she didn't hold onto Melville until she was sure of the cake of soap."

Meanwhile this "cake" which had dissolved so swiftly in our household was fast solidifying in that of the Duchoises. Ever since Elspeth's debut the Honorable St. John had made it clear, in fact, that he had found his heart's desire. In other days doubtless the Duchoises would not willingly have incurred the friendship of this scion of soap. But the strain of keeping up their normal mode of life upon a subnormal income had weakened their resistance to either vulgar pounds or vulgar dollars. Now they seemed to smile upon the novel spectacle of a fortune-hunting daughter of New York aristocracy and a low-born foreign title. Regarding this juxtaposition, nobody was more scathing than my employer.

"Imagine the Duchoises letting Agnes marry that common Bockton!" she was fond of exclaiming. "My, Elspeth, but I'm glad I put my foot down on your marrying him!"

Impossible as it would seem, Matilda Lyken had really been able to persuade herself that the above represented an accurate transcription of events. No such fiction, however, screened her daughter from rude reality. Usually she listened to her mother's recurrent euphemisms with a cynical smile, but one day the old honesty which had lain, together with her sense of humor, under those mortuary wreaths entitled Another Social Success flamed out in words.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "why do you always fool yourself? You know perfectly it was St. John broke the engagement—not I!"

"Well," sniffed her mother, "if he did, it was only to save his face. He could see perfectly well how we had changed toward him—that we were just about to send him flying." She waited then for a second before putting what had become one of her habitual questions: "Tell me, is he really going to marry her?"

"Oh, how do I know who's going to marry anybody?" retorted the girl irritably. "He won't if that Lovegrove can help it."

"What? Do you mean to say he's after her too? Why, how about Ellen Nest?"

"Oh, and you didn't notice the way he was rushing Agnes at our party? Well, it's all exactly as I predicted. All the time he's just been using Ellen to get him in—it was always Agnes he was crazy about. Of course the Nests are simply furious about it. They say Mr. Nest would let him out of his office this very minute if it weren't for the way people would laugh."

I noticed the way she spoke—as if she were obeying some ordinance to bear the brunt of her situation, as if she must engrave with steely pointed words upon her consciousness any blurred and fugitive impressions of hurt. That Christopher's avoidance of her, sustained ever since that evening of the Nest debut, did mean a final and summarizing humiliation was indicated by the helpless fascination with which she always returned to the theme of his perfidies.

One day after she had made her customary allusion to "that Lovegrove," I said to her smilingly, "How about it, Elspeth? What would you do if some day Christopher Lovegrove were to say to you, 'Come, let's leave this mad world together'?"

(Continued on Page 110)

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(Continued from Page 107)

She stared at me with inarticulate rage. "Old-fashioned stuff," she sneered at last—"that theory about love and hate being the same." She gave me time for a thorough absorption of this remark before adding, with a disdainful smile: "I suppose the reason I wouldn't speak to him that day we went to his store was because I was just mute with my great passion."

"You wouldn't speak to him," I returned, "because you had just helped him and you hated yourself for your—well, vulnerability. You were determined to get on in the world and you saw even then that any feeling for him would hinder you."

She did not deign to reply, but after that any possible desire to speak of Christopher was sternly controlled.

Meanwhile the author of her misfortunes stayed on in the household to experience a somewhat defective existence. This does not imply that Doctor Bannister's daughter failed him in filial consideration. On the contrary, she gave him a limousine whenever he wanted to go out, and one afternoon she dispensed with Lucy in order that the English maid might take him to a veterinary clinic. With everything else save her society she was, in fact, extremely liberal.

Such parsimonious allotments of this as she made, too, must have represented anything but a pleasure to the old man. For the occasions of meeting were invariably dinner, and here he was converted into a spectator of that friction which, ever since Elspeth's dance, had marked the exchange between his daughter and her husband.

Would that I were writing a sentimental story! How I should like to dwell upon the slow but inevitable processes by which James and Matilda Lyken were turned from their present lives by the sane and wholesome influence of the old man from Wyoming. As it is, however, I am bound to warn you that there was no such sequel to Doctor Bannister's visit. Nor is there any reflection upon the evangelistic talents of the old man cast by this statement. For the studious young surveyor and the lively young teacher whom he had known were no longer there to convert. In their admixture with gold, these two elements had undergone a chemical change and nobody on earth could have reduced them to their original form.

But although Doctor Bannister effected no reforms, he himself was considerably affected by them. Everything about him from his diamond ring to his haircut was the subject of constructive criticism. Had it not been for a sudden change of *milieu*, I suspect that my employer would even have coerced him into wearing that ultimate badge of effeminacy—evening clothes.

The change of *milieu* to which I refer was due entirely to the servants. Their desire to serve only the best people had been eminently gratified by the steady upward climb of the Lykens. At the coming of Doctor Bannister, however, all that was best and most aspiring in the natures around us burst into flames of righteous revolt. It was Reynolds, our handsome footman, who voiced most eloquently the general distress.

"If you please, Mrs. Pemberton," said he to me, "I can't stick it any longer. It's bad enough to see that old boy hold his fork as if it was a cello, but today, at luncheon, when I passed him the lobster only to have him put the claws on his plate back on the serving dish —— Well, naturally, you can't expect me to stay if he does."

When I reluctantly reported this ultimatum to Mrs. Lyken, she made the only decision possible to one endowed with a sense of real values. As between losing one's father and one's most decorative footman, any hesitation was unnatural. Doctor Bannister was banished to Lyken Hold. As a matter of fact, I believe that our visitor welcomed the change. He wrote us that he was going to experiment with violet rays on the plumage of Boadicea.

In the interests of real art, I am sorry that Stacker Decke could not have been in possession of this, the final chapter of falconry at Lyken Hold. It was all that he needed to make the article which he wrote a little masterpiece of history.

James Lyken was the first of his family to read it, and never shall I forget the desperate eyes with which he paced up and down over that floor which had once echoed to the booted foot of Cromwell.

"We'll never get over this never!" he cried. It was the cry of a deadened heart at losing the only stimulant which could make it pulse.

Mrs. Lyken was equally affected. She went to bed with the only attack of hysteria I had ever known to prostrate her. Even Elspeth bowed her head over the paragraphs.

"And this is the evening when I have to go to the opera," she whispered through white lips.

Already Mrs. Artley, who was giving her box at the Metropolitan to Elspeth and her friends, had experienced some difficulty in locating the latter. The veiled hostility of Agnes Duchois had, of course, automatically removed one possibility. But that was not all. For, with an obvious end in view, Agnes had followed her refusal to be a member of Elspeth's party with invitations of her own for the same occasion and the same date.

The opera which the hungry young music lovers had decided to consume was the Jewels of the Madonna, and Agnes saw to it that her particular banquet board was large enough to accommodate all whom Elspeth might possibly wish as guests. The Duchois box, together with those of the Lairds and the Van Borens, were all at the disposal of the haughtiest young debutante. At various luncheons Elspeth learned that her intimate set of former days was to confront her across the parquet.

"Christopher Lovegrove too?" I had asked

"Oh, of course him. Everybody says now she'll never marry St. John—that she'll run away with Lovegrove."

The preemption by Agnes of all the most exalted members of her set left Elspeth with Jane Cutfelt as the most desirable of second choices. She and that heirloom from debuts of other years, Mr. Stilwell Hoopes, were to complete a quota otherwise assured by Bertram Beaswick and one of his covey of eligible bachelors.

But on the very afternoon of the party Jane Cutfelt called up to say that she was in bed with the grippe.

Whether this illness was authentic or not I never discovered. All I do know is that the contagion among Elspeth's prospective guests spread with suspicious rapidity. By nightfall Beaswick was the sole survivor of the plague.

"Oh, well," I comforted Elspeth that evening as I watched Celeste slipping the slender feet into a fresh pair of slippers, "as long as Mrs. Artley is with you, you don't need to fear."

I had hardly spoken when Elspeth was called to the phone. She came back to look at me with sick eyes.

"Mrs. Artley says she's too ill to come tonight," she said, and for the first time in all these days her voice trembled. It was all she could do to add: "But I don't believe her. She just doesn't want to be seen with me tonight."

What was to be done for a chaperon—now, at this late hour? With Mrs. Lyken still in bed, there was only one available person. It was I.

Thus it happened that on her first evening appearance in the Golden Horseshoe of the Metropolitan—that moment to which every New York debutante looks forward as one of the climaxes of the season—Elspeth Lyken was unaccompanied save by two paid retainers of her family. For had it not been for Bertram Beaswick's annuity in the brokerage house, who can doubt that he, too, would have come down with the popular bacillus? Even as it was, he had quite patently taken measures to dull the pangs of that evening's ordeal. His neat legs were a trifle infirm as he came to greet us in the lobby, and hardly had he sat down in the box before his sleek head began to nod

Elspeth gave a contemptuous glance at the relaxed Mr. Beaswick.

"Do you remember your Chinese poets?" she said to me in a low tone—"'dust of the world'? Well, I'm through with it tonight."

"Through?" I whispered back. "Where are you going?"

"Any place. Perhaps back to Wyoming with grandfather." And though she managed a gay little smile, her feverish hand suddenly clutched mine.

Even from the standpoint of music lovers, we had arrived early. Practically all the boxes were empty when Elspeth, draped in her ermine cape, moved forward to a gold chair by the railing, and it was not until the first act was well under way that one was conscious of shrouded forms moving into the darkened partitions of the great curve. Among these belated attendants were Agnes Duchois and her party.

Throughout that first act I had a sense of implacable permanence. Toscanini's baton lifted above pages of music lighted to luminous gold in the darkness; the sweet triviality of the music; the figures of Italian peasants on the stage—had these been going on through all my life? Would they never end? Should I sit there forever dreading, for Elspeth Lyken's sake, the lights which would flood the house when the curtain came down?

When it was finally over, the first sight which greeted my eyes was the face of Bertram, now completely resigned to the fate which he had courted. He was sound asleep. Immediately afterward I saw the cohorts of the enemy, now ranged in boxes on the same level as our own and almost directly opposite. Veronica Silver, Ellen Nest, Millicent Van Boren, Melville Laird, St. John Bockton, Third Squibbs—these with perhaps a dozen others had already leveled their gaze at the figure beside me.

Slowly, coolly, Elspeth's eye traveled from one to the other of those familiar figures. As she completed the survey, however, her composure broke. Her eyes widened, her lips parted. Breathlessly she turned to me.

"Where is he?" she gasped. "Look! He's not there!"

Even as the delicate brows frowned their wonder, a voice from the rear of our box spoke her name. We both wheeled about, and as she recognized who it was that had called her, the girl sprang to her feet.

"You!" cried she to Christopher Lovegrove. I saw the face that she turned toward him, and it was more than bewilderment which parted her lips, which lighted her wide-set eyes.

He smiled at her as he advanced. "Who else?" he returned and —— Was it ironic or tender, the gesture with which, there, in full view of everybody, he lifted her hand to his lips?

She glanced at the bent head with its kindling brown locks, and as she did so, the eyes that his coming had lighted became suddenly somber.

"Will you tell me why you are here?" she asked. "Why aren't you over there with your friends?" And she glanced across the parquet just in time to see Agnes Duchois sink back into the chair from which she had risen at the sight of Christopher.

"Because," answered he, still with the same smile, "I told my friends that I had another engagement." He paused here for a survey of those astounded faces in the Duchois boxes, and then he added slowly: "Now they can see how truthful I was. But may I sit down?"

At this point he looked for the first time at Bertram. Then, without a word, he lifted the chair, with its dormant cargo, to the rear. A second afterward he seated himself beside her.

"But I don't understand," she whispered. "Why did you come?"

He hesitated for a second. "Perhaps because I thought it was consistent," was his final and very deliberate retort.

(Continued on Page 112)

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(Continued from Page 110)

"Consistent?" she echoed frowningly.

"Yes—with the spirit of the opera. Isn't it about a young man who stole the jewels of the Madonna to win his unwilling love? Well, then, what more fitting than that I should be here with you tonight? For that's what I've done, too, Elspeth—stolen the jewels of—oh, well, not the Madonna, but my own best self."

She stared at him as though he were mad, and for a moment the only reassurance which he offered her was his steady, solemn regard. At last: "Do you remember the time when I drove Agnes Du Lac straight into your falcon hunt?" he asked. She nodded wonderingly. "Well," said he, "I did it on purpose—because I knew it would put her in your power. Not a pretty thing for me to do, was it? Yet how gladly I laid it at your feet—the first of the gems that I stole from my own best self. Tonight—Well, you can see for yourself that this is my most dazzling gift of all. Over there they sit—the two girls I made use of."

There was only one part of his speech which Elspeth seemed to consider.

"The two girls you made use of?" she echoed, and again it was more than astonishment which parted the lips and lighted the eyes of the season's most beautiful debutante.

"Oh, and do you mean to say you didn't recognize it—my high-souled purpose that, having made use of one girl to get me into your world, I had to find another to rid me of the first?" His words blended into a mirthless smile, sustained through the question that followed. "Tell me, my love, do you like them—my garlands of pearls, my bracelets of rubies?"

In reply, the small head, with that parted casquelike coiffure known to every hamlet in America, dropped forward and for an instant our box seemed an island lapped by waves of laughter and talk.

"Oh, Elspeth!" cried the young man after that long silence. "And I thought it was going to be so different. That first night, there in your house, I saw myself another kind of hero, from another kind of opera. You—you—were Brunhild—a being removed from the cursed gold about you—waiting for my love to deliver you—sleeping there in the midst of your enchanted fire till I came. Siegfried, the fearless—that was the rôle I had picked for myself."

With a bitter tenderness he surveyed the bowed head, the pearl-encircled throat, the stiff billows of her white moire skirt. "Siegfried!" He laughed harshly. "Isn't that amusing to think of now, seeing how I turned out—looking at me today—me, the thieving gigolo?"

"Don't—don't!" she cried. "If you are, it's my fault! I wasn't worthy of a Siegfried! I was part of the accursed gold! You took the only way to ——"

"The gigolo," he repeated scornfully, "doing a pitiful job—eating other people's food and drinking their champagne, dancing with their daughters——" He broke off abruptly and rose to his feet. "Good-by," said he, putting out his hand.

The word swept her upward with eyes of wild alarm.

"No, no!" she breathed. "Not that! I can't stand it alone. Don't you see—whatever I did—it's always been you? I couldn't hate you, even when I saw you—being like me."

The confession of eyes and voice—For a moment he stood intoxicated beyond movement by that spell. Then he slowly shook his head.

"No, no," said he mournfully. "Can't you see I've got to go?"

"But why—why?"

Almost without sound her lips framed the words.

"Because"—his voice was scarcely more audible than her own—"I've got to get back for myself—the decency I stole from myself."

Again the box was an island of stillness against which dashed tempestuously the sea of laughter and talk.

"And how am I going to get back mine?" It was the girl who broke the long silence.

He hesitated for a second. "By waiting for me," he replied at last in a low voice. "By being here when I come back with honest gifts to win you."

He was going; he had reached the stupefied form of Bertram Beaswick when she ran after him and clutched his sleeve. "Remember," I heard her say, "I'll be waiting—no matter how long."

And for the confusion of the skeptical, I may add that the daughter of James and Matilda Lyken, graduate of Barrett and member of the Young Alliance, kept her word.

THE END

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Grace—"Why, Mrs. Briggs, I find that it isn't much more trouble to clean everything in the house than it is to bundle-up some clothes for the cleaner."

Mrs. Briggs—"What are you talking about? This house is literally full of things that I can't clean more than once or twice a year and then not very well. My rugs are really all that I clean regularly."

Grace—"Rugs and other floor coverings represent only about one-fifth of the surfaces and things in a home that should be frequently and regularly cleaned. Can it be possible that you are still using an old-fashioned method that does only that one-fifth of your cleaning? My Air-Way Sanitary System cleans everything in my house, under the furniture, around table legs, inside the piano, the fireplace, under and behind the radiators, over the windows, on the walls, ceilings, in closets, even in bureau drawers. And it cleans my fragile lamp shades, the draperies and curtains. It renovates mattresses, and cleans the upholstered furniture, and controls infestation by moths. And it's all done easily, simply, quickly, and thoroughly."

Mrs. Briggs—"Great heavens! That's the home cleaner every woman has seen in her dreams. And actually now, is it all true? Can you really do all of those things effectively?'

Grace—"Indeed yes. The special utensils used are actually a part of the whole system. In the polishing of your hardwood floors, the reaching into high places, and the cleaning of such things as fabrics and over-stuffed furniture, or the applying of that wonderful Air-Way moth control you can quickly and easily go from one task to another without delays or trouble. In fact, it cleans practically everything that doesn't require soap and water. It's just like sending your whole home to the cleaners. No other home-cleaning system or device has the new service features you get with the Air-Way."

Mrs. Briggs—"That's simply wonderful. I'm certainly going to have one because that's the most amazing cleaning device I've ever heard of."

Grace—"And, dear, I haven't told you the best thing of all—you will never again have to empty the filthy contents of a bag. All collected dirt is sealed in *a sanitary cellulose filter fibre container* which you detach bodily and burn or cast away. You should take advantage of this new and better method and equipment for complete home sanitation without delay. Already there are hundreds of thousands of satisfied Air-Way users. Just as modern lighting equipment replaced the coal-oil lamp and modern heating systems supplanted the old base burner, so has the Air-Way Sanitary System with its exclusive features relegated into discard antiquated methods of home cleaning."

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Grace—"Just phone the Air-Way branch for a demonstration."

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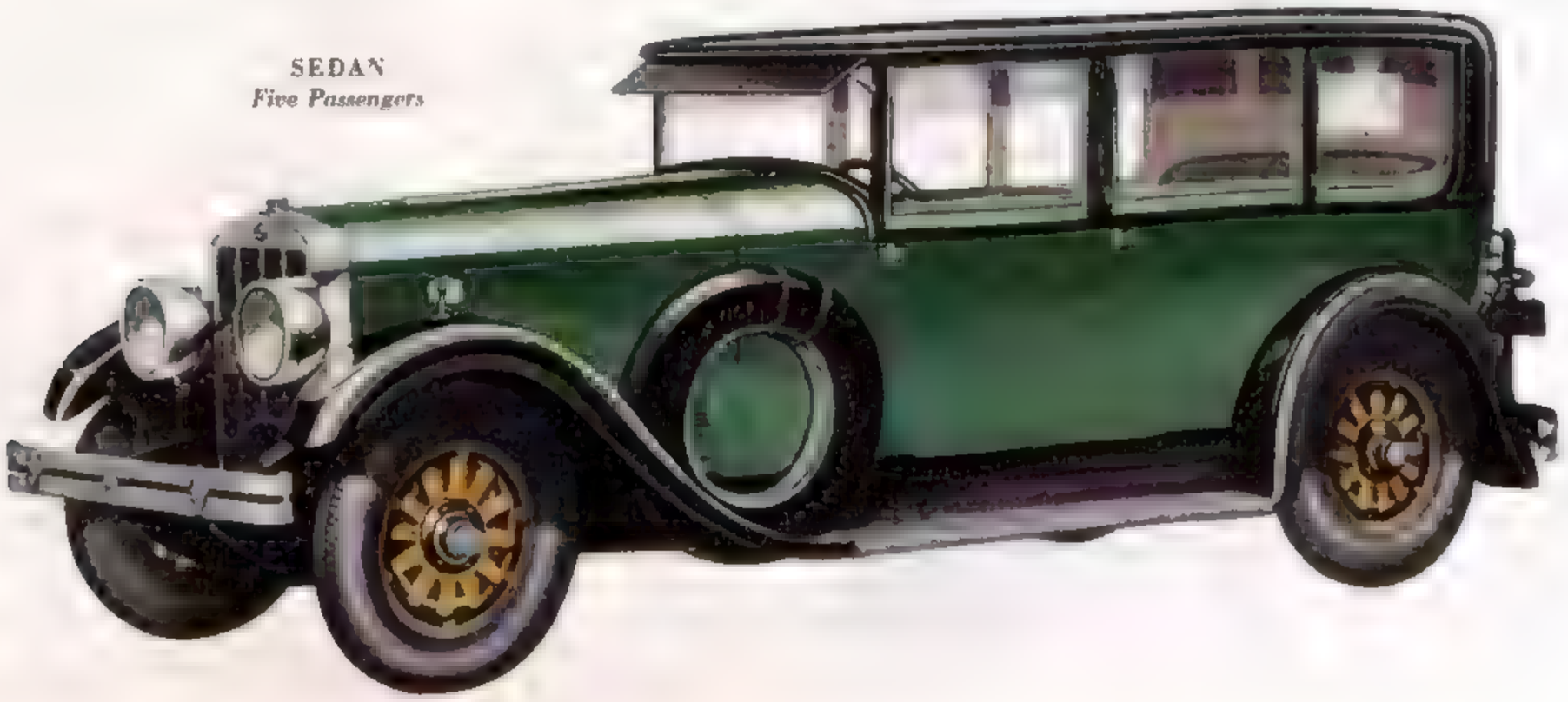

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 32

boys would easily be able to repeat their triumph this year. Unfortunately, however, five of their star players have been recently shot by the Cheka, which leaves a big hole in the left side of the line; and to make matters worse, the body of Snetkof, their fast little quarterback, has just been discovered in a cistern in the Volga district with an iron weight attached to its neck. Foul play is suspected, but in the meantime the job of developing a new quarterback will be no easy one for coach Lenin—formerly O'Malley—who has taken the place of coach Lefkowitz, who has disappeared. Small wonder that the South Lenin supporters are somewhat downcast at this time of year, but I am sure that when the season gets well under way the colors of Old South will not be dragging in the dust.

Another team which has suffered considerably since last year is the redoubtable eleven of Lenin-Lenin, eleven of whose members have been forced to flee to Pari In spite of this somewhat unfortunate situation, a call for early practice was issued on the thirteenth of August, and when the candidates assembled outside the Café de la Paix it was found that all but nine were present, seven of whom had been seen at Zelli's the night before—a cheery outlook. The two who reported indulged in a few limbering-up exercises, followed by seven vodkas and a mild scrimmage, and were taken to the *mairie* of the *arrondissement*, where explanations followed. So it looks like a good year for Old Lenin-Lenin, with the possible exception of the fact that none of the members of the team can get back into Russia to play any games—an unusual situation in intercollegiate athletics.

The position of the University of Lenin Dame is, on the contrary, somewhat less complicated. It will be remembered that Lenin Dame beat Holy Lenin last fall in a neck-and-neck game almost entirely through the remarkable forward-passing combination of halfback Kuzma and left-end Gootch, who themselves accounted for eighty-three of Lenin Dame's points. To their great chagrin, however, just before the final game, left-end Gootch was found to have some diamonds belonging to the late Czarina concealed in one of his teeth and was declared ineligible for one year and ordered to be shot. Fearful of facing the disgrace, he fled to Germany. By a happy coincidence, however, the football field where Lenin Dame plays most of its games is situated half in Russia and half in Germany and so this year the receiving end of the Kuzma-Gootch forward-passing team will be working again—provided he stays on the left-hand side of the field. It looks pretty good for Old Lenin Dame.

The prospects for the University of Siberia are, as usual, somewhat nebulous. This team, as every true sport fan knows, is composed largely of convicts who have been sent to work in the mines, and they have therefore not nearly so much time for practice as their more fortunate rivals. They are also somewhat handicapped by the chains on their legs, and as a result they have generally finished the season pretty close to the bottom. Reports have it, however, that five of the famous St. Lenin eleven of 1926 who were sent to Siberia shortly after graduation have been declared eligible to play on that team under the new four-year agreement, and so perhaps after all this may be Old Siberia's big year. Certainly no one could wish it more than I.

In the smaller colleges fairly satisfactory prospects may be reported, and a good season is looked forward to provided the players in certain rural districts can be restrained from eating the footballs in unfortunate periods of famine. I shall never forget seeing this happen three times in the final quarter of the championship match between Scherbatnik and Upper Dombrowski, and I well remember the referee's distress at the occurrence.

This matter was taken up, fortunately, at the annual winter meeting of the rules committee and at my suggestion Section II, Article 6, was amended to read:

A player, whether on-side or not, who eats the football after a play has been started, shall be declared offside, and the ball—that is a new ball—shall be brought back to its original starting point and put in play as a first down.

That ought to remove this handicap to certain smaller teams and make, on the whole, for a faster game.

Another point which was discussed by the rules committee was the question of having members of the Cheka running on the field to shoot players during the progress of the game, and after considerable discussion the following amendment was passed:

Section 8, Article 2: When the ball is dead The ball shall be declared dead (a) when further advance is impossible, or (b) when the player carrying the ball is shot by one or more officially recognized members of the Cheka. In case the shots happen to hit the wrong player, or completely miss the entire team, the ball shall be taken back to the point from which it was put in play and play shall then be resumed without loss of a down to the team in possession of the ball.

The question of a bath for the captain of the winning team at the end of the season was also discussed, but was postponed, as it was felt that that was a problem which each university must decide for itself. Just before the adjournment of the meeting an attempt was made to patch up the unfortunate quarrel between South Lenin and Lenin-Lenin resulting from the accusation of the South Lenin students that their rivals were guilty of such questionable practices as putting glue in their beards and wearing sheet-iron kneecaps, but as neither side seemed willing to forgive and forget, the reconciliation was not successful. This is to be regretted.

Summing up, then, I would say that the popularity of football is only one more indication of the fact that the pendulum in Russia has already begun to swing the other way. The extremists are gradually discovering that their promised Utopia has become nothing more or less than a great big chimera, and vice versa. The peasant farmer-landowner-paper hanger—group headed by Stalin are gradually joining hands with the worker—syndicalist-dentist-pipe cleaner—faction under Kaminoff, and in this gradual breaking down of the old hatreds and building up of the country into one unified whole, not the least of the factors has been the old American game of intercollegiate football.

Donald Ogden Stewart.

Catechism of a Popular Song Writer

Q. When do you begin to dream?

A. When the mellow moon begins to beam.

Q. And what do you dream?

A. A little dream.

Q. About what?

A. About a cozy little love nest, rosy little dove nest, cozy little love nest, small.

Q. Where?

A. Dow-en by that Oh-ald M-hill Stir-r-ream.

Q. For whom was this love nest built?

A. Just for you and me, dear, just for two and tea, dear.

Q. What else might it have been called?

A. A bungalow built for two, a castle for kisses and you, a vine-covered cottage, a tumble-down shack, or a hut just for wooing (à la wicky-wack).

Q. And where else might it have been located?

A. In the love-a-lee land of Flor-ree-dah, 'way down on Hon-o-lu-lu Bay, by a waterfall, in Athlone, or just outside that dear old town beneath the skies of Spain.

Q. But does it really matter where it is located?

A. No, it really doesn't.

Q. Why not?

A. Because if owen-lee my gal's with me, I never shall be lowen-lee.

Q. And you won't have time for anything but what?

A. But wooing and cooing and toodle-ee-ooing

Q. Not even time to look at the red, red roses?

A. No.

Q. But, of course, you want some there?

A. Yes, and they must be red, red.

Q. Now, perchance if your darling stole away say, some summer's day what then

A. My heart would ache, my heart would break.

Q. Would you follow her until you had found her?

A. Don't ask such silly questions!

Q. How far would you go to win her back?

A. I'd climb the highest mountain, I'd swim the deepest river.

Q. And when you had found her, would you both go back to your biv-ou-ac?

A. We might.

Q. What other alternative would you have?

A. We might hop a choo-choo car and go choo-choo-ing far, to that land of Dreams Come Troo-oo.

Q. Or what else might you do?

A. Well, we could just go on forever doing that Varsity Drag.

Q. Now, by any chance do you happen to have any bananas today?

A. Great grief, Ramona! Won't we ever live that one down? *—Al Graham.*

Song to Don Juan

MY HEART is always breaking;
My life has been made bare
By many dark-complexioned men
And six or seven fair.

My heart is always breaking;
The world seems lone and drear,
I long to end it all, about
A dozen times a year.

I meet a man and rue it
And plan to end my days;
I somehow never do it.
(Procrastination pays.)

My heart is always breaking,
Oh, I have tasted pain,
I have known anguish. I suspect
I'll know it oft again.

My heart is always breaking;
This isn't new at all;
So do not be too proud to know
You broke my heart this fall.

For my heart is always breaking;
My life has been made bare
By many dark-complexioned men
And six or seven fair.

Don't think it's to your fatal
Fascination this is due;
It's only by the merest chance
It happened to be you!

Mary Carolyn Davies.

Fat Robins

FAT Robins I shall now deride
In terms;
Their thoughts are wholly occupied
With worms.

Unhallowed grubs that crawl and cling
They stalk;
They do not play, they do not sing;
They squawk.

They never note the evening star,
The bat,
The moon or firefly. They are
Too fat! *—Arthur Guiterman.*

Makes the Best Drink Taste Better

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PRESSING
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YOU CAN DEPEND ON YOUR VALETOR

JUST STUDENTS

(Continued from Page 15.

thing—nobody can say that. But you haven't got a thing to worry about."

An eager, anxious light shone in Mr. Harris' upturned face. "Are you sure, Stan?" he said.

"'Course I'm sure!"

"Well," he said wistfully, "I wish I was sure."

He turned his eyes unconsciously toward the towering gray spire as if in search of heavenly aid. Just what he hoped of this heavenly aid is not to be known, but perhaps he had the wish to be instantly metamorphosed into a nonchalant clubman and so escape the lingering horror of the next four months.

The successful clubman in the window laughed, and his laugh was not without a hint of sympathy.

"I know how you feel, Garv," he said. "But don't let it get you down. Now about tonight: Will you or won't you? It's all right with me either way."

"Why, I'd be glad to, Stan. You know I'd ——"

"Does that mean yes?"

"Well yes, it does."

"At-a-boy! Make up your mind to it and you can do anything," Stanley said with burlesque enthusiasm. "You wait till you see these girls; you want to be a smooth fella with them. They're fancy and they'll burn you up. We'll meet you after dinner."

"Sure thing," Garvey said weakly. "Where are you going to take 'em to dinner? Down to your—I mean, where you usually eat, or—or where are you going to take 'em, I mean?"

"We're not going to the club," Stanley said thoughtfully. "It would be all right, of course, but the boys down there like to get something on you and ride it to death. We decided to go to that little tea room around the corner. You meet us in front of the movies at seven o'clock."

"Sure thing," Garvey repeated. "But, Stan, you really think it's it's ——"

"Think it's what?"

"I mean, nobody will think I'm running it out, will they?"

Stanley glared at him. "You get out o' here," he said, "and don't let me see you again till seven o'clock. I don't like to be kidded."

"No, Stan, I really meant it. Do you think it's running it ——"

"Go way! Go way, Garv! You're beginning to get me griped, and I've got to hurry and get dressed."

"Well, I just wanted to know," Garvey said feebly; and he feebly departed, his white flannel trousers flapping limply as he went.

He made a flaccid exit from the courtyard by means of the vaulted archway opposite the one he had so buoyantly entered. When he emerged at the other end of the archway his manner had visibly changed; once more he walked with easy conviction, carelessly sure of himself. A magic phenomenon had taken place within the shadowy vault—he had entered it a worried boy and came forth a jaunty superior. The only explanation is that he might have noticed the timid swarm of Black Caps at the far end of the passage.

Not without a little satisfaction he pushed through the center of the swarm and went to the large Gothic hall set apart as the dining place for him and his equals.

Here those equals made him welcome with mild hilarity. His neighbors evidently enjoyed his conversation nearly as much as they did their own; the hall was filled with cheerful talk and happy laughter; yet a cloud hung over the entire assembly. Possibly the members of the white-flanneled caste were inwardly considering the next four months as a period composed of dangerous little incidents any one of which might prove to be fatal.

Dinner over, Garvey quickly rose from the table. He evidently had no wish to discuss his plans for the evening, for he left in some haste, vaguely explaining that he had to go see somebody.

Silently and alone, he hurried down the shady street to the entrance to the movie theater. There he leaned against a convenient tree and waited. A stream of bareheaded boys jostled and crowded about him, a few of them exchanging brief greetings as they passed.

In observance of a curious local ritual Garvey called out "Howdy, gentlemen?" to groups of passers-by if he was not acquainted with everyone in the groups; if he knew them all, he addressed them separately and by name.

Far down the sidewalk he caught a glimpse of Stanley Parr. That knickerbockered young gentleman was advancing with stooping shoulders and bent head; his head was not only bent but it seemed permanently twisted to the left. Through a lane in the crowd Garvey saw the explanation of his friend's posture. On Stanley's left side were two girls. They were not big fat girls in pants; in fact, the only particular in which Garvey had been correct in his prejudgment of them was that they were girls.

Their costumes were smartly urban, and beneath their modish little hats their brightly alert faces showed that they thought the scene both novel and amusing. As they walked beside the long-legged Stanley their steps seemed short and quick—almost mincing—as though they found themselves silkily restricted by their brief skirts. The girl nearest Stanley clung to his arm and occasionally looked up into his face, gayly questioning him; and now and then she turned to the other girl to call her attention to something in passing. In neither of the girls could the anxious watcher beside the tree detect any lack of "It."

A moment later Garvey was being introduced to the young lady who had apparently become a fixture at Mr. Parr's side.

"Miss Mayers—Mr. Harris," Stanley said with exaggerated formality. "And Miss Brenner—Mr. Harris"

Both girls murmured "How do you do?" And Garvey bowed slightly.

"Now do you believe what I told you?" Stanley smiled slyly. "Now do you ——"

"You're Élise, aren't you?" Garvey said boldly. He stepped to Miss Brenner's side and the four of them went into the theater.

They took seats not far from the back row. This was at Stanley's suggestion, and for an excellent reason. Shortly after they sat down, a boy with a girl affixed to his arm came in and went forward down the aisle. As soon as these newcomers had passed by a few of the rear rows, they found their advance heralded in a way calculated to be openly embarrassing. Five hundred pairs of masculine feet stamped the floor in time with their steps, the rear rows starting the stamping and the front rows taking it up; and from the small balcony a bass chorus chanted, "Hat off! Hat off! Hat off!" This cry of "Hat off!" plainly had no allusion to head coverings, for both the boy and his companion were dressed in summer attire and were hatless.

Élise, mystified, pointed out this glaring error to Garvey. "Why on earth do they keep saying that when anybody can see they haven't got hats on?" she said above the tumult.

"Well," he said, "it's just a way we have here."

"But what does it mean?"

"I don't know," he said truthfully. "It's something you say when somebody comes in just before the show starts, 'specially if it's a little late in starting. It's just something you say."

"I see." Obviously she did not see, but she decided to let it go; then her curiosity overcame her. "Is it because he had a girl with him?" she asked.

"No," he said. "Sometimes we do it on that account, and sometimes it's because they really have hats on, and once in a while we don't do it at all. I've seen a week go by without anybody saying it, and ——"

"But what about the stamping?" She decided to let the reason for "Hat off!" remain a mystery. "Why do they stamp so hard and then quit all at once?"

"Why?" He was about to attempt an answer when he saw that Zula, on the other side of him, was an interested listener.

Stanley leaned forward, frankly amused. "You can't explain it, Garv," he said. "Nobody can. Sally Wood tries to do it every lecture by putting in a fast one about 'that exotic plant, the genus boy,' but nobody knows what he means. He ——"

"He?" said Zula. "I thought you said the name was Sally."

"Name's Eugene Fairmount Wood he's a professor," Garvey explained briefly. "We call him Sally."

"You do?" she said. "What for?"

"I don't know," said Garvey, "unless it's because ——"

"It's because he's a nice old bird that takes up the time with wise cracks like that one about the exotic genus boy," Stanley broke in. "That's why, you see." He evidently believed his explanation to be clear, logical and reasonable—an elderly professor named Eugene Fairmount Wood was called Sally because he spoke of the genus boy as an exotic plant.

"You see how it would be," he said easily.

"Oh, yes!" The girls looked at him curiously and then glanced at each other, their faces blank and bewildered. "Yes, we see."

"You do not," said Stanley. "But that's all right."

"Yes, of course I do," Élise said. "I understand nicknames—that's easy enough. But what I don't see is ——"

The rest of her remark was not audible; it was drowned in a sudden outburst of bellowing. A nervous and distressed woman had been seen going toward the heavily screened piano in front of the small stage; she carried a bundle of what appeared to be popular songs and her manner was almost apprehensive. The bellowing began immediately upon her entrance from the side door.

"Music!" the front rows shouted. "Music! Music! Music!"

"Nice music!" the balcony said severely.

"Pretty music!" The boy behind Élise and his six companions decided upon a further amendment of the original request for tuneful sound. "Pretty music!" they yelled.

The concealed piano presently sent forth a piteous and uncertain tinkle, the lights slowly dimmed and went out, and the pallid silver screen on the stage flickered and began its nightly business. The show had commenced.

In the faint light Garvey looked at Zula and then at Élise. With some astonishment he realized that an event without precedent had just taken place—as a favor to a friend he had consented to entertain a girl he had never seen, and the result was not unsatisfactory; indeed, it was delightful.

"You look like someone that's been places and seen people," he said to Élise. "Haven't you ever been in a town like this before?"

"What?" she said. "Oh, yes, I've been through college towns, but I've never stopped off in one till today."

The young lady moved slightly and extended one elbow in the direction of the arm of the seat, which happened to be already occupied by the forearm of Mr. Harris.

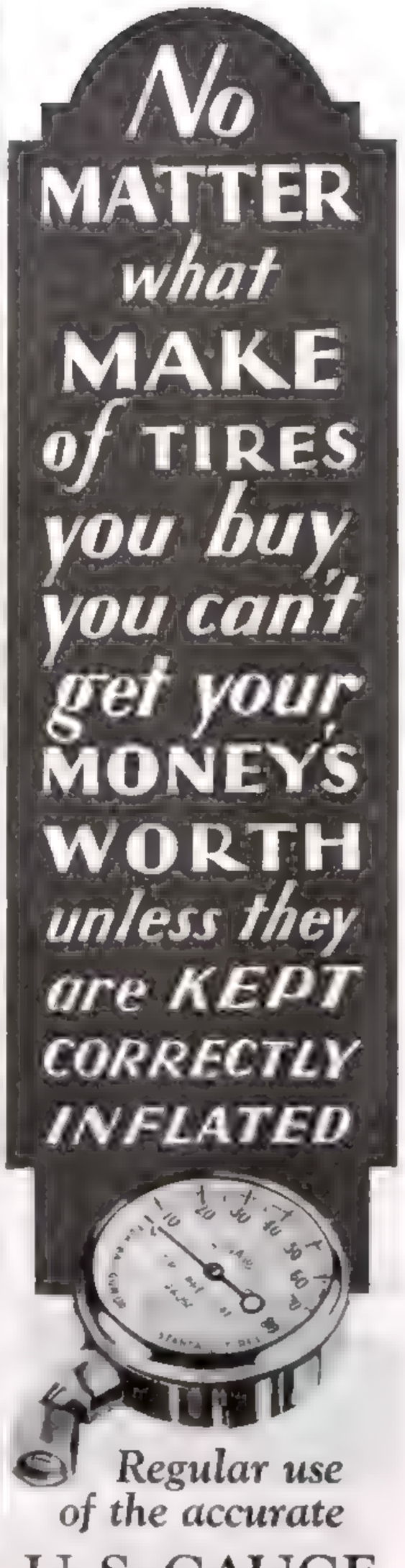
"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she said, with a small show of confusion. "I didn't know —— Did I hurt you?"

"Hurt?" he said. "No, of course not. How could it?"

"Well, maybe not." She smiled quickly. "But it prob'ly wasn't very comfortable."

"It was all right—really it was."

"No, it wasn't," she insisted. "It was careless of me, and ——"



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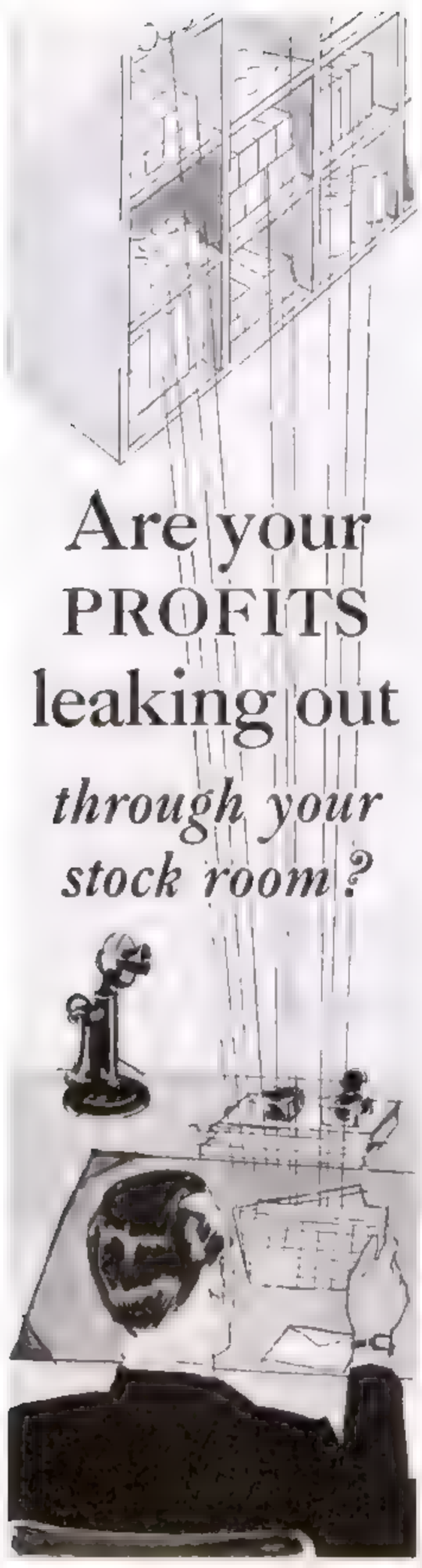

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"It's all right," he said earnestly, and gently he placed her elbow upon his arm. "You lean there just as hard as you want to," he said. "I like it."

She allowed her elbow to remain where he had placed it; for a moment she was silent.

"You're funny," she said. "You're not at all like most of the men I've seen."

"How is that?" He leaned toward her expectantly.

"You're so thoughtful." She nodded seriously. "Most people would have kept their arm there and said nothing; or if they did move it, they'd have done it so I'd feel uncomfortable about putting my arm there. But the way you do it, you make it perfectly all right for both of us."

"I—I do?" he said. "Well, you're pretty nice to say so. The reason I did it was because I really like your arm there. I really ——"

"It was thoughtful," she broke in. "And I like thoughtful men. Most of the college men I saw at the hotel this summer weren't a bit thoughtful. They didn't act as if there was anybody else on earth—that is, most of them didn't. They'd come into the dining room late and—and drive their cars pretty fast through town and ——"

"Where was the hotel?" he asked curiously.

"Up in Maine. . . . But those men weren't a bit like you. They "

"Was that where you worked? Stan said something about you being waitresses at some hotel."

"Only for the summer," she said quickly. "We wanted to take a trip, so we went up there and waited table. We're really not waitresses."

"I guess you're not!" he said heartily. "But what do you do?"

"We're hitch-hikers." She looked up at him with a perky little smile. "We can wait table, dance, sing, play a uke and take shorthand. We go where we want and work where we have to. Just now we're on our way to Florida."

"That sounds fine," he said. "But I always thought—I mean, I've never seen any hitch-hikers—well, all the ones I've seen had pants on."

"Most of them do," she said. "We do when we're on the road. It's so much more convenient."

"But—but what about what you got on now?" His eyes made a complimentary inventory of her invisible clothing. "How do you ——"

"We always make it a rule to carry at least two dresses in our knapsacks," she said primly. "We find it's a good idea to look nice when we get to town." And with continued primness, she crossed her knees and smoothed her skirt.

"You look nice enough to be in the Follies," he said. "Say, how long are you going to be around here?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"Why don't you know?"

"Well"—she moved a little closer—"just 'cause I don't."

Mr. Harris appeared to be satisfied. For a short while he abandoned his low-voiced conversation and gave fleeting attention to the flickering screen before him. On the other side of Élise, Zula and Stanley also showed a vague interest in the picture; their shoulders touching, they politely kept their faces turned in the general direction of the stage.

The film went slowly on to its sentimentally private ending, the actors and actresses obviously unwilling to hasten a single tender moment, though heartily encouraged to do so by the hardened and cynical spectators. The knicker-clad young men and the white-flanneled young men did not approve of shyly quivering love on the screen, and said so; and the Black Caps hopefully followed their example.

When the hero gazed troubledly at the heroine and sighed visibly, he was publicly advised to bite her; and the heroine was seldom allowed to pass near an open window without it being loudly suggested that she leap forth from it.

"Jump, lady!" the boys shouted. "Jump! Now bite her hard this time if she won't jump! At-a-baby!"

Then the stamping began again. The hero, a brisk, honest young shipping clerk, walked to thunderous accompaniment; nor did it profit him to change his pace, for the stamping proved readily adaptable. The final close-up faded to darkness, the house lights came on and the spectators rose up and departed, a thoughtful few of them convinced that the stout lady ticket taker had more than aided the proprietor in choosing the picture.

On the sidewalk outside the theater Garvey manfully took charge.

"We're going somewhere to eat, of course," he said to the girls. "Where do you say we go, Stan?"

"Well"—Stanley looked down the street toward a lighted plate-glass window—"well, we might ——"

"No dairy lunch." Garvey was firm. "Let's go some place where we can sit down and be waited on. Where would you like to go, Élise?"

"Anywhere you want," she said brightly. "It is nice to be waited on, but don't let us take up too much of your evening. We don't want ——"

"We don't want to take all your time," Zula said to both boys. "Of course we'd like to go anywhere you say, but if you've got something else to do this evening ——"

"This evening," Garvey said grandly, "is just beginning."

In an intimate little group the four of them went down the broad crowded sidewalk to the corner. Boys jostled lightly against them, stood staring in front of them and reluctantly moved aside; other boys walked closely behind them, with no apparent purpose, and then went by, gazing lingeringly as they did so. Swarms of boys hovered about them in attitudes studiedly casual; boys in knickers, in flannels, in black caps made thorough inspection of the girls, from their trim slippers to their smart hats, and boys hurrying along paused to look back.

Élise and Zula were pleasantly reminded that they were girls, and perhaps they may also have derived some pleasure from the fact that the sidewalk crowd seemed to consider them pretty girls. A little flash passed between them as they glanced at each other; a silent, mysterious communication had secretly taken place, and in an instant. They glanced, smiled and then resolutely looked down.

More boys stood on the corner, and they stood in groups noticeably different from those along the sidewalk. They were comparatively stationary—that is, they moved nervously about, but without leaving the corner. There appeared to be a center of interest, for boys from the various groups would leave their companions to confer seriously with someone sitting in a dark doorway and then return. The look these boys gave Zula and Élise was but automatic; they had an air of quiet earnestness that hinted a suppressed excitement.

Garvey glanced thoughtfully at them; and with Élise he led the way to a small restaurant down the side street, three doors from the corner.

"What's going on tonight, Stan?" he asked when they were all seated at one of the tables. "Have you heard of anything?"

"Going to steal the clapper," said Stanley. "Harry Reed planned it."

"How they going to do it? I thought it was watched so nobody could get at it."

"They'll get it, all right. They —— "

"Steal the clapper?" said Zula. "What's that mean?"

Stanley looked down at her, wise and amused. "It's the bell clapper," he explained. "It's the clapper in the bell that rings for classes and strikes the hour and sends us all to bed and gets us up again. It's "

"How's Harry planning to get it?" Garvey broke in. "The proctors generally watch it pretty closely this time of year."

"He won't have much trouble," said Stanley. "He's got it pretty well fixed. All that gang we saw on the corner is going to help him. They've even got a steel wheelbarrow full of tar, like they had my freshman year."

"Yes, I heard about that time," Garvey said. "But I think it looks like running it out to go to so much trouble. Of course I'd like to have a clapper, but ——"

"One's no good—you ought to have two. I've got one and I'd like to get another I'd make andirons out of 'em."

"Andirons?" said Élise. "Is that why those boys want to get one tonight?"

"No," Garvey laughed. "No; they want to get one so the bell won't ring, and then there'll be no classes. At least that's the idea. But there's a whole barrel of clappers in the basement, so a new one can be put on in about three minutes. It doesn't do any good to steal the one that's on the bell, as far as clappers go."

"It doesn't?" she said. "Well, then don't you think you ought to tell those boys?"

"Tell 'em?" he said blankly. "Tell 'em what?"

"About the barrel of clappers. If they're planning to take a lot of trouble to keep the bell from ringing, and it only takes three minutes to fix it, why, I think they ought to be told."

"But they already know," he said. "They know all about the new clappers."

"They do?"

"Yes, they know."

She was silent for a moment; frowning, she glanced at the ceiling, looked through the door at the street and then turned back to him.

"I've tried," she said—"I've honestly tried, and I just can't understand it. If they don't want the clapper to use for andirons or something, and if it won't do any good about getting them out of classes, why on earth do they want to steal it?"

"Just to steal it," he said. "Of course, if you get caught, you're out of luck; but if you get it, you have it around your room and keep it there as a—well, as—as ——"

"—— as a souvenir?" she said.

"No, not exactly. That would be running it out, if it looked as if you were pretty proud of having one. Most people either get two and have 'em made into andirons, or else keep 'em in their wood closet."

"Why not hang it up somewhere?"

"That wouldn't do at all," he said severely. "That would be —— Well, it wouldn't do. You either have to use it or put it away."

"But what for?"

"Well"—he hesitated—"I don't exactly know how to explain it, but that's one of the things we don't do here. We never like to seem to be running it out."

"I see," she said. "Do you spose I could have a little more fruit salad? This is awf'ly good."

He summoned a waiter, who smiled affably, nodded and withdrew.

Zula leaned across the table toward Élise. "I'm not a bit clearer about it than you are," she said; "so don't let it upset you. Half the time we were in the movies I made Stan try to explain about the marble game we saw this afternoon. I can see how they'd get a kick out of stealing the clapper, but why marbles?"

"Here are the rules," Stanley said briefly: "Seniors spin tops and wear knickers, juniors play marbles and wear knickers, sophomores can wear white flannels, and we let 'em smoke in public and walk on the grass."

"What about freshmen?" said Élise.

"Nothing," he said. "They're boys in black caps who buy old furniture from upper classmen."

"Have you played marbles yet?" Garvey asked slyly.

"No, but I expect to any minute now. I can hardly wait for my first big marble game."

"Why?" Élise ignored his burlesque. "What makes you want to?"

"Because I'm a junior—same reason the seniors spin tops."

(Continued on Page 123)

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My car pumped oil to beat old Nick
But I knew how to stop it quick.
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(2)
'Twas PERFECT CIRCLE Rings I'd buy—
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(3)
But on my way I met Bill Hall,
Who likes to think he knows it all.
(4)
"You're wet, all wet," raved Bill, "I know
There's others just as good—go slow."
(5)
"But what cars use them," I inquired,
And then his argument expired.
(6)
For most car makers specify
P.C.s—the rings you, too, should buy!
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(Continued from Page 118)

Zula looked at Stanley with open-eyed excitement. "I believe I'm beginning to get it," she said. "I almost think I see it now. Élise, it's like a day off when we were waiting table—no matter how tired we were, we had to get dressed up and go somewhere on our day off. We just had to do it! Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see that about the tops and marbles, all right, but ——."

"Stanley's got to wear knickers and play marbles, and—and Garvey can't help but wear white flannels once in a while and smoke and walk on the grass," Zula went on. "It's just like the hotel. Why, it's easy to understand if you think of it that way. They've got to do it because there was a time when they couldn't."

"I see that," Élise said shortly. "But what I can't see is why, when someone goes to all the work of stealing the clapper, they don't want anybody to know about it."

"Oh, no," said Stanley. "My roommate and I have one and we don't care who knows it."

"But Garvey just said ——"

"I heard him: he meant it wouldn't do to show it off. That would be—well, running it out, you might say."

Both girls seemed to have come to a blank place through which they could not follow him; they made a brave effort and failed.

"Well, all right," said Zula, frankly admitting that here was something beyond her. "Now tell me about your coming to Florida at Christmastime," she said to Stanley. "You remember you said a friend of yours had asked you down for Christmas—or was it Easter?"

Her manner with Stanley implied a privacy which took effect purely as the result of that manner. She pushed her chair a little closer to his, her voice became slightly lower and her head inclined in his direction.

By this means she built a wall around them. And had not Élise been occupied with building a similar wall about herself and Garvey, even she would have found difficulty in penetrating the one about her friend.

But her interest was in Garvey. She rested one arm on the table, looked directly into his face from time to time with wistfully curious little glances and daintily gave the impression of innocent eagerness.

After some time Garvey found himself miraculously in the state of mind of a brilliant conversationalist. Never had he had such a listener. Trivialities became epigrams and his most commonplace remarks were received in a way that made them seem fraught with quiet cleverness. Elated, he told of the glamour of the football season to come; he spoke of it with an imaginative warmth surprising to himself.

"And you ought to see the stadium at one of the big games," he said. "Sixty thousand people gone crazy; everybody standing up and yelling till they're hoarse; bands playing between the halves; the cheer leaders throwing fits on the sidelines and—and everything. It's —— Say, do you know how to type?" he asked abruptly.

Élise was not startled; apparently she thought it not unreasonable that the question of her ability as a typist should immediately follow the partial description of a football game.

"Yes, I took a secretarial course last winter," she said; "and I've done a little office work." She leaned forward, her head pertly on one side. "Why?"

"Well, I've been thinking about you," he said seriously. "I've been thinking a great deal about you. I've ——"

"You have?" Her tone was one of surprised delight.

"Yes; and I've been thinking that it might be a good idea if you —— Well, I mean why don't you and Zula stay around here a while?"

"Here? You mean ——"

"I—I mean in this town. A college town always has lots of typing to be done, and there are hardly enough stenographers to do the work here. I heard one of 'em complaining about it last spring. So why don't you ——"

"Do you think I could get a position?"

"I know you could." He spoke with conviction. "Why don't you do it?"

She smiled, and her smile was gayly daring and altogether charming

"Maybe I will."

"Will you really?" he said anxiously.

"Well, I'm beginning to think I will."

"Then it is all settled? I want to know."

She smiled again, looked down and gently twisted the bracelet on her slender wrist.

"Maybe," she said.

Half an hour later the proprietor of the little restaurant glanced pessimistically at the one occupied table in the room and went to the door. He stood there facing the sidewalk; apparently his intention was to catch a breath of the fresh night air after a long sojourn in the kitchen.

At first he merely stood, negligently leaning against the doorway. Then suddenly he became alert. He bent forward as though listening and stepped out upon the sidewalk, looking sharply up the street as he did so.

A low, growling, murmurous sound came to the four seated at the table. It was a sound that would compare favorably with the threatening howls of a revolutionary mob. The murmur increased; it became voluminous; shouts of staccato frenzy punctuated the general uproar.

The girls stopped talking and turned toward the street, anxiously wondering. The proprietor came back into the restaurant.

"What is that noise?" Zula asked him.

"What's going on?" said Élise.

"Students," he said. "Anything else you want to eat?"

"What is it?" said Zula. "What are they doing?"

"How'd I know?" he said. "I been here twenty-two years and I don't know anything about 'em yet—nobody in town does. Is there anything else ——"

"But couldn't you see what's going on? They wouldn't make all that noise without ——"

"It's just students," he said. "It's just students, and you'd better let it go at that. I been here twenty-two years, and I give up. What else would you ——"

"It's Harry Reed," Stanley broke in. "Sounds like he's got the whole college going—that's what it is."

"Yes, sir," the proprietor said. "If there's nothing else you'd like to eat, I expect I might close up now. It's pretty near time I ——"

"Let's go and see it!" Zula cried. "Come on!"

"Yes, let's go!" Élise jumped up.

The main street of the town was almost deserted. A few respectable townspeople were going along the sidewalk with unslackened steps, their faces turned toward the graystone buildings and their expressions showing a mild baffled curiosity.

This was not the kind of curiosity that possessed the two girls; theirs was distinctly determined not to be baffled. They hurried, sometimes getting ahead of their escorts, and continuously squealing exclamations and questions.

"Oh, look!" Zula cried. She came to a halt and pointed.

The dark sky over the buildings was slashed by long fiery streaks—briefly flaming parabolas left in the wake of skyrockets. Beneath these blazing arches of light little Roman-candle puffballs vainly reached up, only to hover for a moment and fade away. On the campus, raucous cheering and multitudinous bellowing grew steadily louder, while falsetto shrieks and piercing whistles could be heard boring their way outward through this heavier clamor.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Élise exclaimed. She was a little frightened. "What on earth ——"

"I guess we can see all right from here," said Garvey.

"See? Why, it's a regular ringside seat!" she answered nervously.

Though perhaps she didn't know it, their position was more like that of the spectators at a late Roman gladiatorial game when flaccid emperors tired of single combat and wished to see small armies in conflict. Certainly the scene on the other side of the street suggested a night attack followed by mayhem and massacre.

Hordes of white-shirted figures poured out of entries, ran frantically through archways and clattered along the walks. Other white-shirted figures leaned from windows and beat upon the sills with whatever was handy and capable of producing a noise; and all of them unceasingly shouted and screamed and whistled and bellowed.

Tremendous events seemed to impend. Zula and Élise were visibly uneasy. Then, to their utter mystification, a calmly passing pedestrian paused and asked one of their escorts for a match. It was the proprietor of the restaurant going home for the night.

"Thank you, Mr. Parr," he said, as Stanley obligingly flicked on a lighter.

The restaurant keeper puffed at his cigar, suppressed a yawn and observed casually, "Looks like we might have another good day tomorrow." Then he went sauntering upon his way.

"My goodness!" Élise murmured, staring after him.

"Look! Look!" Zula shouted, pointing toward the campus.

A tall tower in the background suddenly appeared to glow; a red and violent flare spurted from the roof of the building immediately below it, bringing the tower into startling, rosy relief against the sky. Then, as a fat monster of black smoke rose like a genie from the fire and seemed to crawl upward upon the face of the reddened tower, the bellowing became a mighty roar of exultant cheering.

Zula clutched Stanley's arm. "Good gracious! Are they going to burn it down?"

"It's just the wheelbarrow," he explained.

"Wheelbarrow?" Zula repeated, somewhat dazed. "Wheelbarrow?"

"It's one of those big metal wheelbarrows," he said. "Harry Reed filled it with tar."

"But hasn't it caught those buildings on fire?"

"Oh, no; Harry's a pretty careful bird; he picked a slate roof to put the wheelbarrow on, so nothing much could prob'ly happen."

The wheelbarrow's contribution to the evening's events was welcomed by a terrific outburst of sound. Approximately two thousand boys were doing what they could to create riotous confusion, and a sudden hysterical ringing of alarm clocks showed that some talented person had thought of another way of making noise and had inspired many of his neighbors.

"What on earth are they doing now?" Élise asked.

The shouting began to take on some order; it roughly suggested a barbaric chanting, the words of which were indistinguishable.

"That? Oh, that's a football song," said Garvey.

"Song?" she said. "Song?"

"It's certainly marvelous," said Zula. "Is there any connection between the football song and the fire?" she asked.

"No, none at all," said Stanley.

"Oh!" she said. "I didn't really think there was; I only wondered if possibly there might be."

"None at all," Stanley repeated. "I thought you understood that this was Harry Reed's private party."

"You mean the boy who's going to steal the—the clapper?" she asked. "For goodness' sake, what has all this got to do with him?"

"He planned every bit of it so he could get the clapper; that's what it's all about."

"But how could he plan it? One boy couldn't get the whole college to do all this, could he?"

"That just happened," he said. Her pretty innocence fascinated him. "You

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see, it's this way: Harry got a few of his friends to help him set off fireworks and set fire to the wheelbarrow, and then everybody in the dormitories came out to see what it was all about and made some noise."

"But what for? I mean, what has that to do with stealing the clapper?" He laughed delightedly; she was such a nice, questioning little girl. "Tell me!" she demanded, clinging to him.

"Well, the skyrockets and the fire got the proctors away from the bell—they've been watching it pretty closely. So with one thing and another, Harry's had plenty of time to steal the clapper. He ——"

"What are proctors?"

"They're sort of policemen," he said. "They ——"

"Can they arrest you?"

"No, certainly not," he said. "All they can do is report you to the dean."

"Then what —— Well, never mind Anyway, the idea is that a friend of yours named Harry is doing all this so he can steal the clapper?" Her face twitched.

"That's practically it," he said.

"Oh, my goodness!" She clasped Élise and the two of them burst into peals of happy laughter, a duet to which their escorts listened benevolently.

"And the most wonderful thing," Élise said, rubbing her eyes—"the most wonderful thing is what he's got to do with the clapper when he gets it. He either has to steal another one and have andirons made of them, or else he's got to keep this one in the closet."

"Yes," said Zula. "He can't show it to anybody and he can't hang it on the wall; but he doesn't care who sees it, so he hides it."

"That's it exactly," said Stanley; he looked down at her and pulled her arm through his.

The Roman mob continued to roar, the alarm clocks went on ringing, the wheelbarrow on the slate roof sent forth higher and higher flames, the fat monster of smoke still climbed the tower. But here, in this little group of four, quieter joys had place. The two young gentlemen were delighted with themselves to be the exhibitors of a spectacle of which they were largely the proprietors, as it were, and also they were delighted with what they felt must be the admiration of their two charming companions. The young ladies were delighted with everything.

When the four young people slowly walked to the hotel where the two girls were staying, the mob noises were nearly over. From the campus the sound of intermittent shouting and fragmentary snatches of semituneless song still came to their ears at intervals, but the evening's organized uproar was over. The fireworks were finished and the gallant wheelbarrow burned no more.

The hotel was immediately across from the college buildings; and as the girls stood in the doorway they could see wandering groups of white-shirted students disappearing into the various entries.

"It's been just a wonderful time!" Élise said to Garvey. "I can't remember when I've had so much excitement."

"I'm glad you liked it," he said. "I——"

"Liked it? I simply loved it! I spose it's different from any place else in the world." She sighed happily. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

"And I wouldn't have had you miss it for anything," he said. "Of course we can't show you something like this every night, but almost any time a good deal's liable to happen." He glanced at Stanley; a little distance away, that young gentleman seemed permanently absorbed in Zula.

"It has—it's been just wonderful, Garvey!" Élise said.

He stepped close to her side. "Élise!" he said.

"Yes?"

"You will remember what I was telling you about—about the town needing lots of typing done?"

"Of course I will."

"Then—then that means ——"

"Means what?"

"It means you'll stay here and—and let me show you things?"

She laughed, her saucy little face turned up to his. "Well—yes!" she said.

A little time after the boys had gone, Élise and Zula retired to their room. There were still sporadic noises from the campus. Through the open windows the girls could hear a phonograph playing in the distance; and far down the street, coming nearer and nearer, there seemed to peregrinate a strange vocal manifestation. "Tiddy-poop!" it went; and after a few seconds: "Tiddy-poop! Tiddy-poop! Tiddy-poop!" Evidently a product of the human voice, it was uttered in plaintive falsetto. It came nearly opposite the hotel.

"Tiddy-poop!"

"Tuck it in, Charley!" a hoarse voice from the dormitory across the street commanded. "Tuck it in! Don't be a wet smack all your life!"

"Tiddy-poop!"

"Hey! Tuck it in!"

"Tiddy-poop!"

Zula turned to look at Élise. "Tuck what in?" she whispered.

Élise chuckled weakly. "My! Oh, my!" she said. "Listen! There it goes again!"

"Tiddy-poop!"

"Stanley wanted me to stay here and get a job so I could see him all the time," Zula whispered.

"Yes," Élise returned. "So'd Garvey want me to, so I could see him all the time." Élise's bed began to shake.

"Oh, my!" said Zula. "Listen!"

"Tiddy-poop!" the voice in the street remarked.

At the same time that the crier of "Tiddy-poop" was being anonymously advised to tuck something in, Garvey and Stanley were sitting quietly in the latter's room. Both of them were silent. They smoked, coughed and stirred in their chairs. It was late. They had had a strenuous day and there were classes to attend in the morning. Plainly it was bedtime. But Garvey made no move to go; and curiously enough, he felt that his host did not wish him to go.

"They were pretty nice, Stan," he said at last. "They were nutsy babes, all right."

"Those girls? Oh, yes." Stanley roused himself from his semireclining position. "Yes, I told you they were plenty fancy."

he said feebly. "But, you know, I've been kind of wondering about something I've ——"

"I have too," said Garvey. "And I bet it's the same thing."

"Maybe it is," his friend said; a faint smile came upon his solemn young face and then quickly vanished. "I've been wondering if it's such a hot idea, after all, if these girls stay on here. That's what I've been wondering."

"Yes," Garvey said. "So've I. Girls are all right for games and proms and—and ——"

"—— clubhouse parties," said Stanley. "But how about all the time? I don't think it would do at all."

"No, it wouldn't. I told mine she could get a job easy in the bookstore, and I expect she could too. But I'm not so strong for it as I was."

Again a silence came over them. The shadows of the room closed them about as in a cryptic vault, and no less cryptic were their minds. What strange process of thinking was theirs is not to be known; it can be known only that it was strange. Why these two young gentlemen should regret the impulse that led them to persuade two arrestingly pretty girls to stay in that town is something unknowable. Yet such was their state of mind.

"Wish I hadn't," said Garvey.

"What?"

"Wish I'd never told mine about how much typing there is to do here. It's not so bad for you—you're an upper classman and—and all that. But— "

"See here, Garv," Stanley said gravely, "I've made a club, all right—that's safe. But you'll find out next year that there are lots of other things that come up."

"I suppose so, but ——"

"Wait a minute. Lots of things come up that you want, and there's just one main thing that gets you in wrong. You know what that is?"

"Running it out!" Garvey said promptly.

"And that's what everybody'll be saying about us," Stanley returned gloomily. "And if they stay here, we've got to face it."

"Well, it certainly looks like mine's going to stay."

"So's mine."

There seemed to be no hope.

Early the next morning, Élise and Zula stepped confidently out in front of a distantly approaching truck on the main highway at the edge of town. They were dressed in brown knickers and short coats, and on their backs were stout knapsacks. The driver of the truck knew what was expected of him. He pulled over to the side of the road and opened the door; the girls mounted to the amply broad seat and sat beside him.

"You girls know your business," he said admiringly. "Get started about sunrise and you get the longest rides. Wish I had a dollar for every hitch-hiker I've carried in here."

"What would you do if you had all that money?" Zula asked flippantly. "Buy us our dinner?"

The driver slapped his knee. "You're a cute one, all right!" he said. "You keep on that way and I'm liable to do it. You're like some of 'em back in town. Say," he said abruptly, "was you there last night?"

"Yes, we were. Why?"

"So was I. I live there when I can't help it. I'd just as soon have a steady job at Coney Island."

"Oh, I don't know," Élise said. "I suppose a person could get used to it. Prob'ly it wouldn't be an awfully quiet sort of life; but still, I should think a person could get to like it. I should think after you got used to it ——"

"Yeah," he interrupted. "But how long do you think it takes to get used to it?"

"Well, I shouldn't think it would take so very ——"

She stopped; the truck driver had caught her eye; she looked from him to Zula and the three of them rode laughing down the road.

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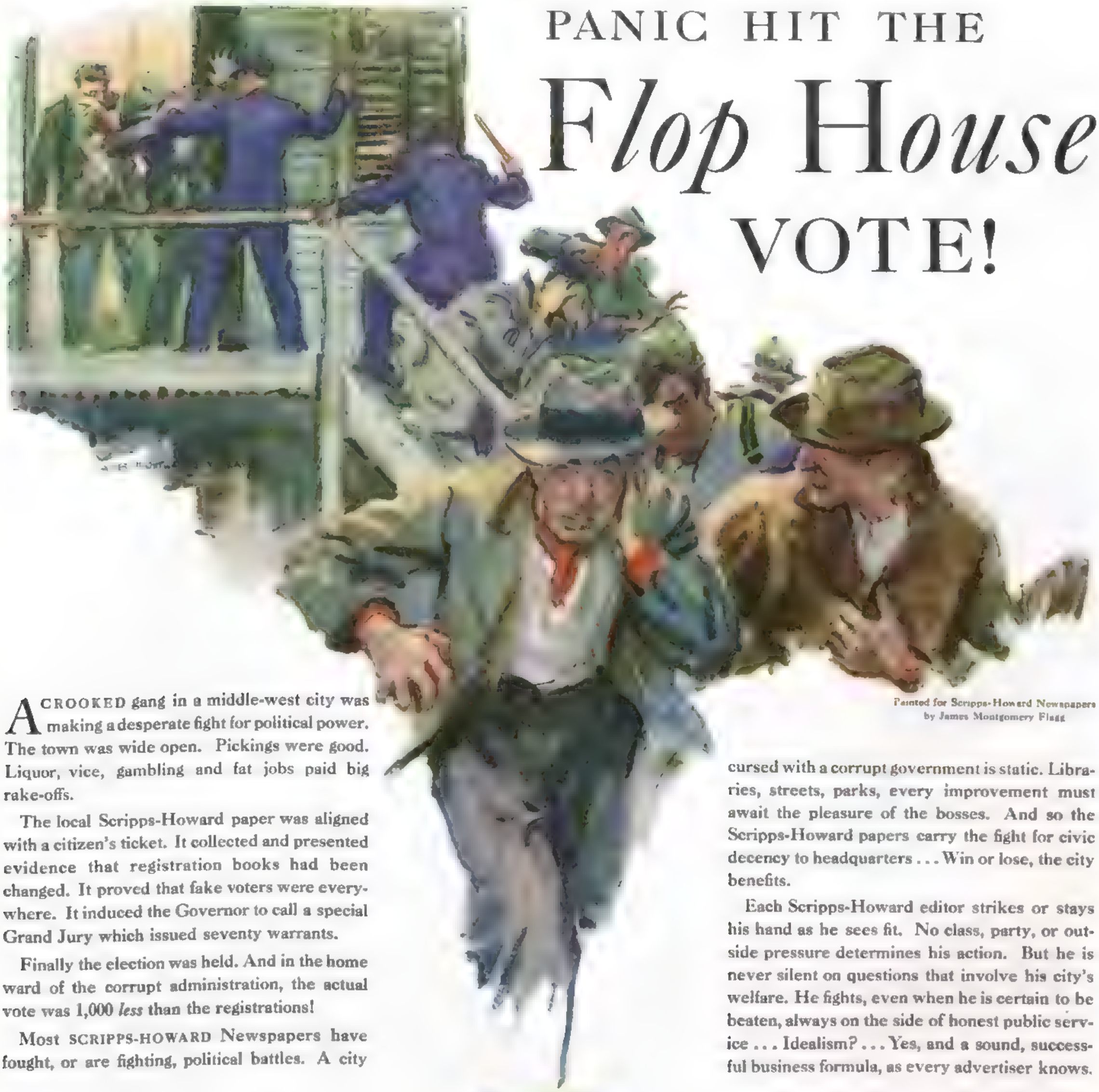

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LADY BESS

(Continued from Page 23

take it back to the box, you stuck-up creature, before a hawk swoops down and grabs it out from under your nose!"

And Sandy started to walk away. But Dan, who had been watching this performance, yelled at him:

"Hey there, you! How did you get so hard-boiled all at once? Make a fuss, fool, before you break her heart!"

So Sandy took two minutes out of his busy day to tell her that of all the children he had ever seen, this shapeless little lump of dog meat was the infant of all infants since the stork arrived with Cain. Whereupon she carried her offspring back to the cook house, neck arched as proudly as an Arab mare's and stepping high and handsome.

And then, that very day, tragedy swooped down on Lady Bess' puppies in the shape of a bird more terrible than the hawk of Sandy's warning. It was the red cock, and it flew to the cook-house roof and perched and flapped its crimson wings and crowed upon the ridgepole. We were all having supper when it happened.

"There goes the wagon shed!" someone yelled.

And sure enough, there it went. Smoke pouring out of every chink and flame commencing already to lick up beneath the eaves. The cook-house end, where evidently it had started somehow from the stove, was worst.

All of us tumbled out pell-mell. The shack did not amount to much, but it had contents. We broke open the big doors and rolled the training wagon out. That's all that we could do. The cook-house end we could only stand, with aching hearts, and watch. No man could go in there. So we stood, watching the old shack burn down, thinking about the little Stevens bitch, wondering if she were in there with her puppies, wondering if she had got any of them out. We soon found out. For as we stood there looking at the flames and peering hopefully behind us in the dark, praying to spy Bess safe and sound, she suddenly leaped out of the gloom and passed us, going like a bat out of hell. Only she wasn't leaving hell. She was going into it.

Dan made a headlong dive for her as she went by, and landed, clutching at her, full-length on his stomach on the ground. But he was not swift enough. Like a shadow she slipped underneath his very hands and was gone into that dreadful mess of smoke and fire and flaming falling boards.

There we stood, looking. But what we looked at was not so much a conflagration of boards and three-by-fours and shingles. The fire that held us spellbound there was that other fiercest fire that burns in this good world—the fire unquenchable of the mother heart. They say a dog can't reason. Let them say it. I say this: That when the Lady Bess came out again—for out again she came—from that inferno, she came out not head first, carrying a single pup, but tail first, dragging a smoking box in which there lay three helpless, blessed little dogs, only a little singed—only, thank God, half smothered

Maybe dogs do not reason—maybe not all the time. Neither do humans all the time. We didn't then. Instead, we jumped straight up and down and yelled our fool heads off; which, when you come to think of it, however, was in the circumstance the only reasonable thing to do.

She was a holy mess, that mother. She was scorched from nose to rump; and her tail, the lovely flag of it, which is the Llewellyn heritage, was gone, burned off clear to the blistered skin, never, it proved, to grow out normally again. And did she give a whoop? Right then she didn't give a whoop, a rip or a hoot in Hades. Right then she had other worries than a blistered tail. She left her three pups in our care and trotted off on burned pads in the darkness, and in a minute brought to us her fourth pup, which she had carried out before the fire got a proper start.

Dan wired next day to Stevens that she was in bad shape and suffering. Stevens wired back like this:

IF SHE'S GOT ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND LET HER SUFFER SHE D WANT TO FIGHT IT THROUGH GUTS TO BURN, DAN THAT'S WHAT SHE'S GOT WITH ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND, SHE'LL GET WELL

And she did. Thanks to the perfect shape in which Dan had kept her, she came through swiftly. Only one burn yielded stubbornly. There was a spot on her nose which wouldn't heal. It seemed as though Nature had some other job on hand than the mere curing of a burn, however deep. That spot discharged for weeks, externally and internally, through the nostrils. And Dan Thorplay, in his dog wisdom, following an inspired hunch, did not try to hurry the closing of that wound by any local treatment. He merely kept it clean, and kept the little bitch in splendid physical condition, and let Nature work out its own problem on that burned muzzle. A healthy lymph at last began to flow, and soon then Lady Bess was altogether well.

But she would never again be canine perfection. From nose to tail she still was that, but nose and tail she was not. At either end she had been marred. The scar across her nose, about three inches from its end, would never clothe itself with hair again. The sore that made it had been too long open. And her tail would never more carry its beautiful Llewellyn flag. When she came backing out of the old cook house, dragging her box of pups, that tail was flaming like a torch. Too many hair cells on it had been totally destroyed ever to have it grow again to its full gallant banner.

She never spelled canine perfection in her life again—not to the standards set by handsome-is. But when it came to handsome-does —— Who cares for bench perfection in a field-trial dog, anyhow? Field trials are work, not sitting pretty. Field trials are covering the country more swiftly, widely, smartly than the competition. So let scarred muzzles and seared tails go hang. Field trials call not for looks, but speed and guts and brains and nose!

Nose, did you hear me say? Nose? I will tell a cockeyed world that's just exactly what you heard!

We heard it, too, one day, Dan Thorplay and I. And so did everybody else, I think, within three hours' travel of Dan's training kennels. Sandy, Dan's helper, said it. Said it? Brother, he exclaimed it, if I make my meaning clear. No wonder!

One day I went along with Dan to watch him give the Lady Bess' pups their first work-out. We had them all with us in the wagon, big, rawboned, awkward youngsters now, and ready to take a look at in the field, to see what they might show.

Sandy, the helper, said: "Let's take the mother dog along. She hasn't had a run in months, what with her injuries and her family affairs. It'll do her worlds of good to stretch her legs, and it ought to be a circus watching her trying to manage those four pups on their first day afield."

So we had started out, Dan and I on the wagon with the pups, Sandy riding ahead with Lady Bess.

And presently we heard it. Presently there arose ahead of us such a whooping and bellowing and howling and cater-wauling and whistle blowing as was never heard this side of Pandemonium. He must have dismounted to look at something very interesting, for all of a sudden, through the brush, on foot, and down the lane came Sandy. That man, let me assure you, was picking them up and putting them down again, doing ten feet per jump and yelling louder and louder, which was unnecessary, as he came.

"Birds!" we finally made out in all that countyful of noise. "Birds! Birds! Birds, boss! She's on birds! She's on birds! She's on birds, Dan!"

"Who's on birds?" roared Dan Thorplay, proving that one man in the world, at least, could make more noise than Sandy. "Who's on birds, you old numskull? Who's on birds, hey?—before I sock you in the eye!"

As though Dan Thorplay didn't know who was on birds!

"She's on birds!" explained his helper brightly, and having reached us, stood and stamped his feet and wagged his jaw and pointed.

And so, with certain heart hammerings that none but bird-dog lovers will appreciate, we scrambled off the wagon and followed Sandy off into the brush a little way. And there she was, bless her heart!

Aimed like a deadly weapon, her scarred nose. Set like a dog of concrete, her lithe body, half bent around as though the scent had caught her like a lasso and pulled her crooked. Straight like a pointer's, her denuded tail, and stiff as any poker. There she stood, nailing 'em dead in a mesquite bush full thirty feet away!

"Bess," said Dan Thorplay softly, "if it's a jack rabbit you've caught sight of, or a possum that you've seen, and you're pointing fur in that cover, you'll just break my heart."

She trembled, but she never moved a muscle. She turned her eyes up and back at Dan, and plain as English I could hear her say: "Fur? Them's feathers! And fur or feather, you can't see 'em in mesquite thirty feet away. You smell 'em, boss! You smell 'em—with your nose! Want to see 'em? Shall I flush?"

And so Dan told her to go on. And when that drumming bomb of birds exploded, Bess was steady as a clock. She dropped to flush and crouched there quietly, as any animal with brains and training would. And we three thumped each other on the back and yelled like idiots at one another.

Sandy took her up and we hustled those four fool pups back to the kennels where they belonged. What right had they to be out in the field today? We got the ponies. Dan Thorplay wanted to see just what Bess had.

Bess had the works. She picked them up for Dan up wind, down wind, cross wind and no danged wind at all. She sailed across the country nose in air and nailed 'em north and south and east and west—and Lord have mercy on their souls! She was Nemesis that day. She fairly reveled in her new-found power, and if there was a single bird in the entire county that she didn't find that afternoon, it's because it was in some coyote's belly.

Dan wired that night to Stevens:

LADY BESS ARRIVED TODAY. SHE POINTED GROUSE IN CANADA. YOU OWN A NATIONAL CHAMPION RIGHT NOW SHALL I POISON HER, OR WHAT?

And Stevens wired back to him:

HOLD EVERYTHING

Which was all Dan heard from him for almost a week. Then on a lovely morning when Dan was working with the dogs and I was at the house, passing the time delightfully away in the application of the Hunt & Rub typewriter system on a recalcitrant fourth revision, the phone rang. I answered it.

"Thorplay?" It was a deep and husky, pleasant voice.

I said, "No. This is Thorplay's place. Shall I find Mr. Thorplay for you?"

"No, thanks," the big voice said. "You needn't bother if you'll just be good enough to send him word that he's got a new dude boarder coming—name of Stevens."

A sportsman, that man. Lord knows how many banks and railroads he had left flat on their backs to come half across the continent to see a dog he'd banked his judgment on! But here he was, a great, stout, burly, grizzle-whiskered man, reminding one for all the world of Roosevelt. And we sat and fanned that night, and fanned and fanned, and to thunder with all banks and railroads. Bess had outdone herself that afternoon to put a show on for her owner, after an only half-successful effort to tie herself into a flat knot at the first sight of him.

We talked, most of the time, of her. Stevens told Dan that he had bought her sight unseen on the strength of her blood lines; that she had spent her puppy days in the hands of a man known widely and unfavorably in the field-trial fraternity, whom Dan calls the Dog Butcher. He now is in the pen for crooked practice, where, for the good of men and dogs, Dan hopes he'll stay till the walls mold down. But he had had the Lady Bess with him in her puppy days, long before he fell afoul of the law. And on hearing this I saw Dan Thorplay put his ears up like a bulldog that has suddenly heard some strange, inimical sound.

We got to bed at last, and the next day tried Bess out more thoroughly, and the show she put on convinced the three of them, Dan and Sandy and her owner, that she had a chance for the national championship. She didn't have me to convince. I'm not a field-trial man, and so I didn't know just how good she was. But I'd have bet on her, with the heart and brains she had, in any competition—police-dog trials, bloodhound trials, beagle trials—anything. I'd have put my money on her in a calculus examination. She had a way with her, that little lady.

Well, they voted to turn her over to this man Knox again. Dan would have given a leg to handle her over the field-trial circuit; but he was loaded down at his kennels, and like an honest trainer, would not take his customers' money and then turn over the work to his assistant. He stuck with the dogs he'd bargained to train, and when Mr. Stevens left us, Bess left with him. He, personally, took her in to Knox. And shortly after Bess left I left too. There were a couple jobs, half finished, yelping for me back in Pennsylvania, and I had to get back to them.

I could imagine how Dan watched the record of that little lady as she came down the circuit under Charlie Knox. Stake after stake she cleaned up—stake after stake. Her march from trial to trial was one triumphant progress and the talk of the whole field-trial world. Every win she made was a feather in Dan Thorplay's cap, as well as in Charlie Knox's; and by the time for the national championship, both their hats must have looked like an Aztec headdress.

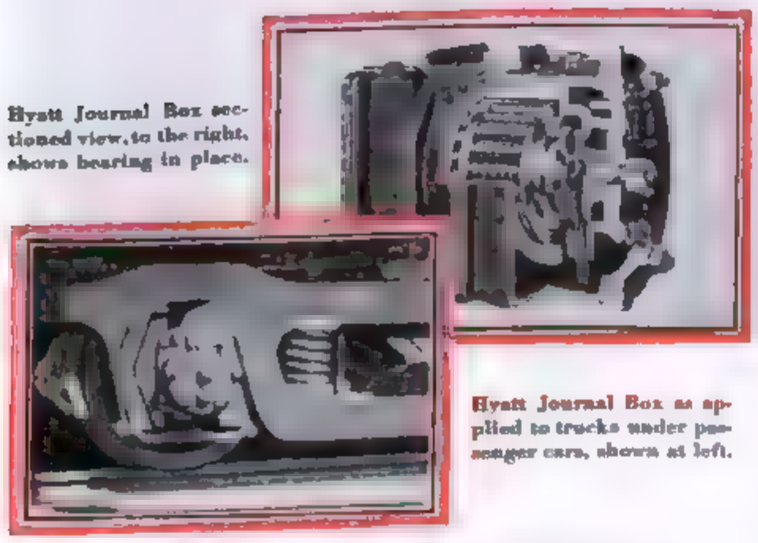
I had never seen a national. I wrote to Dan and asked him if he would be there. But he said he couldn't make it, and so I decided not to go. I didn't know the field-trial fraternity, and without Dan to stand by me at the scene of this event, I would have been as much outside as a boy at a ball game and not a knot hole in the fence I wanted, of course, to see the national stake, but to see it properly I needed some good dog man to interpret it for me; and a hundred times more than I wanted to see the dog race, I wanted to sit in on two or three evenings of fanning with a bunch of field-trial addicts. I'd get enough dog dope out of that to last me seven years. But without Dan to sponsor me, I had about as much chance getting inside that close corporation as a June bug would have of flying through the Chinese wall. So I decided to stay home.

Imagine my delight and vast surprise then when long-distance called me just a day or two before the race, and I recognized the big voice that presently said "Hullo," husky and deep over three hundred miles of wire as it had been on Dan Thorplay's local line.

"My car will be on a train that goes through your town next Wednesday, on the way to Grand Junction. I know you've got

(Continued on Page 131)

On Time and On Hyatts!



Hyatt Journal Box sectioned view, to the right, shows bearing in place.

Hyatt Journal Box as applied to trucks under passenger cars, shown at left.

TO RAILROAD EXECUTIVES: Not only on new, but on existing equipment as well, can Hyatt Journal Boxes be used. They fit A. R. A. standard pedestals without change of a single truck part. Full information and our engineering resources are at your disposal.

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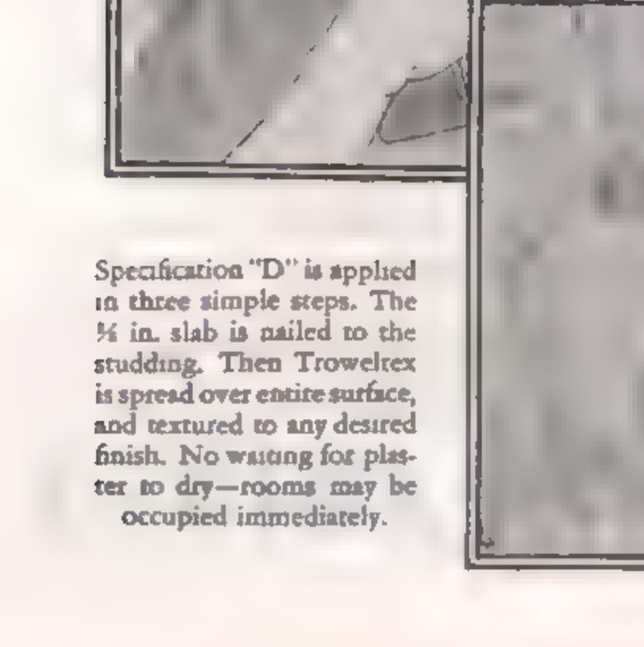

Specification "D" is applied in three simple steps. The ½ in. slab is nailed to the studding. Then Troweltex is spread over entire surface, and textured to any desired finish. No waiting for plaster to dry—rooms may be occupied immediately.

GOLD BOND PRODUCTS

Wall Board	Plaster
Gypsum Lath	Lime
Insulation	Tile Board
½ in. Slab	Troweltex

Acoustical Plaster

How Gold Bond *Specification "D"* Changes the Entire System of American Wall and Ceiling Construction

Throughout all the centuries that man has striven for a wall and ceiling material possessing maximum stability with unlimited decorative qualities, nothing has ever equalled the natural advantages of gypsum plaster.

Almost every room you enter is a gypsum-lined room. Yet, surprising as it may seem, man has been strangely slow in improving the first crude ways of building gypsum walls and ceilings.

Progress has been small and halting—first plaster, then plaster board—until GOLD BOND Engineers evolved *an entirely new principle* of gypsum utilization and perfected a revolutionary new specification (D) for the erection of walls and ceilings of surpassing stability with limitless decorative possibilities.

This specification "D" provides for the use of two newly-announced GOLD BOND discoveries —a super-staunch ⅝" slab of pure gypsum, finished with the colorful plastic texture effect produced by GOLD BOND Troweltex.

Two Historic Discoveries

This specification sweeps aside all other wall systems because it provides the first man-made gypsum panel slab ever produced in ⅝" thickness. This slab is many times stronger, more resistant to fire, more deadening to sound, than any previous gypsum slab material. It can't crack and it can't fall. It has instantly won the approval of architects and builders because of its rock-like stability.

Such stability is possible only because the staunch homogeneous gypsum core of this slab comes from the GOLD BOND mines, yielding gypsum of the most amazing purity.

Companion to the ⅝" panel slab in its far-reaching importance is Troweltex, the simplest, most economical and most artistic wall finish for permanent interior decoration. The plastic material, simply mixed with water, is "brushed" on with a trowel and tinted. It forms a plastic, textured coating possessing all the beauty of old stucco, scroll, mission or travertine finish. Troweltex costs less than half as much as any previous material used for plastic decorating

3 Definite Advantages

Specification "D" walls and ceilings, under authentic laboratory tests, show 2⅗ times better heat and cold insulation than standard lath and plaster construction. Sound-deadening is increased 2¾ times and the entire construction is 40% lighter than comparable lath and plaster.

Simply Follow Specification "D"

There is no basic difference between using specification "D" and using any other approved form of house construction. Specification "D" covers the entire operation and provides the first definite plan for guiding the home-owner to exactly the kind of staunch yet appealing walls and ceilings he had always hoped to have in his home.

If you have any building or remodelling plans in mind, you should know about specification "D". You should have a sample of ⅝" panel slab so that you can see it, feel it and test it. You should see the captivating effects possible with Troweltex. Sign and send the coupon immediately for free samples of these history-making materials.

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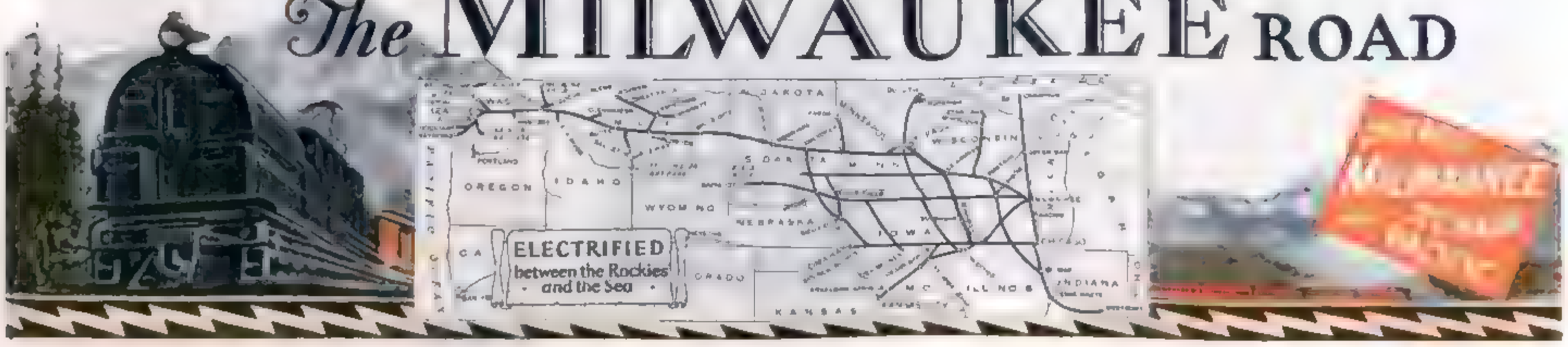


The MILWAUKEE ROAD

(Continued from Page 126)

a soft spot for little Bess and I thought perhaps you'd like to see her run. I've sent some transportation on to Dan and Sandy, and we'll all bunk in the car. Can I take you with me?"

I dared him to slow down as much as to thirty miles an hour when the train his car was hooked to went through Harrisburg.

Thanks to that good sportsman, we had an elegant reunion at Grand Junction. It had never occurred to my lame brain that Dan was breaking his heart to see Bess run because he couldn't afford to make the trip. Even if I had thought of it, I couldn't have offered what Stevens did; for Stevens was Dan's employer, really. At any rate we all were there, and we watched with high hearts the Lady Bess come through with colors flying to the finals.

Lady Bess and old Doc Holden's Don dog were the two names that got posted after the last preliminary had been run. Doc Holden was as fine a man and sportsman as ever owned a dog. And his entry, Don, was as fine a dog as ever owned a man—a big-boned, giant-hearted stallion of a pointer, a bird dog and a fighter, and a brute for punishment. And it looked as though punishment was to be the order of the day, for on the night before the finals filthy weather fell. First came thick snow, four or five inches of it; then a cold raw rain that covered the snowfall with a glassy crust; then sleet. A most unseasonable storm and the toughest kind of a break for little Bess. The plow-horse strength of that big Don dog would be all to his advantage in tomorrow's cruel going.

We milled around the old hotel that evening, me hanging to Dan's coat tail, soaking in dog lore like a sponge. But along about ten o'clock word got to Dan that Charlie Knox wanted to see him up in his room.

Dan took me by the arm and I went along, and the first words that greeted Dan from Knox, when we got the door shut behind us, were:

"She's lost her nose!"

To the day when the old guy with the gumless teeth knocks his scythe handle against my door and tells me it is time to go, I think I'll never hear a tougher word.

Stevens was in the room, and Bess, upon a rug before the open fire. Stevens was taking it like a sport.

"I've got to run her," Stevens said. "We can't quit now. But think of this game little lady running in this race, the high spot of her life, without a nose! She'll die of shame, poor little thing!"

Thinking about his dog—and not about himself at all, and with a national championship right in his hands!

Dan said: "What makes you think her nose is gone? You're good, Charlie, but you couldn't have put her through yesterday and today without a nose."

Charlie said: "I don't think it's gone, Dan—I know it. She won today mostly on momentum. She lost two coveys in the last ten minutes. It came over her very suddenly. Lucky the heat was almost done and that she had piled up such a lead. But I suspected it all day. All day she seemed a little bit uncertain. It came and went. When she seemed puzzled, I'd send her out full tilt, to dazzle the judges with that lightning speed of hers. She won hands down today, but I'm a nervous wreck getting her through. She's bad tonight. Tomorrow will be just too bad!"

Dan Thorplay knelt down and went over her, gave her a test or two, looked up at Stevens with a face that told the worst. Not every owner gets a chance like that—not every handler, every trainer. Men work with dogs and study dogs a lifetime for a chance like that. But Charlie Knox only said, "Breaks of the game."

And Stevens said: "Well, old girl, you'll have to work if you show up the worst dub that ever ran a field trial. But it's going to hurt me worse than it does you; that's how I like you, Lady, if you can get any consolation out of it."

But she, that little Amazon, instead of cuddling up for sympathy, stood up and looked him in the eye and barked. I'll swear there was Macbeth's defiance in it—"Yet I will try the last!"

"All right," said Dan Thorplay, "I'm with you. If smoke and fire cleared your nose up before, why not again?"

Another fighter—Dan—a fighter thinking all the time. He, too, would try the last.

We gave that little dog the works that night. When we came downstairs in the morning, we looked as though we had just come through a forest fire. All night we had made smudges in the fireplace in Charlie Knox's room. All night we took turns holding poor little Bess' nose up to the fire and smoke. We'd hold our hands about her muzzle to protect it from the fire, and then give her all that we could stand. More than one set of blistered knuckles showed at our breakfast table, and our eyes watered and we sniffled. But Lady Bess, through all of it, had been as game as any pit dog. She took it like a Spartan. I'll tell you, setter dogs, more than any other breed of dogs, understand.

But though our eyes looked blearily at the buckwheat cakes, and though our noses were no end embarrassing, Lady Bess' eyes and nose were clear that morning. About three o'clock something had seemed to loosen in her head, and for an hour after that Nature had worked at clearing Bess' passages of scent, relieving, so Dan thought, some pressure on her delicate nerves of smell. At any rate, before daybreak she shut her mouth, and breathing easily through her nose, fell fast asleep.

She won that race. Man, what a race! Pitted against that mighty pointer dog of old Doc Holden's, in the last grueling hour of it, she matched him heart for heart! With her feet cut to ribbons on the ice-crusted snow, with her unflagged tail a-drip with blood from whipping through the tangled glassy briers, she covered that whole cruel country without a whimper, without the very faintest sign of quitting. Whimper? Quit? She ran it gayly, man. She ran it, glorying in the race. Not doggedness—*élan* was in her running. Swift as a dart, she flew from cast to cast.

That big-boned pointer of Doc Holden's ran a dog race, let me tell you right. He did his level best to break the Lady Bess—to pound her down—to wear her heart out and her legs off to the pasterns. But it simply was not written in the book for any dog that ever lived to beat the Lady Bess that day. Fast as he went, she got outside of him time after time on a course that that day took not only speed but strength, on a course that took not only strength but courage. Time after time she smashed straight through an ice-knifed brush to beat him to the huddled, almost scentless birds, taking from under his very nose point after point, till in the end, Doc Holden acquiescing, they called the gallant hunters in. There was no use to put them through that cruel course's torture longer, for that day little Lady Bess was just unbeatable.

After it all was over I felt suddenly let down—all limp. I hadn't realized just how much the close call of little Bess to ignominious, shameful, pointless defeat had frayed my nerves. Stevens, too, just sat before the fire in Knox's room, his worn-out little dog fast asleep beside his chair. Sandy, Dan's helper, sat pulling on a pipe, wrapped in a deep, contented silence. Even Charlie Knox forbore the pleasant adulation of the old hotel lobby, and waited in the quiet of his room the call for dinner and the wonderful evening of rehashing that great race which was sure to follow coffee and the firing of tobacco.

Where Dan was we did not know. One thing was sure—he wasn't wasting any time relaxing, you could bet on that. Not with professional dog men from all over to stand around and fan with. Relax, did you say? Dan Thorplay? Dan figured that he'd get a lot of relaxation after he was dead. Did you ever see a hurricane relax?

It was a hurricane, sure, that suddenly blew in our door, ending the calm that had encompassed us.

"Charlie," Dan shouted as he slammed the door shut—"Charlie, you tell me something! You tell me this. After Bess got her scent back and you took her over, could you ever get her to retrieve? Did her return of nose ever help that? Could you ever make her as much as take a dead bird in her mouth?"

Knox shook his head. He opened his mouth. He never got "no" out.

"You're right you never did!" roared Dan. "Come on downstairs, you, Sandy. I might need your help. Come on down, Mr. Stevens, I may need some dough for bail. Come on, Charlie, I got a theory to work out. The Dog Butcher is downstairs. I just caught sight of him. Come on down, you old English wrecker, too. I'll give you something to thump keys about! And you too, Bess, old lady. You'll be star witness in this little case!"

We clattered down the stairs, the six of us, and debouched into the lobby. Calling the little bitch to heel, Dan shoved through a crowd of dog men and a thick haze of dog talk and came up to a burly, block-skulled, red-faced man who was twice as wide as Dan and twice as thick, and, at the very least, eight times as high.

"Hello, you!" Dan yelled up at him.

"Hello yourself, shrimp," growled this grizzly, looking down. He banged Dan violently on the shoulder. "How's all the cows and shooting pooches down in Texas? Let's see, you're the runt that told me once that the dogs I trained weren't wide enough to find the eagle on a quarter. How about it now? You've seen what a proper start will do for a dog. I had this Lady Bess as a puppy. Laid the foundation that you and Knox are cashing in on now. Can I train a dog or not, Thorplay? Come on, admit it!"

Dog men from all America were about. Here was a chance to advertise. The Dog Butcher took it.

"I'll admit one thing," said Dan, in a voice strangely cold and hard—"I'll admit you turn 'em out soft-mouthed. I never saw a dog you handled yet that so much as rumpled up a feather on a bird that he retrieved. Take Bess here, now. She'd bring a dead ostrich in without a tooth bruise. How do you ever find the time to do it?"

Dan's words were jovial enough, but there was something in his tone that stilled the dog chatter in the old hotel lobby. Quiet came. Men even pulled back a little in a ring. Battle—that was the thing that sounded coldly in Dan's voice. The Butcher maybe sensed it too. But he looked at this small-sized piece of work before him and at the ring of men around the two of them—the three of them, for Bess was back of Dan—and finding himself suddenly in the limelight, went ahead with his advertising.

"Soft mouth? Well, I don't bother with no dummy birds with nails stuck through 'em. I haven't time to monkey with such stuff. I got too many dogs to handle. Besides, I let my dogs know who's the boss right off. That's the thing that makes them handle like a charm. You saw how Bess worked to the whistle? No quicker way to discipline than in teaching to retrieve. Let 'em bring in a bird all busted up, and a little taste or two of this across the nose will tell 'em what is wrong and who to listen to."

I wish I could describe the thing that followed. That ring of watching men were all men who made money—or who tried to following dogs—trainers, handlers, owners, breeders. They knew dogs, knew that the super dog was a myth and that the dog with human powers did not live, thank heaven! They looked on dogs, not without sentiment by any means, but with sentiment mixed with sense.

In all that ring of outdoor men and sportsmen, one thing was universally admired—courage, bottom, heart to take it. And that day, standing there watching, all their admiration for the heart that will not quit, however tough the going, was centered on the splendid little lady that stood behind Dan Thorplay. And as they stood and looked at her, they saw, with shame at their own race, the bright brave eyes of her go dull with fear and the bloodstained battle flag she carried fall. It should have been a flag of glossy silk. It was instead a tattered ribbon on a scarred staff. But even though all shot to rags, the frayedest battle flag may be the very valiantest of things if carried high. But Lady Bess' fell between her legs, and she cringed down and slunk behind Dan Thorplay and put her nose and belly close against the floor.

For the thing that the Dog Butcher held out in his hand—this thing which he was wont to give his dogs a taste of fair across their tender noses if they mouthed a bird—was a heavy loaded quirt.

A little ugly whisper rose around the ring that watched the fellow with the quirt and Dan and Lady Bess—a little ugly buzz with menace in it. What lay behind this little drama working out before them, they did not know. But what was there before their eyes was plenty—that lovely, gay, great-hearted, gallant little lady, fresh from a brilliant grueling triumph, lying afraid and cowed and utterly unhappy on her belly.

And so, when Dan Thorplay, uttering not one word, went ripping, tearing into the Dog Butcher, a whoop of joy went up that mighty near unroofed that old hotel.

You won't want to believe it, but it's so. One man may have as many as nine fists, six knees, four feet and eighteen elbows. I'll direct you to the proper penitentiary—the one where the Dog Butcher now resides and you can ask him. He went up against a man who had that much equipment once and got hit with every single piece of ordnance fourteen times—and five times with an old-fashioned iron cuspidor. And when he finally went down, like some tall tower toppling, Dan hopped astride of him and walloped him with that loaded quirt until the big brute at last fought back no more.

Not many men know why Lady Bess retired; why she, once national champion, never ran another stake. She had no nose—that's why. Half a week after she had won as great a dog race as is on the books, she could not have smelled a six-foot string of Wienerwursts if you had wound them round her neck for a collar. And so she ran no more, this national champion field-trial setter; but her red blood ran for her, and her high heart; for, as a mother of field-trial setter dogs, she was the champion of the world.

Wildfire, Smoky Jean, Burnt Umber, Scarlet Flame—conjure names, every one. Dan Thorplay has an old charred-edged box beside his desk which he uses as a wastebasket. Also, as you yourself can ascertain if you will but step into it and turn around three or four times, pushing most of the waste paper out onto Dan's floor before you curl up, it makes an elegant bed. You couldn't buy that box from Dan. He's always got it occupied. Besides, the national field-trial champion Wildfire was whelped in it, was dragged through blazing death to safety in it, and with him Smoky Jean, Burnt Umber, Scarlet Flame—dogs that Dan raised, and history makers all, all sired by fine Jed Whitestone, all mothered by the little dog that won her national championship dashing breakneck through ice; but her world's championship rear end foremost, backing, bless her stalwart heart, through fire.

Now everybody likes to go to Aunt Kate's house

"BR-R-R," said Niece Hilda at breakfast. "I haven't got warm yet after that North Pole room. I don't see how you stand it."

"You see I'm used to it," said Aunt Kate.

"In some ways this old house is the pleasantest place I know," Hilda, who was home from college for the holidays, and plain spoken, rattled on. "But in others it's just uncomfortable! I was saying the other day that I'd be here all the time if I wasn't afraid of freezing and if I didn't have to heat water every time I wanted a bath."

Aunt Kate smiled a little wistfully. She liked young people about. She had always had them until her children were married and her husband died. But of late the friendly old house that sat among trees just outside the city limits was usually empty except for herself and Jane, the hired girl. Even Jane was talking about leaving. She said she was getting old and couldn't stand discomfort.

"Sometimes I think I'll sell the place," said Aunt Kate. "But I've lived here for so long. I can't bear to leave."

"Why on earth don't you have radiator heat and modern plumbing put in?" asked Hilda.

"Then we'd all come. You could easily afford it."

"The house is so old. I don't know if I could."

"Nonsense. We just finished having our house gone over. A health examination of your home, it's called. A comfort examination too, I'd say. Tell you what. We'll do it. I'll help you. We'll call that master plumber and the heating contractor that went over our place. We'll put in one of those lovely bathrooms that you can have now, and slender new radiators, and a roomy sink, and some laundry trays. Let's have two bathrooms; one for you and one for Jane. And new piping. It'll not be an expense; just an investment. If you ever sell, your house will be worth a lot more."

Aunt Kate didn't object to something she wanted so badly. When it was done, she was pleased and proud as could be.

And so was Jane. "I did think my back would surely break," said Jane. "But now, I like doing my work."

And winter and summer, Aunt Kate's house is always full, as it was in former days. It and Aunt Kate have recovered the spirit of youth.

* * *

No matter where you live, in city or country, if your house is more than five years old, it will pay you to call in a Master Plumber and a Heating Contractor and have a health examination of your home. So rapid has been recent progress of the plumbing and heating industries that these experts in modernizing houses will have valuable suggestions to serve your comfort, protect your health, raise the sale or borrowing value of your property, and increase your pride in your dwelling. Summon them today.

Plumbing and Heating Industries Bureau

The national association of Heating Contractors, Master Plumbers, Wholesalers, and Manufacturers — 35 E. WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO

MAKE A HEALTH EXAMINATION OF YOUR HOME

A SAGA OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 41)

the quay of the Gosport Navy Yard with the black smoke pouring from the funnel above her long squat casement of multitudinously riveted vertical strips of iron. Uniquely unlike any other ship afloat was that monster, her seventy feet of foredeck submerged to a depth of two feet, her after deck similarly submerged for the same length; her one-hundred-and-seventy-foot-long midship section built up slopingly at an angle of thirty-five degrees in that novel penthouse armored battery rounded slightly at the corners fore and aft and pierced with four gun ports on each broadside and one each at bow and stern.

At the fore end of the casement the armor—it was four inches thick, a double skin of two-inch iron plates bolted together, the inner ones horizontal, the outer vertical, upon a backing of two-foot oak—was carried up above the level of the flat roof deck in a conical pilot house. Upon that roof—called the spar deck in the absence of any other name for it—was nothing save the single somewhat large funnel, two or three ventilators, boat davits, the side rails, a signal flagstaff forward and the Confederate flag upon a staff at the after end. She possessed one other quite novel feature, not less formidable because it was invisible: To her submerged prow had been bolted a heavy cast-iron ram.

Now the ship and the quay were in busy activity. Up the shore gangways to the spar deck—by which alone access to her interior was possible—parties of men in new naval uniforms were carrying heavy boxes of ammunition, were returning hurriedly for more. From the interior came the metallic din of vigorously applied hammers; not yet had the mechanics completed the tasks on which they had been working feverishly in relays night and day. Outside the casement, sailors with buckets and brooms were thickly covering the armor with grease slush—"So that the Yankee shot should slip off," as one of them shouted to a friend sitting on a bollard of the quay.

On the spar deck officers walked up and down in supervision of these last preparations and a captain of marines stood with a squad of gray-clad soldiers ranked by the main gangway in readiness for the reception of the commander when he should come on board.

That commander, a handsome middle-aged man with a powerful beaked nose and a square chin, left the group of uniformed and civilian dockyard officials with whom he had been shaking hands ashore, came up the gangplank.

The civilians on the quay waved their stovepipe hats, shouted, "Good luck, Buchanan! Give the Yanks hell! Three cheers for the Virginia! Three cheers for the Stars and Bars!"

He took no further heed of them, acknowledged the Present-arms of the squad of marines with a brusque touch to his cap, turned sharply to the executive officer:

"Time's up, Mr. Jones. Pipe those workmen off the ship!"

The lieutenant went to the hatch, repeated the order. The boatswain's pipe shrilled in the interior. There were shouts of "Workmen ashore! All workmen ashore! Hurry there, unless you want to go and fight the Yanks! No time for anything more! Ashore, all of you! Get ashore!" They came swarming up from below, scores of men with blackened faces and grimy hands, tool bags slung over their shoulders, scrambled down the gangways, collected on the quay in a large throng.

The executive officer reported to the commander, now earnestly discussing the tides in Hampton Roads with the civilian pilot:

"Ship clear of workmen, sir!"

"Very good, Mr. Jones. Muster the men."

There was the reiterated blare of a ship's bugle, a rush of feet. The sailor-clad men—few of them had ever been to sea in their lives—fell into rank upon the spar deck, successively answered to their names at the roll call of the officer standing before each division.

Flag Officer Buchanan continued his technical talk with the pilot.

"Get away as soon as you can, commodore," said that expert anxiously. "It will be high-water slack in the Roads at 1:40. If you're going for the Yanks you'll want all the time you can get—drawing twenty-two feet, as we do, doesn't give us much margin with all those shoals."

The commodore glanced at the clock on the building of the navy yard. It marked a few minutes after ten and Hampton Roads was distant two hours' steaming.

"I shall be away at the earliest moment, pilot, you may be sure," he replied quietly. He went to the voice pipe on a standard above the deck: "Engine room, there! What pressure have you now, Mr. Ramsey?"

An answer came back to him from below: "Twenty-one pounds, sir."

The commodore shrugged his broad shoulders. Miserable enough originally were these engines of the Merrimac, and they had not been improved by the burning of the ship and their long immersion while she was sunk. But they were all that was available.

He called down the pipe again: "Very well, Mr. Ramsey. Keep the highest pressure possible. I shall cast off in a few minutes."

The executive officer reported again to him: "Two hundred and sixty men present, sir. Forty in hospital."

The commodore nodded. "Send the men to their stations. Prepare to cast off."

Again a bugle blared. The deck emptied of the men hurrying below to their posts within the great casement. Only those few remained who would handle the mooring ropes at the word of command. The commodore took up his position near the voice pipe in rear of the pilot house, his flag lieutenant and his executive officer close to him.

Orders followed each other rapidly, repeated by those whom they concerned: "Stand by with engines! . . . Slow ahead! . . . Cast off, for'ard there! . . . Slow astern! . . . Steady! . . . Cast off astern! . . . Slow ahead! . . . Hard a-port, the helm! . . . Steady, the helm! . . . Steady, engines! . . . Slow ahead, engines!"

On the quay a band struck up that quick rollicking air of Dixie which was the Marseillaise of the Confederacy. The crowd waved and shouted and cheered, disguising its apprehensions for those risking themselves in this newfangled contraption which croakers compared to an iron coffin appropriately shaped for those inside her.

The Virginia—ex-Merrimac—sheered off into the muddy stream for the first cruise of her transformed existence. A little way down the Elizabeth River the two little paddle-wheel gunboats which were to accompany her blew hoots of welcome from their sirens. On the quay side the band continued to crash and blare, less and less audible as it was left behind, as she went slowly down the river, passing vociferous crowds on the water front of Norfolk, passing batteries where Confederate soldiers stood on the earthen ramparts and waved and shouted frenziedly. Her wretched engines gave her barely four knots against the tide rising sluggishly over the cracked mud banks. She steered, in that half-submerged bulk and weight so disproportionate to her power, like a water-logged ship. She had nine miles to go before she would reach the open estuary of the Roads.

Behind the conically armored pilot house, on the roof deck of the monster, Commodore Buchanan stood with the flag lieutenant, the executive officer, the pilot, a couple of midshipmen and a sergeant of the signal corps. He looked through his glasses over a broad stretch of calm water between low shores. Four miles away ahead of him, squat on the steel-blue surface shimmering with the noonday sun, he could distinguish the stone-built bastions of Fortress Monroe. In its close vicinity were the bare masts and spars of a crowd of shipping. Save for one large vessel he knew to be a French man-of-war, they were Federal frigates and gunboats, together with army transports and store ships. The majority lay between Fortress Monroe and a low slab of an island called the Rip Raps, formidable with Federal heavy batteries.

Away to his left, close to the point of Newport News, distant from their fellows, but equally near to him if he swung to port by the South Channel, were two large sailing ships. He recognized them at once—the Congress frigate and to the left of her the Cumberland sloop of war. On that peacefully calm Saturday morning they were evidently not in the least expecting a call to action. Through his glasses he could see that they had booms out, boats alongside and their rigging filled with washing hung out to dry. The commodore made up his mind grimly.

"The South Channel, pilot," he said. "We'll try conclusions with those two ships first." He swung round to the flag lieutenant: "Make signal to the gunboats to take station astern, Mr. Minor. . . . Mr. Jones, ask Mr. Ramsey to make all steam possible."

The large single funnel of the ship was already belching out volumes of black smoke eloquent of the lavish feeding of her furnaces, yet she was not making more than five knots. Her helm was incredibly ineffective. Already they had had difficulty in their winding passage between the shoals. Already—a pleasant prospect for battle—it was clear that it would take more than half an hour to turn her completely round. If that armor did not keep out the enemy projectiles—as, in the absence of any trial, they could but hope it would—then they were surely doomed as they turned toward that stately frigate mounting fifty heavy guns and the large three-masted sloop with thirty—eighty against their ten, manned by gunners who had never yet fired them. There were, in addition, formidable heavy batteries on the point of Newport News, close behind the two ships.

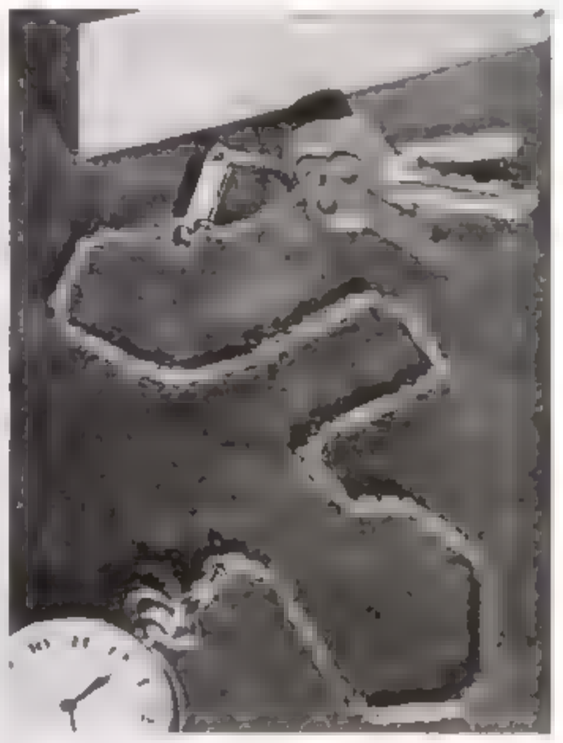
The two escorting gunboats had fallen astern. The ship quivered to the urge of her cranky engines driven to their poor utmost. Forward of the down-shelving iron casement, her seventy feet of submerged bow made a long confused swirl in the water that splashed against the armored wall sheer from it. The pilot shouted successive gruff orders to the helmsman through the orifice in the moundlike armored conning tower in front of him. Every officer on that upper deck had his glasses eagerly to his eyes as she edged slowly and clumsily round to port, entered the South Channel between the shoals, headed toward those two anchored ships some four miles distant.

Not yet, apparently, had they been recognized for what they were. There was no sign of alarm on those two vessels becoming gradually larger and larger to their view. They watched them in a tense silence of voices—a silence wherein the hoarse coughing typical of those primitive engines when at strain, the slashing of the water against the casement, the rattle of the stays to the funnel, were the only sounds, disproportionately magnified to their overstrung nerves.

Half an hour passed. Those ships were not two miles distant. Still they lay at their anchors, unconcerned at this approach. But away to starboard, among the ships anchored off Fortress Monroe, there was a beginning of movement. Three large frigates were loosening their sails to the faint breeze, were getting under way assisted by

(Continued on Page 137)

"and with *this* suit, Sir, wear *this* watch-chain"



STYLE dictators will hardly ever go *that* far! But look to this: a watch-chain *is* an important item in your dress. The success of any suit may be influenced by the accessories with which you complement it. And a watch-chain is a very noticeable accessory.

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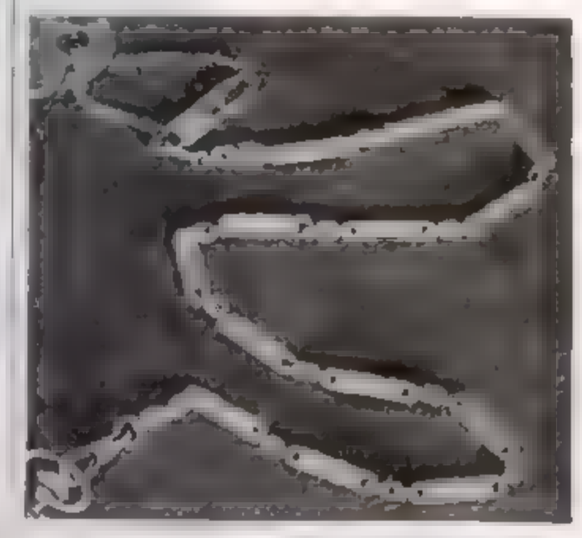

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Your plumber can easily reduce heat losses on your present system, or can start you right in your new home. He can do this by using Improved Asbestocel, the product of the world leader in the development of asbestos insulations.

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(Continued from Page 133)

tugs that made a brown smother from their tall funnels. A dull boom reverberated heavily over the lagoonlike flood tide, was repeated in slow succession. Over the Confederate batteries at Sewell's Point on the southern shore a drift of white smoke lifted into the air; from the water some distance short of the Federal frigates rose the spouts of the shots they had fired.

"Steer for the Cumberland, pilot," said the quiet voice of the commodore. "We'll deal with the frigate afterward."

"Starboard a couple of points!" The helmsman within the conning tower echoed the pilot's gruff order.

There was again a tense silence wherein they hardly noticed the Confederate guns still thundering from Sewell's Point. It was incredible that those ships should thus carelessly await them.

They were within a mile. Suddenly there was a swift activity on both those enemy ships. Men swarmed aloft in their rigging. The hung-out washing disappeared. The boats were dropped astern. The booms were brought in. They thought they could hear the whistles of the boatswains as their crews dashed to man the capstans and the guns. A spark of flame twinkled on the Cumberland's deck, was swallowed in an abrupt cloud of white smoke. There was a heavy detonation, a scream in the air, and a waterspout leaped up ahead of them. Simultaneous with the smoke and report from her second gun—they identified the two ten-inch pivots on her deck—there was a smoke-whelmed flash, a violent detonation, from the Congress frigate; were other smoke puffs, other detonations, from the shore batteries at Newport News, from several steam gunboats now hurrying in advance of the three frigates leaving Fortress Monroe. A host of waterspouts sprang up around the strange monster now recognized as the rebel marvel at which the Federal naval officers had scoffed so long. The gunfire became incessant, merged into a continuous rumbling roll. The sun-gleaming waterspouts were a spectacle.

Commodore Buchanan took his binoculars from his eyes. His lips were pressed tightly together under his aquiline nose.

"Battle stations, gentlemen," he said composedly.

They descended into the interior of that iron penthouse, left the roof deck deserted, its hatches closed from within.

Within the gloomy gun deck whose low roof gave only seven feet of head room, the executive lieutenant walked up and down, seeing that the crews were alert at each of the great weapons already loaded and immediately commanded by a subordinate officer. All of them were ponderous muzzle-loaders on slide mountings. Six of the eight divided between the broadsides were bottle-shaped, smoothbore nine-inch Dahlgrens of the Merrimac's original armament. A supply of their spherical shells lay ready to each for quick reloading.

The four others were rifled guns, cast at Richmond to the new design of Lieutenant Brooke and heavily reënforced with steel bands shrunk over the breech. Two of them were of seven-inch caliber, mounted on a pivot slide at bow and stern, so that at need they could fire through a broadside port. The two others were six-inch weapons, one permanently on each broadside. They fired an elongated shell whose soft base would expand in the explosion of the cartridge and take up the rifling of the gun. They also had their spare ammunition stacked ready for use. Not yet had one been fired. The crews stood motionless at their stations in a heart-gripping suspense. Surely now—or now—must come the craved-for order! They heard only the muffled thunder of the enemy's batteries, of the two menaced ships now firing furiously, mingled with the clanking and coughing of the engines driving them slowly onward. Some of the men joked coarsely in that tension. No one laughed.

The executive lieutenant peered through one of the ports. They were approaching the Congress frigate, would pass her on the starboard side at close range if they continued thus to head for the Cumberland. That ship was now large ahead of them—her anchor not yet up, her sails not yet loosed—was firing at them rapidly from every gun that would bear. There was a succession of violent thudding impacts that shook the entire vessel. The men glanced around them and at one another. No shot had penetrated. They laughed at last, boisterously, in that relief.

A voice came magnified through the mouthpiece of the speaking tube from the conning tower:

"Bow gun! Target Cumberland! Fire!"

A junior lieutenant had already pointed that gun, stood now with lanyard ready to the hammer of the lock. He pulled it. There was a shake of the ship, a detonation not so loud as might have been expected, a smother of inward-blowing smoke as the weapon came back on its slide with the recoil. The men at that gun cheered joyously. Its shell had burst full among the crew of the Cumberland's after pivot.

Again came the voice from the speaking tube, resonant through that low-roofed gun deck:

"Starboard broadside! Target Congress! Fire!"

In a quick succession of those curiously muffled reports, deadened by the armor, the four starboard guns were whelmed in sudden smoke as they recoiled ponderously on the slides, were immediately vent-thumbed by the Number Ones, were sponged and reloaded—the spherical shells of the smoothbores fastened to a *sabot* of wood that went against the cartridge, the fuses kept outward, the fuse caps torn off after the shell was just within the muzzle. Ere the charges could be rammed home, there was a terrific long-continued crash, an appallingly violent series of shocks upon the iron-plated casement. At point-blank range the Congress had fired her entire broadside. Again the men glanced round in apprehension. Again they grinned at one another with faces smeared with smoke. That discharge would have blown a wooden ship out of the water. Not a shot had entered.

"Load, men! Load!" cried the executive officer exultantly. "They can't hurt us! They might as well be shooting peas!"

The men laughed, shouted ribald jests, mocking the futile fury of those detested Yankees.

He ran forward, peered through the square port of the bow pivot gun, just then reloaded. He was startled to see, imminently close to them, the lofty starboard side of the Cumberland, reeking guns protruding from its ports, men looking over at them from the bulwarks. They were heading directly for her fore rigging. He held his breath in a spasm of irrationally instinctive revulsion. The Virginia was going to ram! He watched, fascinated. They drove onward, the water swirling over their submerged bows. There was a slight jar while yet to the eye there was seventy feet between them. They were entering the side of that wooden ship as easily as if it had been made of butter, the impact of collision scarcely felt. But the sloop was heeling over away from them, almost to her beam ends, all sorts of objects dropping in a clatter from her tops.

A voice yelled behind him: "Out of the way, sir!"

He jerked back from the port. The bow pivot fired again, in a detonation half deafening in that closeness, a sudden smoke. He peered out again, while at the other side of the muzzle a man rapidly sponged the gun that had recoiled back on its slide. Through the thinning fumes he could see that they were backing away from their victim, could see a hole big enough for a horse and cart admitting a torrent of water into her as she rolled in a return lurch toward them. A gun vomited from her, hurling a shell that exploded harmlessly on their armor.

From the pilot house above a voice was hailing her: "Surrender!"

An officer ran to the bulwark, shook his fist at them, shouted defiantly, "Never! I'll sink alongside first!"

Gun after gun crashed in a tongue of flame, a smother of smoke, from that doomed ship already settling by the head. The projectiles hammered impotently upon the armor casing of her destroyer. Again the pivot gun fired a shell that was a brief lurid flare within an open wound as it exploded devastatingly.

The ironclad turned slowly, cumbrously, firing her broadside as the guns bore. While yet beam-on to the Cumberland, the after pivot gun was suddenly discharged. Eager to ascertain this new target, the executive officer hastened back toward it through the choking smoke of the gun deck, where the crews cheered and yelled like madmen. It had fired at the Congress. The frigate had slipped her anchor, had run up her jib and loosed her fore-topsail, was now stern on to them.

The officer at the ironclad's stern pivot shouted exultantly to his toiling men: "Quick now, boys! Let her have another! Give her hell! Ready? Run out!"

The men hauled on the tackles. The gun went forward on its slide until its muzzle was just outside the port. The officer laid it, with curt directions to the man manipulating the elevating screw vertical through the cascabel at the breech.

"Fire!"

Through the smoke they could just see the shell burst on the frigate.

"Jump to it, men! Let her have a third before we swing out of bearing!"

Their smoke grime channeled with running sweat, the gun crew cheered and yelled as they labored furiously to reload.

"Gun ready, sir!"

"Fire!"

The ironclad came sluggishly round. The engines coughed and clanked and wheezed, drove her ahead again until her port broadside was but two hundred yards from the frigate's quarter. The engines stopped. The voice resounded from the speaking tube. The broadside leaped into fiercely continued action. From the frigate, visibly and terribly more shattered at each instant, the stern guns crashed in reply, firing shot and shell that but rebounded on that invulnerable armor. Astern of them, the Cumberland was still firing, was still being fired at. There was a faintly heard peculiar roar. A moment later someone tugged at the executive officer's arm. He jerked round, saw the officer in command of the after pivot. The young man's face was white with excitement under its smeared soot.

"She's gone, sir! The Cumberland's gone! Went down with colors flying!"

The executive officer pressed his lips together. He had old comrades in that ship.

"Very good, Mr. Wood. Hold your gun ready to resume fire."

He turned his attention again to the port broadside, still firing, as fast as the guns could be reloaded, at the Congress. Typical of that fratricidal war was it that Commodore Buchanan's brother was an officer aboard of her. Down the river the three other Federal frigates had run aground on the shoals, but the gunboats and the shore batteries were thundering at the ironclad in what aid they could give to the utterly overmatched frigate that stubbornly continued to fight her guns. The crash and thud of projectiles upon the armor was incessant.

A voice roared down through the speaking tube:

"Cease fire!"

The executive officer looked through a broadside port. The Stars and Stripes had come down, the white flag had gone up on the Congress. He could see the blood pouring from her scuppers. A couple of Confederate gunboats were approaching her, were being furiously cannonaded by the land batteries.

That evening, at a cabinet meeting in Washington, a group of white-faced men sat at a table presided over by a gaunt,

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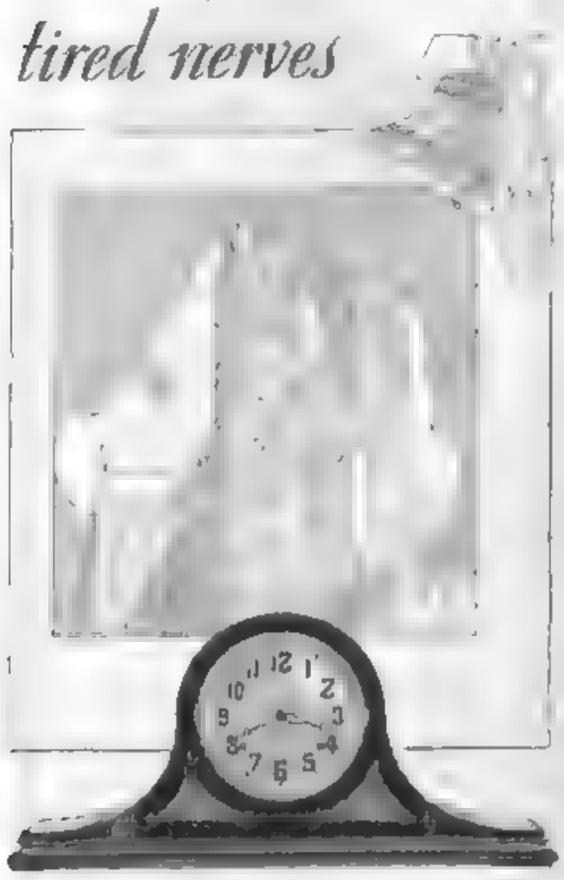

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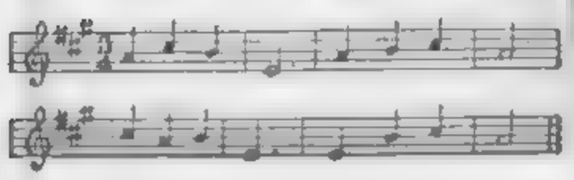

haggard, homely figure whose features were as anxious as those of his subordinates.

Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, was speaking, with the elaboration of the habitual orator, despite the gravity of the news which had brought them together.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we have to face an utterly new situation. The Merrimac has changed the whole character of the war. She can, and assuredly will, destroy every naval vessel we possess. She can lay every seaboard city under contribution. I shall, of course, immediately recall Burnside. Our conquest at Port Royal must be abandoned. I will at once notify the municipal authorities in the North to take what measures they can to protect their harbors." He glanced nervously out of the window commanding a view of the now night-shrouded Potomac River. "I have not the slightest doubt that this monster is even now on her way to Washington. Very likely we shall have a shell or cannon ball from one of her guns in the White House before we leave this room!"

Mr. Lincoln looked grimly at Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, looked at the usually ebullient Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, looked at the others. No one had a remark to make.

"We must then have faith in God, gentlemen," he said, with that simplicity at which it was difficult for the sophisticated not to smile.

At about the same hour the upper deck of the Confederate ironclad lying at anchor off Sewell's Point was crowded with men watching the conflagration magnificently picturesque across the water. Radiating a wide illumination that quenched the rising moon, the Congress was still blazing from stem to stern, her masts and spars outlined in vivid incandescence. The intense cannonade from the adjacent shore batteries, the furious musketry from the Federal troops at Newport News, had made it impossible to take possession of her, had at the same time seriously wounded Commodore Buchanan directing operations from the exposed deck, and she had been set on fire with red-hot shot from the Virginia.

For hours now she had burned, the flames slow to reach her magazine. The Confederates cheered exultantly as every now and then a great fountain of sparks and flames shot up from her, yet more brightly revealing the other Federal frigates—one of them still aground upon the shoals—whose similar fate was certain on the morrow. Only the rapidly falling tide and the lateness of the day when the Congress had finally been disposed of had necessitated this temporary reprieve. But Lieut. Catesby Jones, who had succeeded to the command after Commodore Buchanan had been transferred to a tugboat for Norfolk Hospital, could afford a little patience. Had the Virginia not proved herself that day to be the most formidable ship in the world, irresistibly destructive and herself invulnerable? Tomorrow was also a day.

Among the crew watching the fire, a man glanced across toward Fortress Monroe, clearly illumined in the glare, the Federal ships near it plucked into vivid visibility.

"What's that?" he asked suddenly, pointing to what looked like a small low raft with a pill box on it, passing near the stranded Minnesota frigate and dwarfed by contrast with her stately size. "That's an odd-looking thing. What d'you make of it, Jack?"

The man he addressed was one of the Hampton Roads pilots. He shaded his eyes with his hand, gazed long and steadily, spat over the rail.

"That, my son," he said, "is the Yankee Ericsson we've heard so much about. And why? Because she's like nothing that ever was. She's here at last. I'll go tell the captain."

On board that strange craft which John Ericsson had invented, and which he had named the Monitor as an admonishment equally to the rebel Southern leaders and to My Lords of the British Admiralty who had snubbed him years before, her captain and lieutenant sat at a meal together in the tiny wardroom lit by a pendant oil lamp. The full-bearded visage of the senior—his official rank and name was Lieut. John Lorimer Worden, United States Navy—was as haggard as that of the lad of twenty-two years of age, by name Samuel Dana Greene, newly promoted from the rank of midshipman, who sat at the other side of the small table. They yawned in the intervals of eating their biscuit and canned beef, spoke with the dull brevity of men at the last extremity of fatigue. For fifty hours they had neither of them slept; for thirty-six hours they had fought through an ordeal where it had constantly seemed that they could not possibly survive.

At eleven A.M. on Thursday, the sixth of March, the tug Seth Low had towed out from New York the weirdest ship that, until that day, had ever gone to sea. Her iron hull of plates five inches thick, one hundred and seventy-two feet long and forty-one feet at its greatest beam, superimposed upon an underhull of wood fifty feet shorter, rose only just a little more than one foot above the water line. Amidships on that virtual raft, sharply pointed at stem and stern, rose a revolving cylindrical turret, nine feet high and twenty feet in diameter, built of eight layers of one-inch iron plates and inclosing a pair of stumpy eleven-inch smoothbore Dahlgren guns. Aft of the turret was an athwartships pair of short removable smokestacks and a pair of blower pipes to bring forced draft to the engine and fresh air to the crew.

Forward, in the bows, was a small square structure, projecting about four feet above the plating of the deck, built of bars of wrought iron nine inches thick, with the two top layers slightly separated to form a lookout slit for those within—the wheelhouse, reached only by a ladder from the interior, just abaft a covered well in which was suspended an anchor that could thus ingeniously be dropped without any person appearing on deck. Save for the men in the turret and the pilot house, the whole of the crew lived permanently below the water line. Such was the grotesquely unique craft, driven by an engine barely capable of five knots, which the genius of Ericsson had designed and the energy of her builders had launched one hundred days after her keel had been laid down. Her crew of fifty-eight all told was entirely made up of volunteers.

Even a Navy Department without a soul to lose had shrunk from ordering men into such a contraption, calculated in every detail to give an old-time wooden-wall sailorman the horrors.

The first day out all had gone well as they had been towed sluggishly through a smooth sea. On the next an increasing head wind had been encountered. Immediately her unseaworthiness had been made manifest. The waves had broken over her turret as though it were a half-tide rock, had poured over and into the smokestacks and blower pipes, had rushed in through the hawse hole of the anchor well, had come like a deluge through the fitting of the hatch and underneath the turret, had crashed against the eye slit of the pilot house with such force as to knock the helmsman from the wheel. The water-sodden belts of the blower engines had slipped, and in the cessation of the forced draft the engine had stopped. The water had cascaded down into the furnace room and the engineers had been dragged out half suffocated with the poisonous gas.

The hand pumps had failed. Hour after hour, as the wave-swept raft lifted and crashed and jerked at the end of the towrope, a chain of men had passed bailing buckets from the interior of the ship up through the turret floor and out through the opening of the turret top. At almost every moment through that appalling day and night it had seemed that she must founder. Miraculously, the towrope had held. On the morning of the eighth they had got into smooth water again and the engine had once more been started. They had passed Cape Henry at four P.M., had heard the distant thunder of guns engaged with the Merrimac. At once the utterly exhausted men had been turned to in preparation for immediate battle. They had arrived in Hampton Roads at nine P.M., in the glare of the burning Congress.

It was now past midnight as those two fatigue-drawn men sat at their first meal for two days under the lamp of the tiny wardroom.

"Thank God, we're here, sir!" said the young officer. He had made the remark a score of times, in an obsession of relief. The hazards of battle were as nothing to the perils of the sea they had survived.

Captain Worden dug at a slab of butter, spread it on his cracker. "Thank God still more they didn't send us back again! It was a near thing."

Immediately on arrival he had reported on board the ship of the senior naval officer. An urgent telegram from Washington had ordered that the Monitor be sent back at once for the defense of the capital, panic-stricken at the exploit of the Merrimac. The admiral was away. Boldly taking the responsibility, the captain of the Roanoke had decided to keep the Monitor with the squadron, had ordered her to the assistance of the Minnesota, still aground on a shoal and most immediately menaced when the battle should be resumed in the morning.

"I'd rather face a hundred Merrimacs than one more gale," he added with a yawn.

The young man yawned also as he nodded. "If only we could get a few hours' quiet sleep! I never was so tired in my life."

The haggard face of the captain set grimly—he was a sick man when he had come aboard in defiance of doctor's orders.

"There won't be much sleep for any of us tonight," he said. "The Merrimac may come out again on the two o'clock tide."

There was a quick succession of violent roars, a thudding concussion which rattled the lamp overhead, the crockery on the table.

"What's that?" cried the startled lieutenant.

"Listen!" said the captain, holding up his hand.

There was silence. They listened for a full minute. There was no other sound.

A tap came at the door. The quartermaster entered. "Beg pardon, sir. The Congress has just blown up."

"Any sign of the Merrimac?" queried the captain sharply.

"No, sir. She's still anchored off Sewell's Point. All quiet, sir."

"Very good, quartermaster. We'll deal with her in the morning."

"Sure we will, sir! Guess we've got a surprise for Johnny Reb!"

Captain Worden's haggard face had a grim smile as the quartermaster went out again.

"Let us hope so anyway," he said.

The two men yawned at each other.

Daybreak of Sunday, the ninth of March, brightened over the smooth water of the low-shored estuary. Just ahead of the Monitor the Federal frigate Minnesota was still aground, her canvas not loosed from her lofty yards, bugles and boatswains' pipes sounding upon her as her crew prepared for a conflict in which none had any hope. Away astern, the Roanoke and other Federal ships clustered under the protection of Fortress Monroe. Four miles distant to the southward, close under the Confederate batteries on Sewell's Point, the Merrimac and her gunboat consorts were already pouring volumes of smoke from their funnels.

On the deck of the Monitor, stripped bare of smokestacks and other obstructions, her furnace smoke issuing up through twin holes in the plated deck, her turret nakedly devoid of its normal top rail and awning, Captain Worden stood with binoculars to his eyes, watching those adversaries. Lieutenant Greene, the two acting masters of the ship and a volunteer pilot

(Continued on Page 141)

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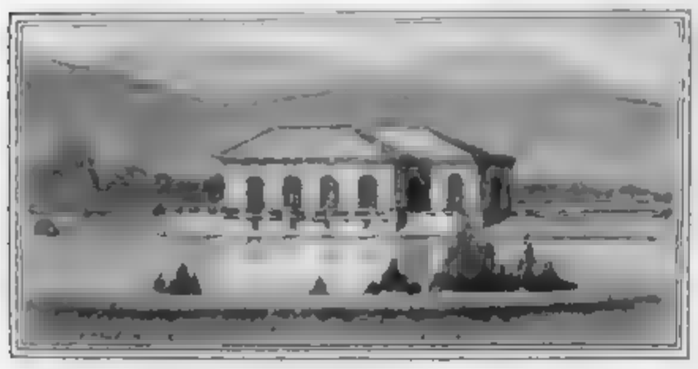

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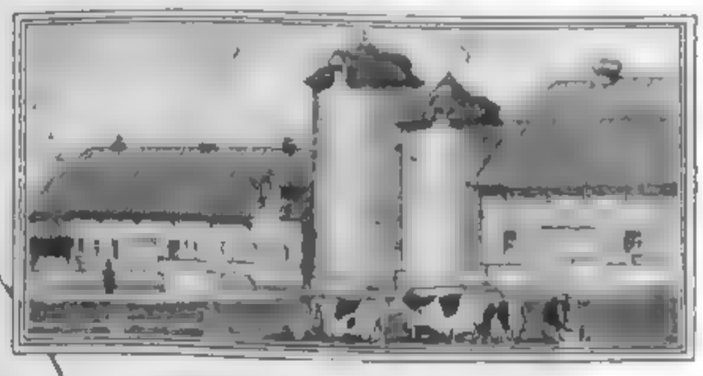

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(Continued from Page 138)

from the Roanoke stood close behind him, similarly with glasses raised. Was the Merrimac coming out to repeat her yesterday's facile victory?

From the interior of the Monitor came the clang of seven bells—it was 7:30. Almost immediately they saw that that distant smoke was in movement. The Merrimac was under way, her consorts behind her, was plainly heading for the Minnesota. There was a shout on that great ship surely doomed to destruction. Captain Worden gave a curt order. One of the acting masters acknowledged it, disappeared. A boatswain's pipe sounded faintly in the interior. From under their feet came the harsh sound of the anchor chain being windlassed up into the well. The smoke from the holes on deck increased. The Merrimac was steaming straight on her course, smothered in smoke they could see came from a funnel shattered in yesterday's battle, looking monstrously large in the mirage of the morning mist.

"Battle stations!" said the captain, shutting up his glasses. Followed by his officers, he went down the ladder to the dark berth deck lit by small oil lamps.

The lieutenant shouted the order. A bugle blew. There was a sound of running feet as the men raced to their quarters.

The captain turned to his subordinate. "Who is at the wheel, Mr. Greene?"

"Peter Williams, sir."

"A good man. Very well, Mr. Greene. You know your duty. I shall go straight for the Merrimac. Fire only at the word and keep the turret in action as long as you have a cartridge."

"Very good, sir." He said it calmly over the throbbing of his heart, saw the captain, accompanied by the pilot, go forward along the narrow gloomy passageway, to climb up the ladder into the little iron pilot house whence he would direct the fight.

He himself turned in the other direction, went up through the trapdoor into the turret almost filled by the two great eleven-inch Dahlgren guns. Their crews of sixteen all told were already at their stations, half visible in the small light which came through the two narrow gun ports, each of three small vertically intersecting circles which had been cut through the eight-inch iron and had not been smoothed off. An acting master and a volunteer chief engineer stood by the levers of the steam engine which revolved the turret. Piles of spherical shot, piles of serge-covered cartridges, were stacked upon the floor. The only way of renewing supplies was when the trapdoor of the turret should be immediately over the trapdoor in the deck underneath.

The boatswain's mate who was captain of Number 1 Gun, saluted. "Both guns at the ready, sir!"

They heard the engine begin to work, saw through the gun ports the water slide past them. A cheer came faintly to their ears. It was from the Minnesota—in incredulous delight at this little David moving out to attack the Goliath which menaced her. A dull boom reverberated over the water, was followed by another. The Merrimac had commenced firing.

"Close the gun ports!" It was the first order the young turret commander had ever given in action. He thrilled a little as he uttered it.

The lashings of the two heavy pendulums of wrought iron were loosened. They slid down between the muzzles of the guns and the ports. Now only the comparatively dim light of the battle lanterns suspended from the roof revealed to one another those nineteen men close packed in the confined circular space mostly occupied by the great drawn-back guns. Diverse in feature, they were alike in the haggardness of fatigue and nervous strain.

Endlessly, it seemed, they waited, while the ship quivered and throbbed to her engine, while outside they could hear the thud and thunder of an increasing cannonade. What was happening? Where were they now? Where was the Merrimac? In the absence of any view to the exterior of this shut-up box, they could form no idea. No orders, no information, had come to them through the voice tube from the pilot house. They could but wait, the men ready at the tackles to run out the guns, the warrant officer and the engineer ready to work the levers which would revolve the turret. Once already they had tried those levers. The turret had gone round dizzily with them, to the puffing and wheezing and clanking of the little engine underneath. The machinery had been rusted by the salt water of their perilous passage. It refused to work with any precision. The turret was difficult to set in motion, was difficult to stop when desired. But they would have to make it do.

Still they waited, while the roar of guns became louder, made the iron walls vibrate to the touch. The turret commander warned the men on no account to lean against them; the concussion from an enemy shot would probably be mortal. At first the men had made remarks to one another, joking or confidently expectant. Now no one spoke.. Surely at any moment now —— The Merrimac could not possibly be far off. No, not yet. The lieutenant found himself trembling with the strain.

Then suddenly—unexpectedly almost—a voice came through the speaking tube, sharply emphatic: "Commence firing!"

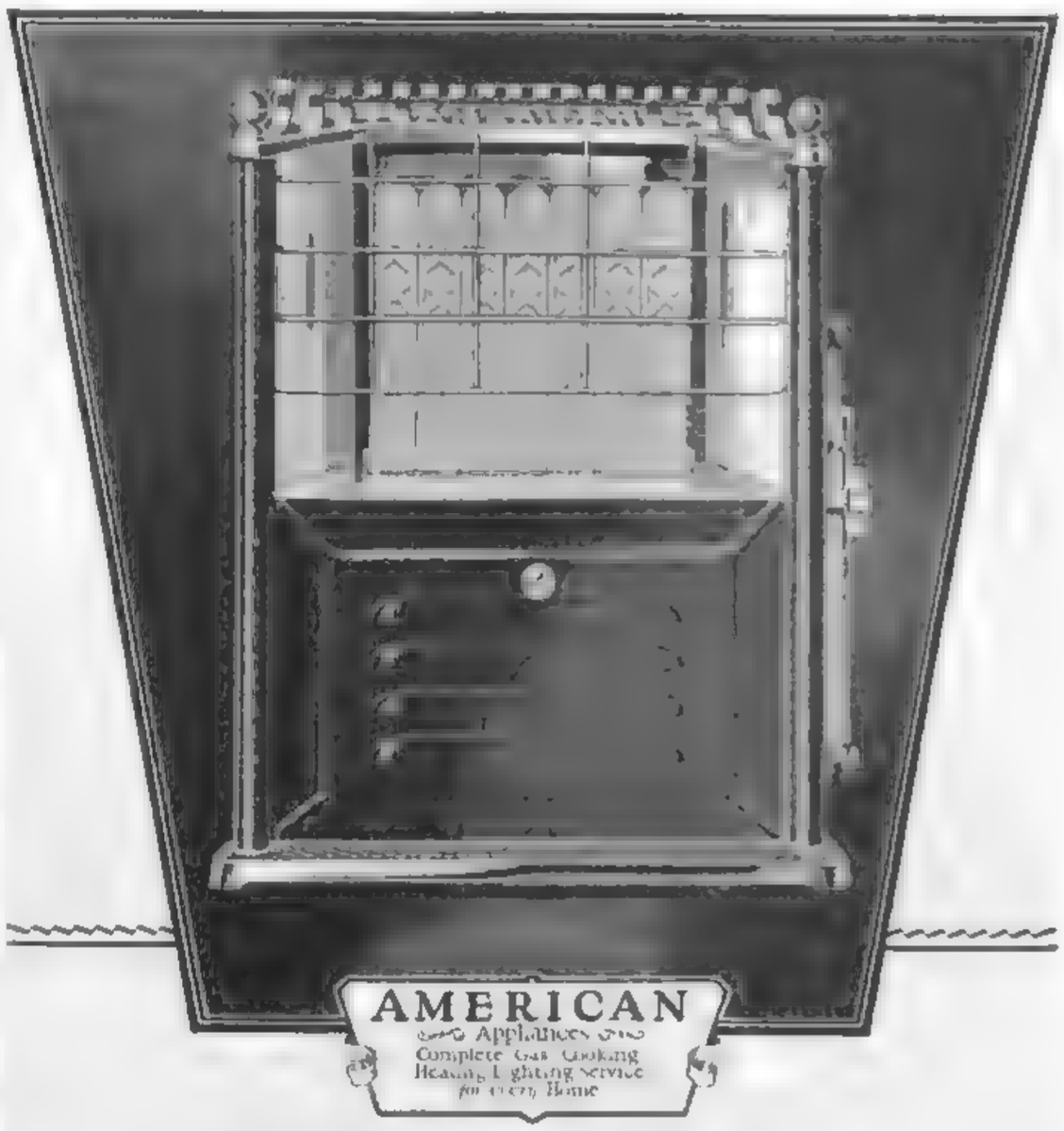
The lieutenant shouted his orders: "Trice up the ports! Run out! Start turret engine!"

The turret began to revolve jerkily, vertiginously. The lieutenant himself seized the lanyard of Number 1 Gun, gazed over its tapering bulk through the narrow port at the view of ships and water circling round him. There she was, almost alongside, huge, slant-sided, like a monstrous angular turtle, smoke pouring from her shattered funnel, obscuring her Confederate flag. He pulled the lanyard to the roar and backward jerk of his gun.

He looked through the smoke for the strike of the shot, could see no evidence of it. That slanting armor, close to them, was intact. A pang of despair was poignant in him. The Merrimac was invulnerable! The turret continued its slow circular motion, swung them out of sight of her. They heard a terrific multiple detonation—the Merrimac's broadside—in an almost simultaneous shatteringly violent shock upon the turret that sent them staggering. They glanced at one another in an alarm where their hearts seemed to stop, glanced at the circular wall inclosing them. A look of unspeakable relief came into those blanched faces. Someone cheered. They also were invulnerable.

The battle had continued until they were weary with the reloading of the great guns—by peremptory order of the Navy Department they were rigidly forbidden to use more than fifteen-pound charges; if only they might have loaded the double cartridges for which the guns were strong enough and so surely broken that impenetrable armor of the Merrimac—until they were dizzy with the revolutions of the turret as they stood waiting to fire until the little ports bore, pulling the lanyard on the fly as they were swung past their target. Within the turret the heat was like a furnace, the air all but unbreathable in the thickness of the smoke.

They were stunned and dazed with the ferocious concussions of the enemy's shells—mercifully the Merrimac apparently had no solid shot—exploding against their armor. But save for one of the men at the turret-engine levers who had incautiously leaned against the wall and been hurled seriously hurt to the floor as a shell burst on impact, they had no casualties. From eternity it seemed that their entire lives had been concentrating on preparing those guns to fire every seven or eight minutes, on tricing up again the pendulum shutters that were so heavy as to require both gun crews at the tackle, on once more starting the turret to revolve clumsily for that flitting glimpse of the enemy always close to them, her funnel now shot away, her flag several



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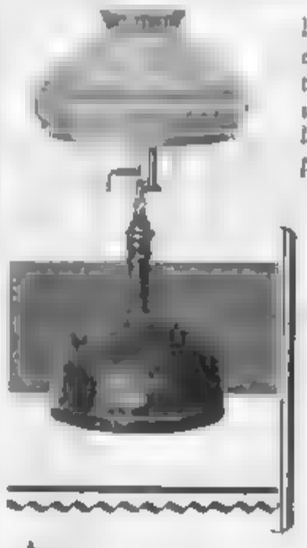

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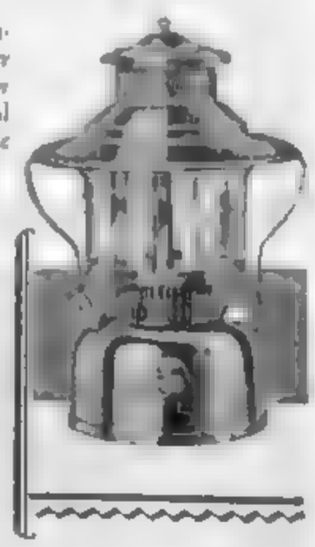

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times renewed, but her great carapace, with its smoking guns, always uninjured. In the danger of hitting their own pilot house in the bows, the lieutenant had fired every gun himself.

At the beginning the captain had spoken through the voice tube from the pilot house giving the bearing of the enemy to port or starboard, ahead or astern, as the Monitor was maneuvered, was spun on her center like a top around her unwieldy antagonist. Then the voice tube had been put out of action. Now the paymaster and the captain's clerk were passing the orders from the pilot house along the narrow passage below, shouting them up from underneath the turret. But in that constant circular motion they lost all sense of direction; the white marks on the stationary deck below, intended to be visible through holes in the turret floor and indicate fore and aft, had long ago been obliterated.

The lieutenant, peering along the massive gun as he stood just clear of the slide, could only wait until he swung into view of the enemy, pull the lanyard in that instant. Now, as the wheezing, clanking turret engine whirled them round again, he suddenly saw the Merrimac coming ponderously head-on to ram them amidships. He fired desperately, felt the entire ship swing round to her helm, felt that collision as only a scraping, glancing blow.

Still they were in close contact, roaring impotently at each other; the armor of each unbroken. The Monitor had also tried to ram, had merely ground her projecting upper hull over the submerged bows of the Merrimac. They had been fighting for about four hours. It was now noon. The fire of the Merrimac had slackened a little. The officers within her were reluctant to waste more of their now scanty shells at this equally invulnerable enemy. Once the Monitor also had ceased firing, had withdrawn to shoal water, where the Merrimac could not follow, in order to replenish the ammunition in the turret. Captain Worden had climbed out onto the deck, had allowed himself a clear look round. Now he was once more in the tiny log-built iron pilot house, had renewed the battle. In the turret, as again it revolved, the lieutenant saw the Merrimac almost touching them, saw one of her gun muzzles depressed in a direct close aim at the pilot house. It fired with a crash that merged with the detonation of his own gun, and he was again swept round out of vision of that antagonist with broken davits on her roof deck, her funnel gone; saw only the circling seascape, with other ships firing rapidly, ere again the port shutter was lowered to keep out a chance enemy shell.

He heard an anxious shout below him: "Lieutenant! Lieutenant! The captain's killed!"

In a shock of dismay he bellowed an order to stop the turret over the trapdoor below, waited with wild impatience while the clumsy machinery was maneuvered to and fro, leaped down the orifice at last revealed. He ran along the gloomy smoke-filled lamplit passage. The captain was leaning against the ladder communicating with the pilot house. He was a ghastly sight, his eyes closed, his face an unrecognizable mess of blood. The shell had burst against the eye slit of the conning tower.

He murmured faintly, "Take command, Greene!"

When, some little time later, the lieutenant returned from conducting the wounded captain to his cabin and climbed up into the pilot house, he saw the Merrimac, somewhat down at the bows and apparently leaking, steaming slowly toward the Elizabeth River. They themselves had drifted at random in the absence of command. He gave the order to steam toward the fleet they had saved. The fight was over.

It was a fight that, though never renewed, was of immense consequence. The Monitor that day had saved the Union. In those two days the Merrimac and the Monitor between them had done something else. They had relegated every old-time wooden warship to the scrap heap. The steel-clad leviathans fifty-two years later to thunder against one another from horizon ranges in a yet greater war were the lineal successors of those two primitive clumsy craft, and perhaps all but the final culmination of the novel principles they embodied. From that day the new contest between guns and armor commenced, and the doom of the sailing warship was henceforth irrevocable. A new era had begun—the era of iron and steel, and ships that were boxes of machinery.

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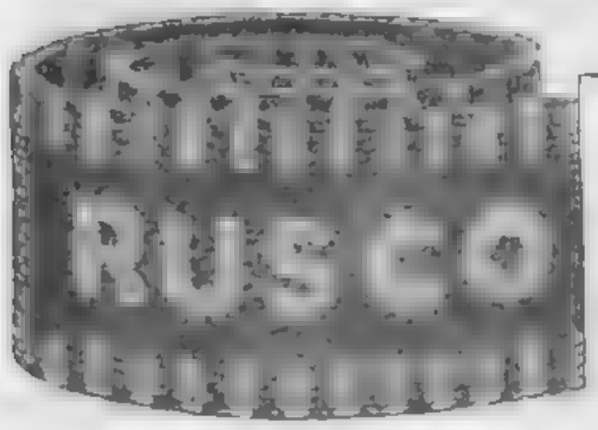

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MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS

(Continued from Page 29)

up at that hour noticed the dancing, flickering lights in the empty flat and decided that the house was haunted. A red-headed janitor armed with a poker and a broom came up to fight the spirits. We were banged and beaten mercilessly and thrown out into the street.

There was no use. I returned to my grandmother. She received me, as I least deserved or expected, with every show of kindness and emotion. She knew that her darling would come back; and she tucked me into a fine warm bed, with all the windows tightly shut so that I could sleep to asphyxiation.

In the morning there were eggs and hot milk and I said enthusiastically, "Well, grandma, now everything will be like old times!"

"Yes," she agreed, "except you got to go to work."

"Why, certainly!" I exclaimed. I had really never thought of that. But I tracked down the want ads, marking a smudgy trail with my finger as I mumbled, "Boy—boy—butcher—butcher—clerk." I stopped. A firm of Wall Street brokers spoke out of the page, offering a golden opportunity to youth at five dollars a week. I moistened my hair under the kitchen faucet, combed it back with my fingers, rubbed the dusty shoes against my stocking legs to work up a shine, and got the job. It was the beginning of resurrection. In a very short time—possibly a half year—I'd save up enough to buy a derby, a suit that would shine like oilcloth and shoes that buttoned on the side.

On my second day in the brokers' office I thought it was time to write Ida a letter on the firm's stationery. I wrote:

We parted so suddenly that I forgot to tell you that here's where I've been working all the time. They like me very much around here and are making me all kinds of offers. It looks like I may soon be a member of the firm. EDDIE.

I didn't get an answer and thought it was a post-office plot to ruin my romance. Louis Rosner might have come across the letter while sorting the mail. Or maybe he had been reinstated and was back with his candy boxes every Saturday night.

There was nothing left to be done but to work on with this firm until such time as I could drive into Henry Street with a chauffeur and footman. I was about to complete a week at the new job and it felt like a long time. At last it was Saturday—pay day. The five dollars would look big in singles. I grew giddy at the thought of so much money, and hopped up on the desk to do a jig for the other clerks. The boss walked in to ask why the market letter which usually went out to all customers on Friday wasn't mailed yet—and why I was dancing on it. He didn't want to hear my reason and I caught myself as he pitched me through the door without my hat. Ten years later he came into the star's dressing room of the Ziegfeld Follies to visit a blackface comedian—I give you three guesses.

(Continued on Page 145)

THE ARCH NEVER WEARS OUT

The Archlast Eight involves a new principle in shoe making which checks the foot difficulties with which men are threatened. This modern shoe is designed to overcome the weakened structure of our feet. We're no longer pedestrians - we're motorists - and as a result we are undermining and weakening our foot muscles and metatarsal bones.

The Archlast Eight is designed to *prevent* rather than cure arch difficulties. It consists of a concealed steel support, tempered and moulded to hold the arch of the shoe in the natural and proper shape in which it was originally lasted. *The arch is always new* - no matter how old the shoe is, or how long it has been worn, the arch will never sag.

Selz shoes are $8, $10 and $12 - some models as low as $6

Some models with Goodyear Rubber Heels

THE SELZ ORGANIZATION - CHICAGO

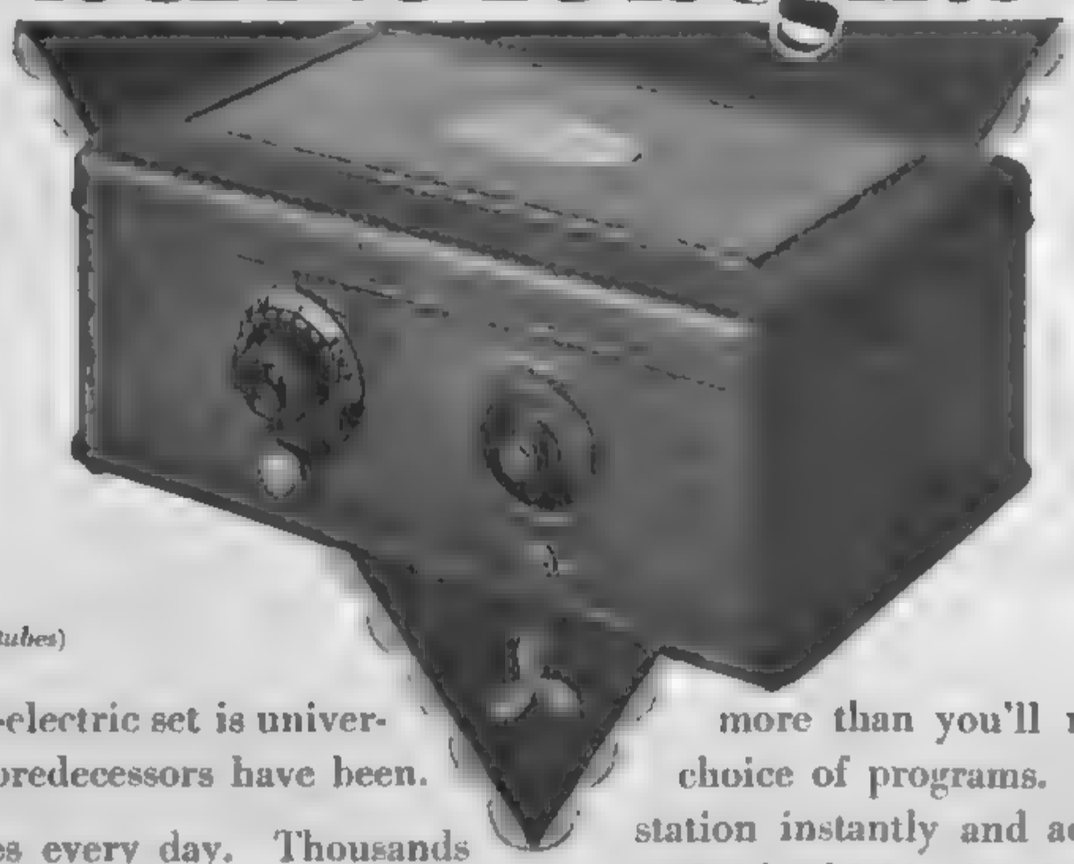
Fall Style Book sent on request

ATWATER KENT RADIO

THE ARGUMENT IS ENDED··

before it begins

MODEL 40
ELECTRIC SET
$77
(*without tubes*)



Model 40 A. C. More powerful, more sensitive. Two-tone satin finish. FULL-VISION Dial. Requires six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. $77 without tubes.

Also Model 42 A. C. set, $86, and Model 44 A. C. set, $106 (without tubes).

Model 41 D. C. set. Requires 5 D. C. tubes and 2 power tubes, $87 (without tubes).

THE 1929 Atwater Kent all-electric set is universally accepted, just as its predecessors have been.

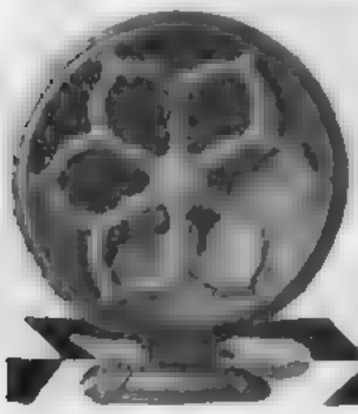
Thousands going into homes every day. Thousands of messages coming back: "The best radio Atwater Kent has ever made; the best we have ever heard, regardless of price."

You have only to try it to see why it is so far in the lead. You have only to talk with any owner to see what pleasure it gives.

Batteryless house-current operation, at a fraction of a cent an hour. Clear, consistent reception. More power—more than you'll need. Greater range—a wider choice of programs. The FULL-VISION Dial gets your station instantly and accurately. The compact cabinet completely shields the electrical assembly. Care in manufacture—222 tests or inspections of each set—means care-free listening, day after day.

Only in the 15-acre Atwater Kent factory, designed solely for radio, equipped with modern machinery more skillful than human hands—could so fine an instrument be made so economically.

Better radio at a lower price. Hard to believe? Try the Atwater Kent 40. It doesn't argue—it proves!



"RADIO'S TRUEST VOICE"
Atwater Kent Radio Speakers: Satin finished. Models E, E-2 and E-3, same quality, different in size. Each $20

On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Hour—listen in!
Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio
Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4703 Wissahickon Ave. *A. Atwater Kent, Pres.* Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from Page 142)

"How about my hat?" I asked.

My old boss apologized: "We haven't found that hat yet. But you owe me more than a hat. You owe me your whole future."

"How's that?"

"If I hadn't fired you, you might still be working for us!"

But when it happened I didn't realize my good fortune. Neither did my grandmother. And on Monday I marched out at dawn determined to get work if I had to walk from store to store to Yonkers. I was hired as a stock clerk by the National Cloak and Suit Company at seven dollars a week. Already I was making more money. After twenty-five years of faithful service hanging up coats and dresses in the stock and show room, I could see a banquet in my honor as world's champion clothing hanger, receiving a beautifully inscribed coat tree as a token of appreciation and letting in all the promising young coat hangers on the secret of my success. This vision inspired me to great industry, and after I was there three weeks the head of the firm himself saw me at work. Mr. Rosenbaum brought some important stockholders into the showroom to impress them with the system and discipline of his organization.

"Everybody's on the job here. We stand for no fooling," he explained, pointing with pride to his staff, which had not seen him enter and was grouped around the model's revolving platform where I stood, decked out in a lady's fur coat, wriggling my body with exaggerated feminine grace while all the employes laughed.

"Get that pop-eyed guy outta here!" roared the captain of industry, and my dreams as a stock clerk died.

I didn't seem to fit in. I was always trying to be funny even in the midst of such grave matters as mailing market letters and hanging clothes. I thought it would amuse my employers, but, instead, they cried as with one voice, "Can that guy, he makes us laugh!" The world was a serious place. I'd have to put on big glasses and a chronic frown, wear a pencil on my ear and growl.

In the meantime I heard definite rumors about Ida. She had erased me from her life. She had been seen walking arm in arm with a respectable, serious-looking boy friend. He had a hard white collar and a hard black hat—a steady reliable young man whom no happy-go-lucky comedian could safely scorn as a rival.

It was time to act and act swiftly, decisively. Any day I might hear that Ida had agreed to marry this persistent, methodical suitor. I went to the corner pool room to meditate. Here I met the brainiest billiard players of the district—fellows who could put English on the ball, reverse, draw, shoot at any angle and make the little ivory sphere behave like tiny Golems charged with life. Some could do the same with bullets.

One of them could shoot with the unfailing precision of a minuteman, and he could pull a gun from more places than a magician could produce rabbits or flowerpots. His advice to the lovelorn would make Beatrice Fairfax admit she's a man and resign in his honor.

"They's only one way to fix them guys what's sweet on your baby," counseled this student of broken hearts and fractured skulls. "Shoot the bum!"

My mouth parched. "But he may object," was the only argument I could think of.

"Are you gonna ast him?" sneered the other, already clapping a pistol into my hands that he had conjured out of nowhere.

"S-s-say! Wh-what's th-this?" I stammered, starting in terror. "I—I—I—wha—wha—wha ——"

"Aw, go on, hurry up! I'll wait for you; and bring back the gat!"

He shoved me, palpitating and frightened, out of the pool room, holding me and the gun together lest we fall apart.

"There he goes!" he roared as we reached the street. "Pump him full of lead or I'll pump you for being yeller!" He was beginning to take a deeper interest in the affair than I did. "Shoot, you sap!" And he gave me a hearty kick, propelling me part way down the street. I was quivering with fear, unable to drop the gun held in a paralyzed grip; and anxious to escape from the fellow, I began to run, while people shrieked at the sight of an armed maniac and fled to cover.

Ida, walking with Louis Rosner in peaceful dignity, turned at the cries of alarm from passers-by, beheld the frantic Romeo with wild hair and shivering hands dashing down the block, and she warned Louis to run for his life.

Louis, believing he was being hotly pursued by a demon, took to his heels and disappeared. The pool-room guy's hoarse shouts could be heard high above the general confusion, urging the heart-broken lover on to swift justice.

"Get him, kid, and aim straight!"

I was running for dear life myself, but I gave the semblance of a chase, and as soon as I could turn the corner I dropped the gun, sneaked off, ashamed and completely bewildered. I had ruined everything now. I could never show my face on that block again.

What would Ida think? And I had dreamed some day to nod to her from a box at the opera and give her a jeweled platinum bracelet! What a hopeless entangling mess my life had turned out to be! The incident was the gossip of Henry Street for many days. The Tobiases would never live down the disgrace. That their daughter should ever have associated with a roughneck like that! Ida was definitely, irrevocably through with me. The world had shut its doors and I was left naked and alone outside.

VII

THERE is a story that Liston, the great English comedian who made the whole of England rock with laughter at his antics, went to Doctor Abernathy to be treated for melancholia. The doctor, not knowing whom he was treating, said, "The best cure for you is to go once or twice a week to see Liston perform." The comedian slipped out of the office a wiser and a sadder man. It often happens that those who are born to play pranks on life find that life is playing pranks on them.

My attempts at comedy seemed to get me into many serious situations. Friendly neighbors tried to explain my conduct on the theory that my head had hit the pavement once too often. In reality, I was unconsciously trying to inject humor into the cheap melodrama of life around me. Poverty, drudgery, ignorance, petty struggles—all these entangled me in a mesh of disappointment and bewilderment. But fortunately, when everything failed, I still returned to acting.

Dan Lipsky and I formed an amateur team. We played at private affairs, weddings, *bar mitzvahs*, club socials, local theatricals. At first the somber Lipsky did all the comic bits while I recited the tear-and-sob producers.

Gradually we shifted rôles. I glued on a beard and put over wise cracks taken liberally from vaudeville acts I had seen. Joe Welsh's line always served as a handy opening. It appeared funny for a young boy with a beard to shake his head gravely and say, "If I had my life to live over again I wouldn't be born."

One night I'd play Little Lord Fauntleroy with a blond wig and no front teeth; the next night Dan and I were both dressed as dwarfs in the dramatized fairy tale Snow-White. But we left in the middle of the performance, when an enterprising booking agent offered us fifty cents apiece to go up to a club and do our beard-and-joke act. It took so well that the manager of a downtown music hall in Clinton Street invited us to play there for two dollars. We went on

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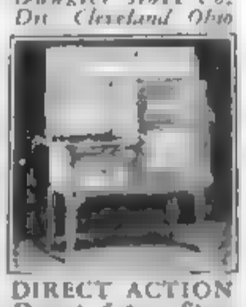
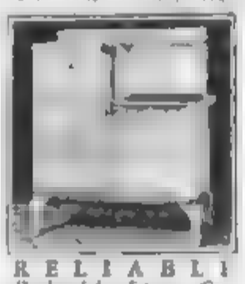
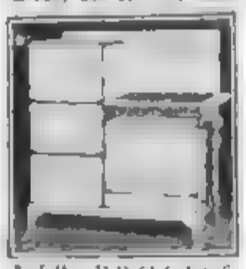

DIRECT ACTION
Direct Action Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio


RELIABLE
Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.


NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

and every gag we tried fell flat, like eggs on a cake of ice. We watched the other acts and discovered we had been the only ones who spoke English on an all-Yiddish bill.

By the next night we had translated our entire act into Yiddish, induced the manager to give us another chance without the two dollars, and were received by the audience with laughter and shouts of approval. We had simply talked to them in the wrong language and this, in a general way, is every actor's problem in adapting himself to his audience. Drifting, as I did, into every conceivable type of crowd, I trained myself to the fact that the audience is never wrong, and if a performance failed to go across, it was either the fault of the material or the manner of presentation. By carefully correcting the one or the other or both with an eye to the peculiarities of the audience, I could never fail a second time. I proved this to myself on many occasions later on, when in the same night I'd perform at the Vanderbilt home and then rush down to Loew's Avenue B Theater and be a hit in both places.

After Clinton Music Hall, however, we weren't rushed quite so hard, and Lipsky deserted the stage for a job in an engineer's office while I began to flounder once more. I still didn't suspect that I was an actor and nobody else suspected it for me. Again I marched the streets, slept on roofs, loafed on the corners and dreaded the want ads. I couldn't return to my grandmother's without a job and I couldn't hold a job long enough to return. I reached the point where I begged for little loans—my credit wasn't very big in those days—and anything upward from a nickel was a large financial risk. All the other boys had definitely found their avenues in life. This one drove a baker's wagon, that one studied telegraphy, the third had a city job. Only the funny chap who rolled his eyes and made smart cracks was hopelessly befuddled and sinking fast.

"Say, Marty, will you lend me a dime? I didn't eat in two days."

"Why don't you get a job?"

"Have a heart, Marty. I'm trying to get one," I pleaded, too faint from hunger and disappointment to think of stronger arguments. "I'll get one soon and pay you back."

"I've heard that before," said the capitalist. "Hey, fellers, look at this guy! He's been sponging on us long enough!"

"You ain't fit for nothing!" snarled another successful plutocrat who was a big man among errand boys.

"I betcha I can imitate Cliff Gordon better'n you can!" I cried defiantly, my eyes moistening with chagrin.

"Say, if you're such a great actor, why don't you go on the stage?" inquired Marty—a very simple question hard to answer.

"Well, there's lots of great actors can't get a job," I argued in vague self-defense.

"Aw, can that!" sneered Harry, another creditor. "If you're so hard up for a dime, and you're such a great actor, and you say you ain't had any food in two days, I'll show you how you can make a dollar. But you wouldn't lift a finger to raise a gold eagle!"

"How can I make a dollar?"

"By working!"

"Aw, that's an old one!"

"I mean it! Go up to Miner's Bowery Theater. It's Amateur Night tonight, and even if you get the hook, you get a dollar along with it!"

The hook! I can picture young Eddie, scarcely sixteen, but already more battered and calloused by adversity than many an older lad, still clinging to the last illusion of his life, faith in his own powers. Now he might have to surrender that too—for a dollar. The risk was too great—it was inhuman. And yet he hadn't eaten regularly in days. He hadn't eaten at all in the past fifty hours, nor had a bed to sleep in. He'd have to get something somewhere or fall flat on his face. Still—to get the hook! That would mean the end!

"We'll go up and watch you!" said Marty with a trace of malice in his tone.

They wouldn't miss a spectacle like that. They wanted to be there and jeer along with the rest.

"No, I'm—I'm not going."

"Aw, you're yeller—you're a yeller coward and we're through with you!"

"I'm not yellow! I'm just sick and - and hungry and I'm ready to faint. Won't one of you guys lend me a dime so's I can get a bite to eat?"

"We're off that lending stuff! We work for our money! Go and work for yours!"

"All right, I'll go!" Eddie felt a flush of defiance break out upon him in cold drops. He'd show them! But his trousers were badly torn. He couldn't appear on the stage like that. They'd give him the hook before they gave him a chance. One of the boys weakened.

"All right, I'll change pants with you," said Herman. "But out of that dollar I get fifty cents for the loan of my pants."

"O. K."

"But how'll you look in these torn ones?" Marty objected out of a sudden concern for Herman.

"Nobody'll see. I'll be sitting on them in the theater."

We changed trousers. I went to the stage door and the boys went up to the gallery to watch the performance. It was my first appearance on a regular stage; it marked a big moment in my life. But all it meant to the Eddie of that time was a hook and a dollar. The hook would make a scar in his heart that would never heal, but the dollar would keep him alive. I can see him distinctly as he stood trembling and chilled in the wings, watching the acts go on, listening with terror to the gruff, brutal clamor of the audience that drowned out the feeble efforts of the performers. He felt like an early martyr soon to be thrown to the lions.

Once or twice he heard the jingle of coins on the stage and cries from the gallery, "Take the muzzler off! Go to work, you bum!" And Eddie turned in alarm to a hardened amateur-night performer beside him.

"Gee, they're giving the poor fellow the works, aren't they?"

"Oh, no!" said the old hand. "He's making a hit. That's how they praise you. When they don't like you they don't say a word, but just scream."

"Have you ever tried this before?"

"Oh, I work the amateur nights regular. I'm at London's every Thursday and at Miner's every Friday. There's a dollar in it."

So there were chronic amateurs who made a business of it, got hardened to the hook and took it as part of their performance!

I shuddered. Two players had already been yanked in by the huge iron hook and the audience let out a bloodthirsty howl. But I dared not retreat. Starvation would be the least of my sufferings if I turned back now. I watched for some sign, some miracle. It seemed to me that the next few acts, though obviously mediocre and even pathetic, were received with a certain amount of mercy. Maybe somewhere behind that frightening mass of hissing faces there was a human heart throb after all! Maybe as soon as I got on the stage I should tell them that I hadn't eaten for days, that I hadn't slept, that I was an orphan without home, without friends, without hope; maybe they'd all weep and perhaps put padding on the hook. But no, I'd just dive on the stage the way I'd plunge off a bridge, open my mouth, shut my eyes and get the hook. That would be the quickest, easiest, dirtiest dollar I had ever earned.

The last performer came off with a smile that seemed triumphant, then he returned for a minute on the stage to pick up some coins thrown him by uptowners who were slumming. For some reason I felt a little better. I was too green to realize that it was harder to follow a good act than a bad one. I heard the burly announcer with protruding jaw and heavy, stubbled face cry out "The next number on the program for your approval is Edward Cantor." There was a loud, derisive laugh from the audience.

(Continued on Page 149)

Install your CYCLONE FENCE *NOW*

. . . Before the Ground Freezes

From every standpoint, Fall is the best time of year to enclose residential property with Cyclone Fence. Erectors do not have Spring rains and mud to contend with. Nor does the work interfere with lawn, shrubs and flowers at the start of the growing period. Besides, you escape the ever-recurrent rush of Spring fence buying which results in delays and annoyances.

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Safeguard Chain Link Fence With New Wrought Iron Gate

This fence is achieving greater popularity daily. Fabric is made of "Galv-After" Chain Link copper-bearing steel, woven in a 2-inch mesh. Top rail, gate, end and corner posts are also copper-bearing steel, hot dip galvanized.

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UNDER the new station to station day rates, you can now "travel" the thousands of miles to a point across the continent and return by telephone for only $9.00. From Dallas to New Orleans and return for only $2.20. From Detroit to Chicago and back for only $1.35. From San Diego to Mexico City and return for only $10.50.

A Chicago business man recently had to endeavor to close negotiations with 30 concerns in 12 cities. Preliminary work had been done, but personal contact was necessary. In one day, he saved 5000 miles of physical travel and at least ten days' time from his office. He made four long distance calls to New York Two to Buffalo. One to Syracuse. One to Covington, Va. Six to Pittsburgh. Five to Cleveland. One to Louisville. Two to St. Louis. Two to Kansas City. Two to St. Paul. Three to Milwaukee and one to New Orleans. His negotiations were successful in 60% of the calls. "In many cases," says this man, "the long distance telephone call is actually superior to a personal call. It gets an immediate audience."

The president of a large Philadelphia rubber company has each one of his salesmen call him at the end of the day. Often large sales that a man is about to give up as hopeless are saved by the suggestions received from his president by Long Distance.

What distant trips could you profitably make today by telephone? . . . . . *Number, please?*

(Continued from Page 146)

"Edward" in those days was as unfortunate a choice as "Galahad" now. Any man whose name wasn't John, Jim or Harry had no right to live. And here was a thing coming out under the perfumed misnomer of "Edward" and it probably wore embroidered garters!

The announcer lifted a hand. "Just a minute!" he roared gruffly. "Mr. Edward Cantor, impersonator!" The word "impersonator" stunned them. They were accustomed to song-and-dance acts, to recitations and acrobatic stunts. But impersonator—what was that?

I, too, am a spectator now as I watch young Edward Cantor step for the first time on a regular stage in 1908. His face was pinched to a tight green and his eyes fairly popped with fright. The first menacing rumblings of boos and howls began to ferment. Isham, the mighty announcer, put a heavy but friendly hand on the skinny lad's shoulder and raised his other hand to calm the crowd. "He's a new one, boys. Give him a chance!" The audience had an innate regard for this master of ceremonies. At one time or another he had beaten and tamed each one of the savage listeners, throwing them out when drunk and clapping them down when too rough. Isham's request was respected and the audience granted a moment of silence to get its second wind.

Edward began. "I'm going to give a few first-hand impersonations of the leading stars without make-up." Most of the stars he impersonated he had never seen, but he had seen their imitators and gathered his materials from them. His first was of Cliff Gordon, the German Congressman, and the lean starved young fellow began to puff and blow in a flagrant dialect, as if he were bursting with food and good living.

"The House of Representathieves," he thundered, "giffs Admiral Perry a medal for discovering the North Pole and vat did he find dere? He finded out dat it vass cold! He could haf bought a tearmometer for nineteen shents and stayed home and found out de same ting! . . . Nowadays efferyvon goes out on shtrike! Soonvhile de vifes vill go out on shtrike too. But can you himachin the scabs coming in to take deir blazes?"

The audience was listening, some even snickered. Remember, these things were funny two decades ago and some of our best comedy writers think they still are—and use them.

Murky-looking listeners from the gallery began to shout words of encouragement: "Stick to it, kid, you're lousy!"

After a full embodiment of Cliff Gordon, the impersonator flung himself bodily into the character of Harry Thompson, mayor of the Bowery, presiding in Essex Market Court on a busy day. Eddie dressed Thompson's monologue with extracts from Walter Kelly, the Virginia judge; both Thompson and Kelly were headliners in the days of Tony Pastor.

"Prizzoner-r befur-r the bar-r," commenced Eddie, in his broadest brogue, "pwhat's yer definse?"

Then Eddie assumed the tone and style of a young faded lass of the Tenderloin, protesting shrilly, "Your Honor, I was walking down the street minding my own business ——"

"Tin dollars foin!" snapped the judge. The next culprit was a pretty siren of the sands pulled in by Anthony Comstock's father for wearing too short a bathing suit. "Hild fur fur-rther examinashun!" glowered the judge. . . . "Nixt! Hurry up, thar, Flaherty, I gotta maik a poker date!"

A pickpocket came to the bar. Eddie fined him ten dollars, but the pickpocket had only three.

"Sind him loose in the crowd till he gets the other seven," advised the learned pillar of justice.

Another victim was hauled up for refusing to pay on her sewing machine after the first installment.

"Pwhat's yer raisin?" inquired Eddie.

And Eddie answered with a feminine whimper, "The man told me the machine would pay for itself in time." Bang went the magistrate's gavel.

An eloquent lawyer next appeared to defend a tongue-tied foreign-born gentleman accused of stealing a watch. Eddie made his plea so eloquent that, turning around to impersonate the judge, he broke into tears. Then as the lawyer he pleaded once more.

"The poor man can't even speak English!" he cried. "He is an innocent victim of a false charge! Send him home, Your Honor, to his wife and six or seven children!"

"He's dismissed!" sobbed the judge.

And the bewildered defendant, turning to his lawyer, inquired in college English, "Then to whom do I turn over the watch?"

The audience was warming up to enthusiasm. Piercing whistles and hoarse gallery cries were more numerous now. "Lay down, you're dead!" somebody shouted, offering advice.

But Eddie was scoring. He was past the third pole and heading for the stretch. "My next impersonation," he announced excitedly, "will be Junie McCree," and the audience groaned in anticipation.

Junie McCree always played a dope fiend. He had a chalky complexion, black, close-cropped mustache and pale blue watery eyes. Eddie slumped into the languorous dope-dazed attitude of the poisoned dreamer. Eddie mimicked McCree's way of uttering his words with a soft, tired drawl, dragging the mounting interest of the hearers to the laugh like a slow-moving vehicle to the brink of a precipice.

Junie McCree was not only a great comedian but an originator. He was the first to bring to the stage that style of fantastic comparison which has now become a fixture of all light comedy.

"I'm so broke," he would say, "that if they were selling steamboats for a nickel I couldn't buy the echo of the whistle." He was the first to call cigarettes coffin nails and matches sulphur sticks. "Act like a ferry-boat, come across, come across!" he would appeal in his borrowing moments. "Give me three iron men—I want to get a pair of kennels for the dogs." He, too, originated the notoriously murderous expression, "I wish I had a hotel with a hundred rooms and found him dead in every one of them"—a wish that some say has since come true in Chicago.

Junie McCree would speak of his son in the same clammy way. "My boy came home, took a jab of the needle and bought St. Louis. Take another jab, I told him, and pay the rent. . . . Oh, my boy is good to animals. All night in his sleep he says 'Feed the kitty! Feed the kitty!'" McCree had a better way than Wallingford to spend a million dollars. "If I had a million dollars," he drawled languidly, "I'd buy a half a million of hop and a half a million of room rent and leave word not to be disturbed."

All this time Eddie had forgotten about the hook. It hadn't come. Instead there was the rumble of stamping feet, shrill whistling and a thin shower of coins that pelted the back drop and rolled toward the gutter of footlights. This was their way of applause, with leather, metal and siren shrieks; they scorned the effeminate clapping of hands. Isham helped the young impersonator pick up the coins.

After the last act all the performers who had survived the hook lined up on the stage, and the same hardy Isham announced that the prizes would be awarded. He went from one actor to the other and held a five-dollar bill, the coveted reward, over each head, timing his action to the applause. At first the five-dollar bill lingered over a couple of artistic dancers, then over a singer, then over Eddie. Isham shifted the prize from one head to the other, until all but the dancers and Eddie were eliminated. At first it was hard to decide for which there was a louder and more sustained racket, then the house went Eddie and he got the five-dollar bill.

It was triumph, fairy tale, heaven—all rolled in one. In moments like these one

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does not measure victory by eternity. All eternity lives in those moments. Who in the wide world cared that I had won five dollars in a cheap burlesque house? But I wanted to laugh and to cry and to shout all at once. There was nothing bigger in the world to me. Herman hailed me at the stage door and we changed pants. I got back my torn ones and gave him his fifty cents rental fee. Then I took the crowd down to Chinatown and treated them all to chow mein and chop suey. A wise guardian might have cautioned me against eating three big bowls of fried noodles and onions after a two-day fast. But my newfound friends and I ate until the night's receipts vanished.

I must say their attitude toward me changed. Marty slapped me on the back and Harry said he knew all along I'd make good. Then they left me and I returned to my open-air quarters on the roof, where my bed was a stretch of cold rusty metal under the water tank. I was suddenly seized with the terror of death as my stomach violently rebelled against the Chinese idea of food, and I lay writhing on the roof, utterly miserable and alone. It was one of those moments of anguish—of which I had experienced many—when the childish, hopeless wish for a father and mother, a home and its warmth and security, broke upon me in all its fullness and regret. I was a very unhappy fellow as I lay there, chilled and sick, sobbing through the night.

But even this sad anticlimax did not wholly obliterate the new vistas opened to me. I felt certain of one thing now—I would be an actor. The next week I entered the amateur contest at the London Theater, another Bowery palladium, and was offered a regular job with the company. I was too shy to accept, for I still lacked faith in myself. I was content for the time with periodic performances, winning the amateur prizes and building up my little act of impersonations. I Burbanked the best material of such headliners as Harry Thompson and Walter Kelly and soon had as good an act as both.

I learned to please different groups in an audience and never failed to work in a popular old jingle when I noticed enough children among the listeners. Unconsciously I was following a sound principle used by the big department stores, which build their clientele from its infancy, and no doubt many of the youngsters who remember the jingle have seen me as adults. The latest children audience to hear this early rime were children of my own. It runs like this: Knott and Shott in a quarrel got and Shott took a hot teapot and cracked Knott on his bald spot where he ought not, and then there was a pistol shot and Knott shot Shott and Shott shot Knott, but Knott was shot and Shott was not and the rest of the darn thing I forgot. It didn't compare with Longfellow, but it rimed.

I remember one encore in particular that always brought a laugh, though I could never explain why. When my act was over and the audience sustained its applause, I would reappear, lift my hand in a lofty gesture and for no reason at all I would say, "I, too, am a mother!"

Finally I plucked up the courage to accept an engagement with Frank B. Carr's burlesque review called Indian Maidens. At last I was a recognized professional, a salaried servant of the footlights at fifteen dollars a week. Out of this salary I had to pay off an elaborate equipment of four changes, as I appeared successively in the guise of a tramp, a Hebrew comedian, a waiter and a bootblack. The only line of the show I recall was from the bootblack number. A row of pretty girls with pleasing leg surface had their shoes shined by the sooty wielders of the brush. As the bootblacks looked up at the shapely charming legs, they sang out in chorus, "It's a shame to take the money!"

In November the show left for the road. Indian Maidens played for four weeks in small towns and I was just beginning to enjoy the free flashy life of the traveling actor when it closed. We had been gradually reduced to one-night stands, business got worse and worse, and when we opened at Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, on Christmas Eve, nobody was in the theater, not even the manager. He had left for New York.

I was stranded without a penny. Shenandoah was a nice cold town, with the snow falling in silent white slivers. The air nipped and stung and swirling winds wound the flakes into ghostly shrouds. All the shop windows were decked with evergreens in sparkling candlelight and holly. Men and women hurried about, laden with holiday packages. And I trudged the streets, silent, desolate and alone.

VIII

WHEN I first met Will Rogers on the Orpheum Circuit, I used to take him down to the East Side to kosher restaurants, where for sixty cents we had a fine meal that took half a day to eat, and he rather enjoyed the food. But after a number of these trips he turned to me uneasily and said, "Say, kid, if I hang out with you much longer, I'll become a rabbi and you'll become a cowboy." It has nearly come true, for now Will Rogers is a minister of good will and peace while I, at this writing, am out in California near a ranch.

I regret that at the time I did not initiate him into the wonders of an East Side wedding, for then we'd have got bigger meals for less money. In fact, one of the greatest institutions for public welfare twenty years ago was the East Side wedding, where anybody with a clean collar and a quarter could come in shortly before midnight, check his hat and partake of a twelve-course wedding feast. With a little courage, he could even kiss the bride.

There were public wedding halls along Clinton Street, St. Marks Place and near Second Avenue. By a systematic route planned according to schedule I sometimes spent every night in a week at a different marriage celebration. At first the sheriff at the door eyed me suspiciously because of my shabby clothes and I had to mingle with the wedding guests to get in; later on he had no suspicions at all; he knew I didn't belong, so he simply winked and let me through.

I quickly learned to make myself useful at these affairs. Before the last course was served the headwaiter would slip me a quarter to drop into the tipping plate with a loud clang so that everyone should hear and follow suit. After the supper it was customary to read messages of felicitation from friends who could not attend. I became a popular telegram reader at weddings—a function that for entertainment and importance ranked second only to the wedding ceremony itself. For nothing was quite so necessary as to impress those present with the numerous and powerful friends that the betrothed couple had in all parts of the world. When there were no telegrams we got blanks and made up our own.

"Here's to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Pincus," I'd read. "May they live in prosperity, from your Aunt Sadie in Connecticut. . . . I'm sorry I cannot attend wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Pincus—Theodore Roosevelt. . . . As my new show opens tonight, I cannot get away—George M. Cohan."

Occasionally one of the sheriff's lieutenants and I would lure the groom into a small compartment in the rear of the wedding hall and get him into a game of seven-eleven with phony dice. At first he would stand aloof and throw his money to the floor, but as he began to lose he became more absorbed, flung off his swallowtail and got down on his knees, while his parents and in-laws hunted frantically for him and the blushing young bride stood under the canopy wondering where he had disappeared to and why he was holding up the wedding. He'd be loser ten or twelve dollars when they yanked him away in spite of his protests and we had to promise him to continue the game after supper. But promptly after supper we sneaked out of the hall.

I got to be a popular figure at weddings, proposed toasts to the bridal pair, led in

(Continued on Page 153)

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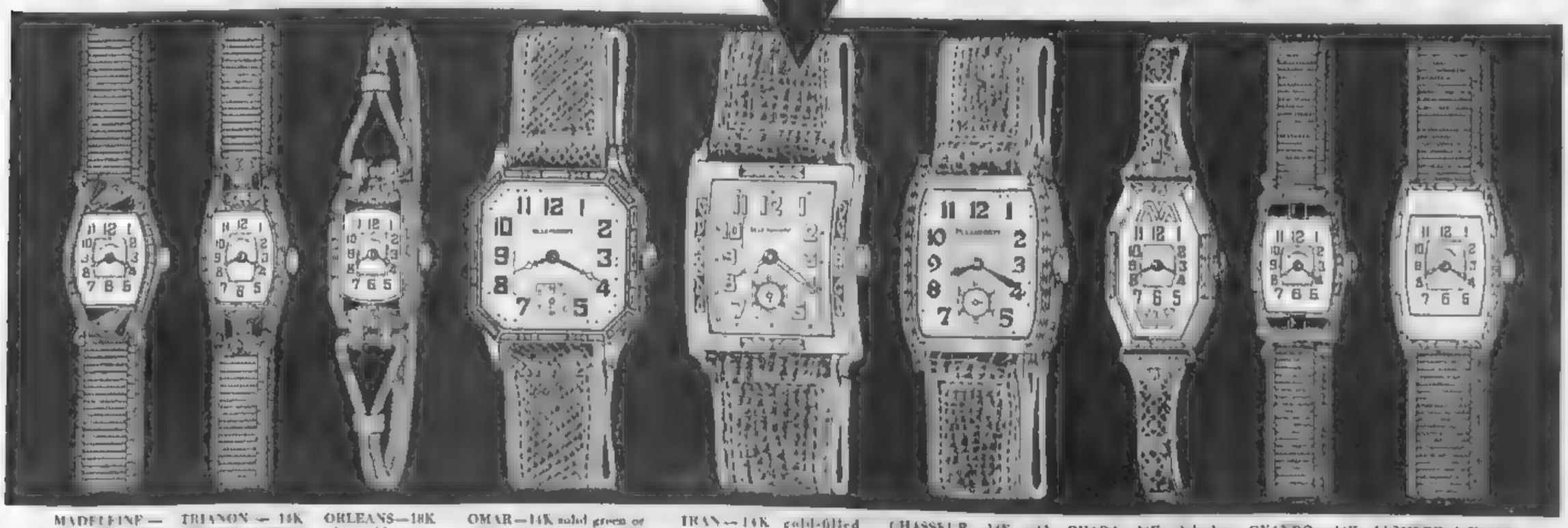

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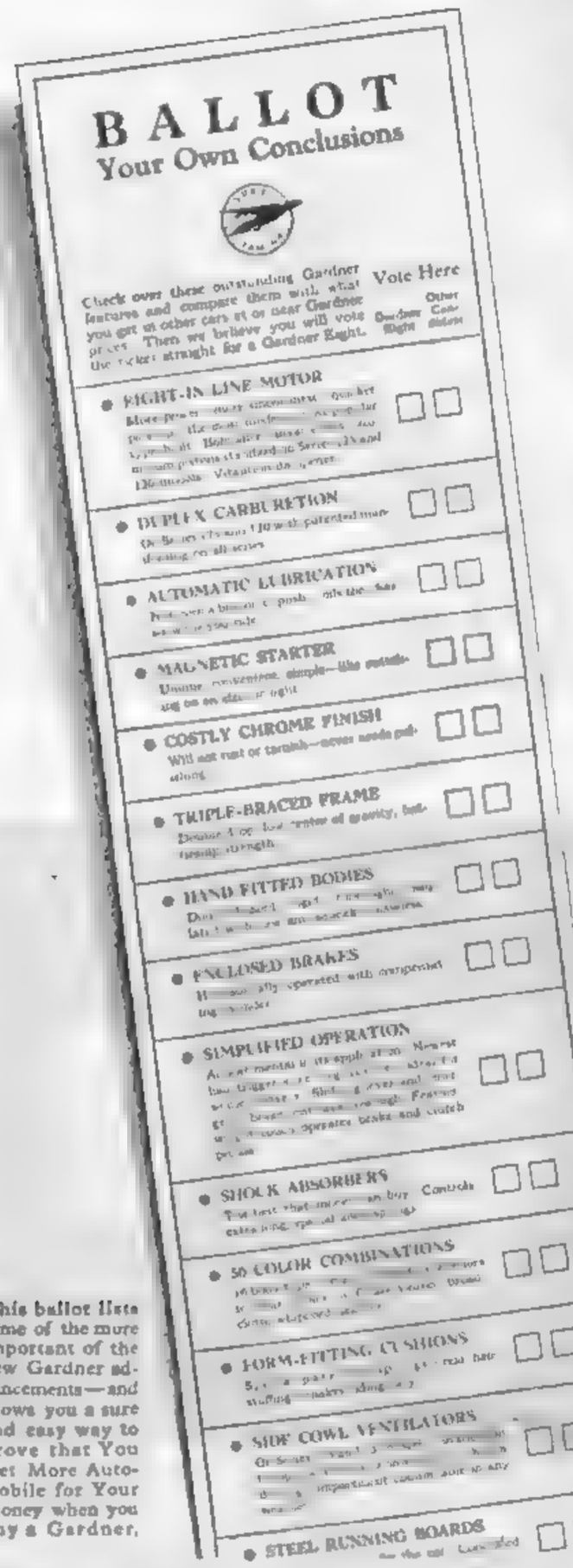

This ballot lists some of the more important of the new Gardner advancements—and shows you a sure and easy way to prove that You Get More Automobile for Your Money when you buy a Gardner.

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THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 150)

song and dance and wound up by kissing the bride—and even the bridesmaids. The groom and his relatives thought I was a long-lost brother of the bride, and the bride's people imagined I was the principal relation of the groom, but the fact was I knew nobody at all.

But there was one wedding where everybody would know me and I couldn't be a crasher. What was worse, I couldn't even be a guest. It was the wedding of Ida's sister, Jennie.

Grandma Esther had salvaged me from Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, and I returned to find that Ida and Minnie were going out once more with the Rosner twins. At Jennie's wedding, Ida's and Minnie's engagements would be definitely announced and their marriage would follow within the course of a year. Their father, David Tobias, had warned Ida against me—as if she needed that warning after all the blunders I had made. But knowing my reputation as a crasher, the Tobias clan was organized to keep me off the block of the wedding hall.

Perhaps it was the severity of her parents that softened Ida's feelings toward me. Perhaps she still had that tender motherly emotion for this lonely, funny chap—but those we mother we do not marry. Yet she agreed to meet me again near the old school. But she tried to make it clear that it was for the last time. Her first act as we met was to extend a hand in parting.

"Eddie, I'm sorry for you. I'm afraid my parents are right. You'll never amount to anything."

"I'm trying to settle down. Could I help it if they left me flat in Shenandoah?"

"I can't make you out. So far, all I've had from you is heartaches and shame!" There were tears in her eyes. Maybe she did care a little. "When you were younger you hung from a lamp-post and cried to collect a crowd. Now you run down the street with a gun! You certainly are improving with age! I suppose as you grow older and more settled, you'll jump out of windows and swing from telegraph wires!"

"You don't understand, Ida. I'm making pretty good. I was getting fifteen dollars a week for ten weeks."

"Where's the money? What did you do with it?"

"Well, they took out some of it for costumes, and it's true, they took the costumes too—still, they owe me the rest. But their credit is good."

"There you are! You're letting yourself in for a tramp's life. Knocking around from city to city, living in third-rate hotels, eating stale bad food, never knowing what a home is like, being stuck in strange places with no friends, no money and no one to turn to."

"But as long as I can come back to you ——" I was getting really emotional.

"You expect me to sit around waiting through the years while you go everywhere and get nowhere? We'll never have a home—we'll never have any happiness."

"I—I'll write you nice letters."

"Yes, you'll write—'Please send railroad fare. Stuck again!' Besides, you think I'd marry to be separated? We might as well divorce before we're even engaged. Oh, you were never cut out to be an actor anyway!" she exclaimed, going in for prophecy.

"Oh, is that so?" I wrinkled my cap into a roll, clenched my lips and went away. At the corner I turned to see how my dramatic departure had affected her, but she had disappeared.

On the night of Jennie's wedding I stood in the hallway opposite the Tobias home on Henry Street and watched the long procession of automobiles line up in front of the house. As was the custom, all intimate friends and close relatives first visited the bride's residence, drank a few preliminary toasts there and then set out for the hall. Gradually the guests came down the stone stoop, the men in evening dress, the women in glittering, gaudy splendor, laughing and chatting together as they entered the cars and drove away. Ragged children and unkempt neighbors leaned against rails and out of windows to behold the grand manner in which David Tobias staged a wedding. Finally the bride herself appeared in silver white, escorted by her mother, who was weeping softly. The groom followed with his father and then came Ida. She looked incomparably beautiful and majestic in her new dress purchased specially for this occasion. Louis Rosner, in a Tuxedo, escorted her, while his brother Leo held Minnie's arm. They settled cheerfully in a car and something Louis said made Ida laugh. She seemed to be enjoying herself as the motor hummed and they sped away. The last car vanished down the block. It had taken an hour to see this merry party off. After that I wanted to go home to my grandmother's and take gas.

What wouldn't I have given to have a father then—a big important father who was perhaps the sheriff at the door or the officiating reverend, a man with authority who could say, "Unless Eddie is received here as a guest of honor, I refuse to go on with the ceremony!" Why was I cursed by having no father and no mother? If only I had a mother on whose lap I could rest my head and weep! I went to bed early and cried through the night like a child.

Minnie's engagement was announced at Jennie's wedding. Jennie was a June bride and Minnie would marry in October. Then perhaps would come Ida's turn, and all the time I would be standing in the doorway across the street, watching life and love and happiness pass me by.

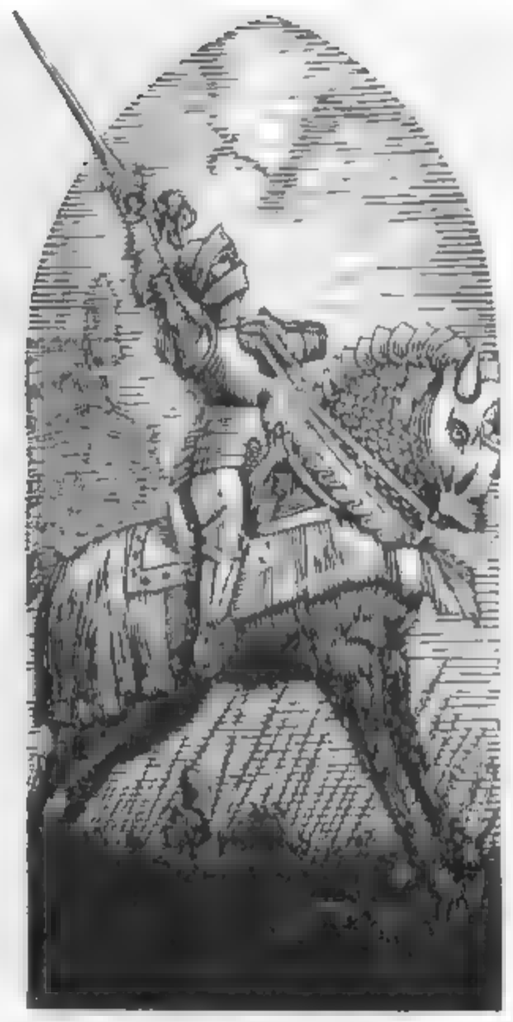
"At the next wedding I'll be the whole show!" I determined grimly. How, I didn't know.

But the following day I looked up a friend, Joe Malitz, who took me with him to Coney Island for a job. We went to work at Carey Walsh's saloon, next to the famous Roseben's pavilion and opposite Diamond Tony's. Coney Island was then even more than now a motley medley of social peaks and grottoes. Now it is mostly grottoes. The whole island was dug into love tunnels and overhung with scenic railways on rickety stilts. People went rushing about with angry faces looking for pleasure; masses of perspiring and disheveled men and women poured endlessly out of street cars, elevators and automobiles; and after having traveled for hours, they started at once to ride again up and down crazy tracks and through evil-smelling caves. They were mostly people who could spare only one day in the week for fun and they had to get it quick and in concentrated doses.

They didn't even have time to laugh or ponder a jest, let alone think. It had to be slash-bang-biff all the time and they had fun pummeled into them with steel pistons and sledge hammers. Revolving in a barrel until all the organs changed places, whirling in a reel till the women lost their corsets and the men lost their shoes, riding at full speed down a vertical wall, eating Frankfurters, then rocking on Noah's Ark till they got seasick—that was fun. Blowing horns, munching pop corn, drinking lemonade—that was fun. To the poor, eating is always fun. People went out for a great time and they got it if they had to be knocked senseless to appreciate it. I had never been to Coney Island before, and working in Walsh's saloon, I didn't even suspect there was an ocean and bathing. I naïvely believed that Coney was called an island because it floated in liquor. Afterward I found that my childish belief was correct.

Carey Walsh's saloon aspired to the dignity of a cabaret. I received this positive assurance along with the three dollars a night that I sang. Only in the height of the season did Carey Walsh do business to sing about. Still, for ten weeks it looked like steady and continuous employment and nothing was ever more continuous than my singing. On a Saturday night I would sing about one hundred times, and at the beginning, when my repertoire was limited to only four or five songs, I would repeat each number with variations about twenty times. I

WHAT LEADERSHIP MEANS



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—even this huge 12-ton steam roller cannot exert a pressure equal to that of the new Clipper No. 6 Speed Lacer

YET this lacer weighs only 56½ lbs., and is operated without effort by a single shopman. 37,500 lbs. pressure is applied with velvet smoothness by this remarkable machine, embedding the clipper hooks in perfect alignment absolutely flush with the surface of the belt. It laces all belts from one to six inches in width in 1½ minutes with the same efficiency, ease and speed as its larger but similar brother, the Clipper No. 8 Speed Lacer, introduced last year.

Whatever your lacing requirements, there's a Clipper Lacer to meet them perfectly and with the aid of Clipper hooks and pins your belt lacing problems become only a smoothly running part of every day shop routine.

Price $75.00

In U. S. A.

The Clipper No. 6 Speed Lacer is furnished with or without stand. For complete demonstration communicate with your nearest Clipper dealer or with the

Clipper Belt Lacer Company

GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

immediately set to work to replenish and expand my stock of tunes. I spent my nights at Carey Walsh's and my days at music publishers', and while I got thinner and thinner, my bank roll got fatter and fatter. But that was all I cared about.

It did not take me long to observe that the waiters averaged more for a night's work than such artists as Joe Maiitz and I. For the waiters were given a five-dollar stack of chips for four dollars and fifty cents, and on every five dollars in sales they cleared fifty cents for themselves. In addition to this they received tips, and made on Friday, Saturday and Sunday almost twice as much as we earned all week. It was a momentous decision; I would have to forsake art for business. I compromised—combined them and became a singing waiter.

This was too much for Joe Maiitz. As an artist, he could not stoop to such exploitation. He quit. To this day, I am told, he regrets it. For he had a sense of comedy that was uncanny and a fine knack of showmanship. And if all singing waiters become Irving Berlins, Joe Maiitz certainly sold his Adversity Common at far below par. I clung to the worthless stock, not because I had much faith in the profession of singing waiters but because at the moment it represented all the stock in the world I had in myself. Perhaps I was just waiting for fate's wheel to turn and singing while I waited. It would have been nicer to wait under a willow tree instead of over tables, and it might have been sweeter to sing under a balcony than under a trayload of gin and suds, but the only balcony I'd ever known was at Tony Pastor's, so I took to the napkins and drink chips with zest. I became Carey Walsh's pet, and years later I got a real thrill when I appeared on the stage of Henderson's Theater in Coney Island and the old saloon keeper, so ill he was hardly able to move, banged his stick against the box that he sat in, as he shouted to the audience with tears in his eyes, "My boy! He's my boy!"

On the other hand, my memories as a waiter have often given me a haunting and peculiar feeling, and once, sitting at a dinner between Mayor Walker and William Fox, and watching the waiters bustle about with their trays, I wondered "How do I come to be sitting here?" When the mayor was almost finished with his dish I involuntarily got up and bowed courteously, saying, "May I take the fish, sir?"

It was in those preprohibition days that we learned how to cut liquor. Once a customer tippled over the thin line of consciousness, every waiter became a prohibition agent. And the way we cut liquor was to cut it out altogether. We had a system. Once a customer became goggle-eyed and tongue-tangled, he would order gin, pay for gin and get sink water! How modern that sounds!

At a certain hour of morning, when each guest's head spun like a miniature Virginia reel and loop-the-loop, Carey Walsh's saloon suddenly turned into a soft-drink parlor; every order of whisky was filled with stale ginger ale, and celery tonic flowed for champagne. It was a great life of make-believe, and what went for the drinks went for the songs.

It was a guest's inviolate right to request a particular song and it was the singing waiter's duty to know it. There were guests from all parts of the country and each loved his home-town melody and wanted the waiter to sing it. Some preferred organ grinders' classics, others chose popular numbers, while there were always those who demanded that I sing the songs of their childhood—which was long before I was born.

It is the everlasting glory of Carey Walsh's that no request number was ever refused, no matter whether anybody had ever heard of it or not.

A hardy, ruby-nosed Westerner with big ears like his own corn would march in with a delegation from Parsnip County, Nebraska, and say, "Hey, kid; let's have good old Robin Redbreast!"

"Righto!" I would cry—as soon as I realized it was a song and not a brand of Scotch. "Robin Redbreast? Why, of course!"

My confidence inspired the Nebraskans, and they sat down as around a log fire back home to listen to the sweet ditty.

"Hey, Jimmy!" I'd shout to the pianist. "Robin Redbreast!"

"O. K.," Jimmy would say. He never said anything else and he was never at a loss, for Jimmy had the rare talent of making up tunes on the spur of the moment that others take weeks to write.

With him at the piano I could have shouted "Encyclopedia Britannica!" and he'd have said "O. K.," and set a tune to that too.

"Let's go!" I'd signal, and burst into melody, uttering whatever words came to my mind first: "*Robin Redbreast in the trees, sits on a bough, amongst the breeze ——*" There was one rime already. "*Waiting for his mate—what can make her late?*" The Nebraskans looked slightly perplexed but patient, and I steamed full blast into the chorus.

"*Robin Redbreast, you're a dear!*" I don't know what gave me the idea that it was a very effeminate song. "*Robin Redbreast, singing here—oh, you Robin Redbreast, I can tell you by your song. Robin Redbreast, birds like you never go wrong!*" Whenever in doubt, I always finished on a high note, as that brought enough applause to drown out the protests of those who had asked for the number. So I let out a final devastating "*Oh, you Robin R-e-d-b-r-e-a-s-t!*"

"Cripes!" roared the Westener. "That's not the right song!"

"Oh, are there two of them?" I started innocently.

This question always planted a doubt in the mind of the guest and he felt compensated, for at least he had heard the mate to his favorite number. It was good drill in extemporaneous acting and had many variations. If a truckman entered the saloon I'd break out as if finishing the refrain of a popular hit, "*What care I for gold and silver? All I want is a horse and truck! The honest sweat upon my brow, from—from toiling in the muck!*" This brought the truckman beaming to my table and sweating with appreciation.

But as the night wore on and the crowd began to show the merrier effects of drink, the songs became sillier in proportion, until the time that the crowd was most giddy and riotous with liquor, when the drinks ceased to have a kick and the songs had no tune, no rime, no reason. And the game that was played in Walsh's saloon was played outside along the Bowery, where all the sucker traps of the world were strung out in an endless net to catch the simple urbanite in his quest for pleasure.

On rainy or off nights during July and August I got permission from Walsh to earn some side money as a shillaber for Japanese ball games, shooting galleries and ring-pitching concessions. I would roll Japanese balls, and regardless of the score I made I received a huge hand-painted set of fine porcelain dishes.

"Gee! Look what I got!" I'd exclaim in loud delight, and passers-by would stop, look, listen—and fall. Then I'd go in the back way, return the dishes and get a quarter.

There was a concession in those days called Hit the Nigger—Three Balls for Five. I was paid to bounce a few soft balls on the negro's docile dome until a crowd gathered, and the rest was easy. The negro would make a slurring remark to irritate some likely sucker in the mob. This sensitive soul, observing the ease with which I struck the negro's shiny pate at will, would pay for three hard balls to vent his spleen. He missed, because the negro was an expert dodger, but his pride would not let him quit before he struck a blow. The negro kept dodging and insulting him and the heroic pitcher of wasted balls would spend as high as five dollars in the hope of hitting his tantalizing target.

(Continued on Page 157)

POWER WITHOUT *CONTROL* IS WORSE THAN WASTED

Industry—*take heed*

Engine roaring—planes shrieking in the wind—a splendid machine, seemingly flawless, rushes madly earthward to destruction . . . What's wrong? . . . Nothing *much*—but something vitally important! Just a tiny wire snapped—a *control* wire.

Industry take heed! Electric motors are power—brute power that is ever eager to escape man's harness. Like the control wire of the aeroplane rudder, the little metal box known as the Motor Control which stands guard over each electric motor in Industry may *seem* of trifling importance. But on the dependability of that control—on its correct design and accurate performance—depends the life of both motor and machine.

Progressive manufacturers have been quick to realize the part good Motor Control plays in efficient, consistent production. Many plants now specify Cutler-Hammer Motor Control for all their electric motor drives—and most builders of quality machinery, too, are featuring C-H Control on the motorized machines they sell.

The CUTLER-HAMMER Mfg. Co.
Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus
1259 St. Paul Avenue Milwaukee, Wisconsin

13 *Thirteen Times The Manpower of Industry Hidden Away In Electric Motors*

Electric motors in America's industries today provide working capacity equal to 250 million workmen. That is more than 13 times the actual number of men employed. How effectively this army of "unseen" workers is used to bring down costs is determined by the care with which Motor Control is selected.

CUTLER HAMMER

The Control Equipment Good Electric Motors Deserve

"... and all this dirt ... *from your* CLEAN *rug*"

The Eureka Man is the bonded, trusted representative of the world's largest manufacturer of electric cleaners. He is thoroughly schooled in modern methods; and will show you many "short cuts" to make your work easier and add hours of leisure to your day.

Welcome the Eureka Man

— he brings new standards of home sanitation —

If the germ-laden, grimy dirt that lies embedded in the nap of floor coverings could only be seen—if it were under your eyes like surface lint and litter—you would *invite* the Eureka Man to your home without delay.

Almost any kind of sweeping or brushing device will take up surface dirt—dirt you can *see*—but the real danger is from dirt that is trodden in and buried beneath the surface. There, disease germs multiply most rapidly—there, moths do their destructive work.

One thing is certain—you cannot name a substitute for the high-powered Eureka Vacuum Cleaner as a means of removing embedded dust and dirt from floor coverings, upholstered furniture, mattresses and other fabrics, without moving them from their customary places. To rely upon brooms, brushes or cheap, inefficient electric cleaners is a waste of time, energy and money. Modern sanitation and economy demand that every part of the home be cleaned regularly—and *thoroughly*.

Many electric cleaners deteriorate and lose their effectiveness—through constant use. They may still remove surface dust, lint and litter, but they fail to remove the dangerous, embedded, germ-laden dirt you cannot see—a constant and costly menace. You might be using such a cleaner, yet never know it.

Request the Eureka Man to make the famous Eureka "High-Vacuum" Dirt Test in your home—merely to determine whether rugs you *think* are clean are *really* clean. At the same time, he will gladly show you how easily and thoroughly the New Eureka will clean the inside of your motor car—your staircases, closets and other hard-to-get-at places. He will demonstrate the use of the famous Eureka attachments, in removing the menace of moths from upholstery, mattresses, pillows and clothing.

If the Eureka Man does not call at your home in the near future, just telephone the nearest Eureka Branch or Dealer. Remember—the services of the Eureka Man are free—absolutely free.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World

Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario. Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher Street, London, W. C. 1, England; 58-60 Margaret Street, Sydney, Australia

Grand Prize EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER *Gets More Dirt*

(491)

(Continued from Page 154)

In another booth I struck down straw-stuffed cats with baseballs. For every three cats that fell I got a five-pound box of candy—to hold. But when an outsider was lured into the game they always substituted for one of the three innocent pussies a cat loaded with lead that couldn't be knocked over with a sledge hammer.

At the shooting gallery I took my pay in trade and really became known along the Bowery and at Walsh's as a good shot. Out of sixty wooden birds I could shoot down fifty-two. But the owner of the gallery employing me as a booster insisted that I shoot only at the big gong, which required as much skill as hitting a wall with a truck. But it was this very fact that attracted the crowd. They could not see what was so marvelous about banging away at a bell the size of an iron foundry and each took a gunload to prove that he could bang away too. But my private shooting practice was more skillful, and in time I was so accurate a shot that one might have suspected I was training for future Broadway managers.

In fact, ten years later I had occasion to exercise this skill with Ziegfeld. The Follies was opening in Atlantic City, when Ziegfeld, Dave Stamper, the composer of the show, and I were walking on the Boardwalk and happened to pass a shooting gallery. Ziegfeld knew nothing of my marksman's eye inherited from the early days as a Bowery shilliber and neither did Stamper. I nonchalantly, as it were, invited Florenz to try a gunload of fifteen shots with me.

The producer consented, but before I lifted my gun I remarked to Stamper, "On whom will you bet?"

"Well, I don't know," Stamper said. "I guess I'll bet on Ziggy."

I smiled. It was a shame to take the money. "How much?"

"Oh, I don't know—five dollars."

"You couldn't possibly make it more than that?" I inquired kindly, but I really didn't feel right about taking the five. It was too obviously like robbing cradles. So I bet five and began to shoot. "I'm not so good today," I explained as I hit thirteen out of fifteen of the little wooden birds.

Then Ziegfeld took up his gunload and shot down three of the birds with three consecutive shots. But an accident like that I had made allowance for. Then he shattered a couple of pipes revolving on a cylinder, and then snuffed out a flame. Then he turned his back to the shooting gallery and fired the gun while taking aim through a pocket mirror, then he slung the gun over his left shoulder and shot that way, hitting everything and anything and asking me each time whether I could suggest any new way of holding the gun or from what position I'd like to see it fired. My eyes popped. Ziegfeld hit a perfect score. Pipes, ducks, birds, flames disappeared. So did my five dollars.

"Hey! What's this—Jesse James?" I cried.

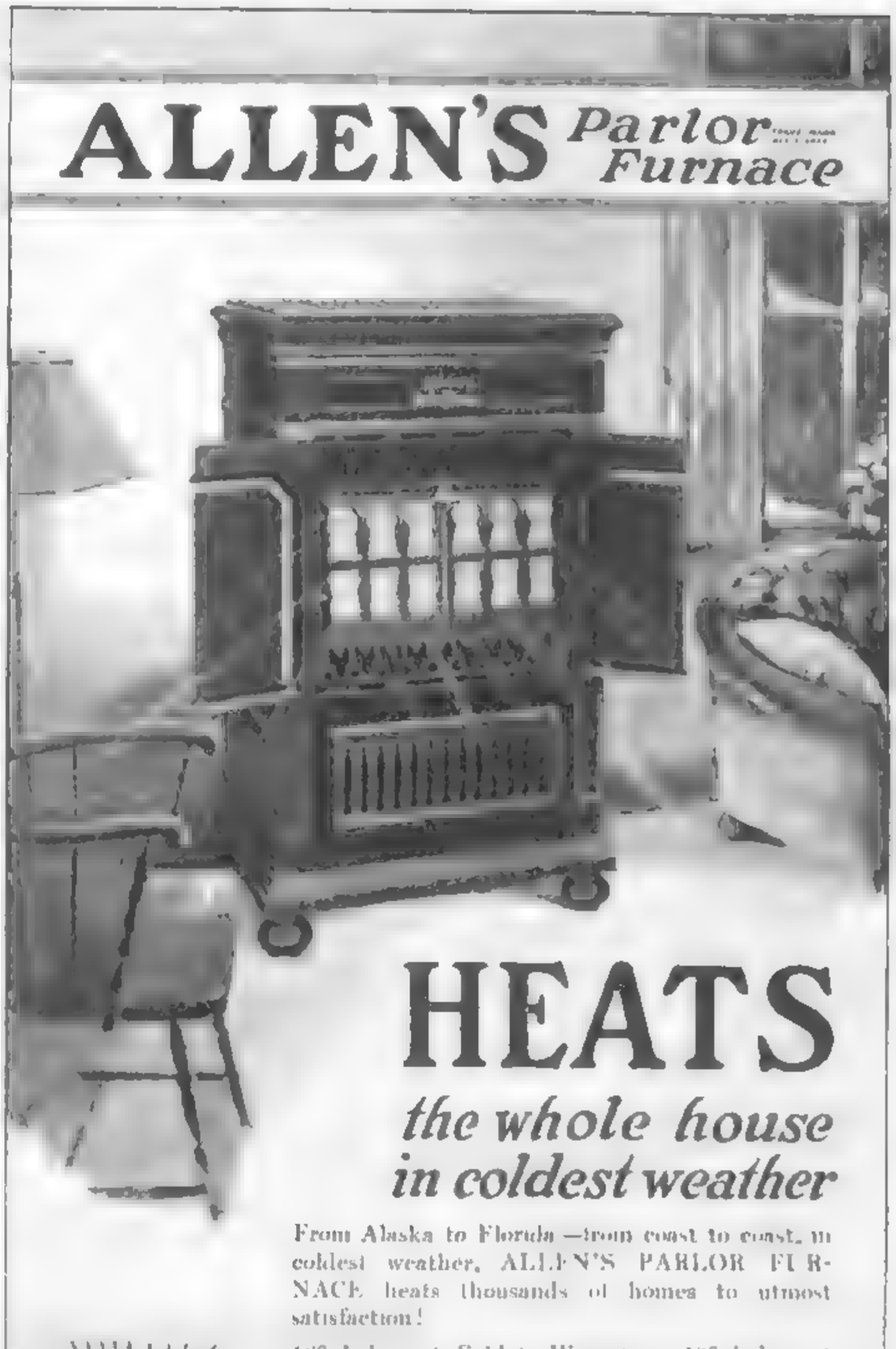
"As a youngster Ziggy worked in Buffalo Bill's show," explained Stamper, "and every morning the company got shooting practice."

I took care not to flaunt my skill as a shot after that. I was pretty good as a shilliber, though. And that summer of 1909 I managed to amass the unprecedented fortune of four hundred dollars—the first savings of my life. But I didn't intend to leave the money in a bank. I had endured the hard, grueling experiences of the summer to fulfill a single purpose. Minnie Tobias' wedding would take place in October and I intended to be there!

All summer I had kept in touch with Ida, trying to convince her that at last I was earning good money as manager of a Coney Island restaurant. She probably imagined that some day I would be the proud founder of a chain of restaurants or sell lunch-room fixtures. She managed to find out where I worked, and one evening, to encourage me, she unexpectedly arrived at Carey Walsh's with her sister Jennie and the latter's husband. Fortunately I noticed them before they caught sight of me, and quickly throwing off my apron, I assumed charge, giving orders to the other waiters, who thought I had gone out of my mind. Ida looked proudly on. She had undoubtedly brought members of her family to get a better opinion of me. But my obsessing thought was to get them out as swiftly as possible. I told them this was my night off and if they would wait outside I'd join them and we could take in the sights together. As soon as they left I hurried into the kitchen, put on my coat and sneaked out the back door. We spent a pleasant evening together, but I had a lot of explaining to do the next day to Walsh, the manager and the waiters. But I was invited to Minnie's wedding.

I got the finest Tuxedo I could hire. It never occurred to me, even with four hundred dollars in my pocket, to buy one.

Eddie in His First Vaudeville Act With Bedini and Arthur, Indianapolis, 1912

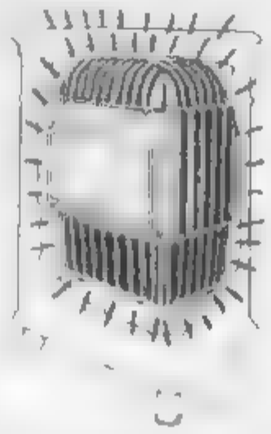


HEATS
the whole house in coldest weather

From Alaska to Florida—from coast to coast, in coldest weather, ALLEN'S PARLOR FURNACE heats thousands of homes to utmost satisfaction!

46° below at Sublet, Wyoming; 40° below at Antler, N. Dakota; 34° below at Wheaton, Minn.; 30° below at Phillipsburg, Montana; 12° at Cato, N. Y.: these are only a few of the low temperatures that tested the ALLEN'S great heating capacity last winter.

By circulating moist, warm-air—the natural and healthful way of heating homes—ALLEN'S does the work of an efficient furnace at a fuel saving of ⅓ to ½. Burns wood and all other fuels. Also made in special gas burning model.



ALLEN'S Heat Radiating Fins add 100% to the heating surface. They strengthen the castings, increase heating efficiency and save fuel. Only in ALLEN'S do you get the great advantages of this improvement.

Thousands used in homes, churches, schools and stores.

With Oldtime Fireside Cheer

A Patented ALLEN Feature

The open fires of primitive people have left an instinctive and indelible impression upon the race. That is why, even today, the ruddy glow of an open fire appeals so strongly to everyone.

In a novel manner, ALLEN'S has fulfilled this desire for fireside cheer. When the outer doors are closed it resembles a piece of beautiful, period furniture. It is finished in walnut, porcelain enamel. But with the doors opened, you can enjoy the bright, dancing flames that are associated with the old-fashioned, open fireplace.

Patent Numbers 89,741 16,057 [illegible]

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Stove Specialists for a Quarter Century
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Free Booklet

ALLEN MFG. CO., Nashville, Tenn.
Please send me [illegible]
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Nobody did. I bought the shiniest patent leather shoes that buttoned on the side. I donned a glossy silk hat and rented an automobile for the occasion. The fame of my sudden prosperity had spread through Henry Street and Ida's father began to think it was his severity that had finally reformed me and set me on the right course.

I called for Ida in the rented car and we took another couple as our guests as we drove off to the same wedding hall from which I had been barred less than six months before. I tipped the sheriff at the door, I tipped the coat checker, I tipped the matron of the wedding hall. I almost tipped the groom. I wanted everyone to know that Eddie Cantor had arrived

Ida, beaming, blushing, thrilled with the new hope of my amazing transformation, went about leaning on my arm, introducing me proudly to relatives and friends who had inquired after me in insinuating tones at the last affair, but who were surprised and taken aback to meet me now.

"They say he's the manager of a big restaurant," they whispered behind my back, "and soon he may own it!"

I felt the wad of warm yellow bills in my pocket. There were still three hundred dollars left after peeling off one hundred for my outfit and a wedding gift. This was all the money I had in the world—but this was also the only night in the world. A plan formed in the shadows of the doorway opposite Ida's house, on the drear, chilly night of Jennie's wedding, had come through. I was learning the magic of dream stuff turning into reality. Everything was coming out just as I had designed it. And here I was, the lion of the party, but before I got through I would be the whole jungle.

"Come on, folks! Eddie's treating to champagne!" The news spread like a bugle call to arms. All the guests gathered around the bar with military dispatch. The bottles popped, sparkled and rolled away with a hollow clink. At the fourth glass per guest, I seemed to have grown in stature and my face assumed to them a blurred, almost spiritual haziness.

"He's a great man," said the drinkers. "This Tobias knows the kind of boy to pick for a son-in-law!"

They were beginning to think it was my wedding. I slapped down the yellow bands of money on the bar and ordered more and more quarts of the glittering water at four and a half dollars a pop.

David Tobias tapped me patronizingly on the shoulder. "Hold your money, my boy," he whispered, as if I were squandering family funds.

"That's all right," I assured him. "There's more where this comes from."

"Eddie," said Ida, tugging at my hired Tuxedo, "that's enough!"

"This is my night!" I cried. "Another round!"

The drinking ended—so did the three hundred. My reputation as a *bon vivant* and captain of industry was firmly established. Those who knew of my hungry days recalled them dimly as out of a distant past. "I knew him when he didn't have shoes, and look now!" Luckily I had a dollar left in my coat to tip the chauffeur—unless the diligent hat checkers had already found it.

But I had captured the night. Even during the wedding ceremony somebody mentioned what a wonderful thing it would be if Ida and I were also under the canopy. It seemed to be a propitious time to talk to Ida's father and commit him.

"Well," said Tobias, smiling rather genially at me, "I'm glad to see you settled down to be a business man, and you dropped all that foolishness about acting and singing."

"Still, I may go back to it some day," I ventured.

Old Tobias frowned. "What? Now that you got a little capital saved up —— All right, you spent a small part of it on a good time, but that's over."

"Yes, it's all over," I agreed, staring at the empty champagne bottles that grinned open-mouthed at me.

"The rest of your money you should invest in a nice little business."

I looked helplessly to Ida, but she seemed to like her father's sound, practical view.

"Of course! What else can you do?" she asked.

"But—but what business would I be fit for?" I exclaimed, my hands stuck deep into my empty pockets.

"I got just the thing for you!" Tobias' eyes lit up. He was a born suggester. Only moderately successful himself, he had a remarkable faculty for advising others how to get along. This faculty ultimately consumed so much of his time and thoughts that he gradually neglected his own affairs and retired from work altogether so that he could dedicate his whole life to making suggestions. "You should buy yourself a nice gents' furnishing store. It's a wonderful business!" And Tobias screwed his eyes up shrewdly.

"Were you ever in it?" I inquired.

"No; but I know all about it," he confided. "You can make 30 per cent profit on a small capital. Besides, you're just built for it," he said, appraising me carefully.

"How small is the capital?"

"Well, twenty-five hundred dollars is a fair start."

"Oh, that's not so much," I said carelessly. "But I still think I'm going to be an actor."

"An actor!" David Tobias showed a surprisingly irritable temper when that unworthy calling was mentioned. Even Ida was shocked. "Young man," cried Tobias severely, "if you don't forget acting you'll have to forget Ida!"

"But, Mr. Tobias," I said, becoming alarmed, "you as much as agreed that Ida and I can get married."

"You better forget about that. What I'm telling you now is final. When you've got the twenty-five hundred dollars and you want to buy a gents' furnishing store and settle down like a man, we'll talk—not before. . . . Good-by."

I drove Ida back to her home in the rented car and we scarcely spoke. I didn't mind what the old man had said, but I had a feeling that in large measure Ida agreed with him. In a way, I didn't blame her Acting, at best, was a precarious career, with many hardships and uncertain returns. I was taking a wild plunge in the dark in preference to a life of comparative security behind a necktie counter. But what was Ida's attitude? Was it really a choice between her and the stage?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dodge the Doctor in this Health Coat

Don't let the temperature tempt you to tempt Fate. The "in-between" days when you start out lightly dressed and come home shivering are the days which make business for the doctors.

Take along a PURITAN V KOTE—a real Health Coat. Light in weight—because it's made of *100% Virgin Wool.* But comfortable in any weather—smart at all outdoor events. Twelve colors—pure dyes guaranteed not to irritate the most sensitive skin. $6.50 buys this real health preserver at good stores everywhere.

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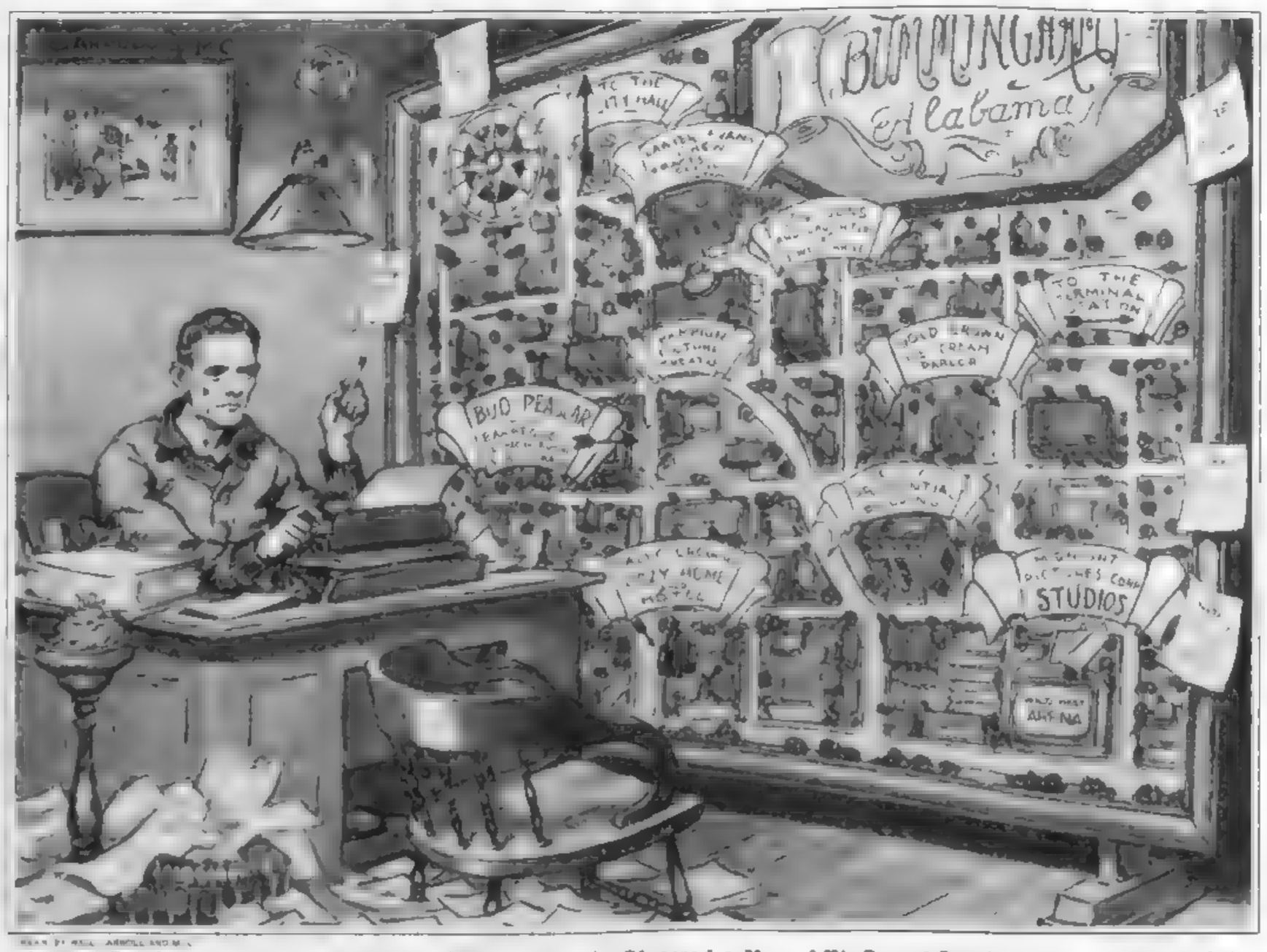

Octavus Roy Cohen at Work in His Office, Wherein May be Observed a Map of His Recent Development in the Night-Life Section of Bummingham, a Metropolis in the South Now Famous for its Motion Pictures and Brunswick Stew

Monarch Canned Vegetables are fresh vegetables . . . picked when ripe . . . not before, not after . . . and canned as soon as picked. They are fresher, cleaner, and contain more vitamin content than most so-called fresh vegetables you can buy.

No artificial method can improve Nature's ability to produce fine fruits and vegetables. To find the best and preserve their delicious, wholesome, health-giving properties is the spirit that actuates and permeates the entire organization of Reid, Murdoch & Company.

Thus, both grocers and housewives have come to know that Monarch means the best. And if Nature fails to yield the best, in any fruit or vegetable, that item is dropped from the current season's Monarch packing program.

NOTE . . . Monarch is the only nationally advertised line of food products sold exclusively through merchants who own and operate their own stores . . . Reid, Murdoch & Co. (Established 1853), Chicago • New York Boston • Pittsburgh • Wilkes-Barre • Tampa • Jacksonville San Francisco • Los Angeles Phoenix • Kansas City • St. Louis.

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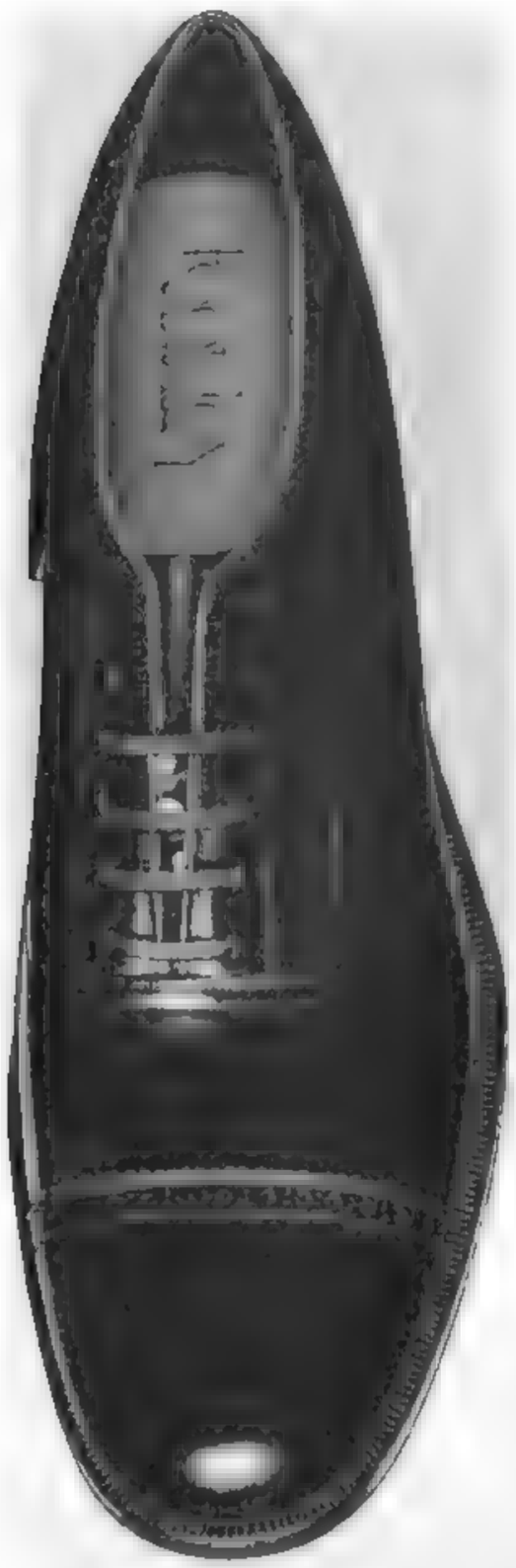
Monarch Quality Food Products include . . . Golden Bantam Corn, Sweet Crosby Corn, Early June Peas, Extra Small Peas, Succotash, Tomatoes, Green Beans, Yankee Baked Beans, Spaghetti, Asparagus, Lima Beans, Beets, Spinach, Peaches, Sliced Pineapple, Pears, Apricots, Strawberries, Blackberries, Raspberries, Cherries, Preserves, Jams, Cocoa, Catsup, Chili Sauce, Mustard, Spices, Olive Oil, Mayonnaise, Pork and Beans, Soups, Salmon, Sweet Pickles, Baking Powder, Food of Wheat, Toasted Wheat Hearts . . . and the famous Monarch Teenie Weenie Specialties.

MONARCH

QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS



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The Shoe that Different

THE first Foot-Joy shoes are often bought on style alone. But what holds Foot-Joy wearers year after year is more than style—solid comfort, freedom from that 5 o'clock tiredness which only shoes constructed to withstand present day hard pavements can give.

It's in the foundation—which supports all of your weight from heel to toe, relieving all strain from nerves, muscles and arches.

Ask us to send you the full story, current styles and prices.

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.

The above statement is true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

Name

Address

BIG BUSINESS

Continued from Page 13

During the course of our walk Mr. Yerkes had me check up on the grading which was to be done in putting through his street program. Owing to the rough hilly nature of the land, there will be a tremendous amount of cut and fill work, and a tremendous amount of dirt will have to be moved to make the park and the eighteen-hole golf course. Besides this, there will be a great deal of dirt moving in connection with building a dam back in the hills, making an open ditch to bring the water down to the reservoir just above town, digging the smaller ditches for the water-supply mains and the sewerage system. As Mr. Yerkes was insistent that all this work be completed before the end of the year, I told him privately that I thought he would need about six five-tons as well as the twenty ten-tons he was contemplating purchasing.

"Well," said Mr. Yerkes, "if I need that much machinery I will have to get it. We are doing a big thing here in a big way, and we can't afford to economize on equipment."

Naturally I was overjoyed to hear him say this. And I was also very much pleased a little later when he told the three important prospects very positively and without any reservations that he was buying twenty ten-tons, six five-tons and a lot of other miscellaneous equipment.

One of the prospects—a man by the name of Smith—seemed particularly impressed with this fact.

"That piece of information," he said, "is the one thing necessary to make me decide to buy. A man is naturally leery about buying lots before the property has been improved. But now that I know you are actually getting this large amount of machinery, I feel very much reassured, and I have every confidence that the improvements will go through according to schedule."

Mr. Schwartzberger, however, was skeptical. On the way back to the tent he spoke to me privately.

"Are you really selling this man that much machinery?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied. "That is, I am selling him the twenty-six tractors and he is getting the other equipment from the respective manufacturers."

"Have you got your money yet?" asked Mr. Schwartzberger.

"Really, sir," I replied, "I do not feel that I ought to discuss all the details of my customer's financial arrangements, but I might say that naturally the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company does not expect payment until the machines are delivered—and that will not be until next week."

"Well," said Mr. Schwartzberger, "I hope you get your money. You know practically all these real-estate fellers are crooks. I very much doubt if I'll buy any lots here. The proposition sounds good, but there must be a catch in it somewhere. And by the way, sometime I want you to tell me whether your tractors are any good for work in orange groves."

"Why talk about orange groves now?" I said. "The best thing for us to do here is to find out all we can about this wonderful development scheme. I only wish I could get you to take a little more interest. I really believe, Mr. Schwartzberger, that if you do not buy as many lots as you are able to, you will be throwing away the opportunity of a lifetime."

"Maybe so," he said, "but I hate to take a chance."

By this time we had got back to the tent, which was now full of people. Four large busloads of prospective buyers had arrived from Los Angeles and a great many more had come in their own cars. Mr. Yerkes at once took charge of these people and led them around the same route which we had taken. At each important point he stopped and gave a short explanatory talk. When this tour of inspection was finished, a light lunch was served to everyone in the tent, while the band played stirring music.

After lunch, Mr. Yerkes mounted a small platform and delivered one of the most remarkable orations I have ever heard. I am a pretty good talker and a pretty good salesman myself, but from now on I am going to take Mr. Yerkes as my model and master. The man is a wonder. He is a super salesman and a modern Demosthenes.

He started his talk on a very high plane. He described in great detail and with a wonderful warm flow of language the magnificent building operations which would soon commence. He painted such a convincing and vivid word picture of the lovely Pompeian swimming pool that he made us all feel as if we were standing beside it ready to plunge into its cool and inviting waters.

He then shifted to the golf links and the five-hundred-thousand-dollar country club, and at once we were transferred to the velvety greens with our golf clubs. And a moment later we were sitting on the spacious veranda sipping cool drinks and gazing out over the lovely green landscape. By his consummate artistry and mastery of words he took us for a walk down the beautiful palm-lined avenues and past the cozy white houses set in gardens of fragrant roses. He showed us the cool and delightful park, the crowds of bathers on the beach and the happy throngs going to the moving-picture show in the civic theater.

And then he suddenly became quite businesslike. With hard facts and remorseless logic, he drove home the great truth that the people who bought lots today would be able to sell them in a year or two for ten times what they had paid for them.

"But," he said, "I hope that you will not want to sell. I hope that you will all remain in this paradise on earth. Bianca Beach is to be a city of homes, where you may all dwell in peace and contentment with your gracious wives and your darling children. Picture to yourselves what this place will be like in only one or two short years. Crowds of happy youths and maidens will be sporting in the surf or cleaving the waters of the Pompeian swimming pool. Young and old will be spending many happy hours on the golf links in the glorious California sunshine. Others will idle away the balmy afternoons under the shade of the palms in the park. There will be splendid schools, churches and a library, moving pictures, high-grade stores of all kinds, beauty parlors, barber shops, garages and filling stations. But greatest of all will be the homes, where happy families will dwell amid all the most modern conveniences, making use to the fullest extent of our up-to-date electric-light service, our copious water supply and our splendid sanitary sewerage system. It is a beautiful thought, men and women—a beautiful thought.

"And in conclusion I wish to state that the young man at the table by the entrance to this tent is prepared to sell you as many lots as you desire to take. And I would advise you not to delay. This is a limited offer at an absurdly low figure, and if you do not act at once your opportunity to profit by these prices will be gone forever. I thank you."

I have repeated Mr. Yerkes' exact words, as near as I can remember them, so that you can see that I am profiting by this opportunity to improve myself. The basic principles of all selling are the same, whether it be real estate or tractors, insurance or anything else. I am making a thorough study of Mr. Yerkes' methods. I have always been pretty good myself, but in Mr. Yerkes I recognize a real genius in the higher art of selling. And by taking him as my ideal I confidently expect to become an even greater tractor salesman than I have been in the past.

As soon as Mr. Yerkes had finished his masterly address the people—several hundred of them—began crowding around the table where the lots were being sold. The effect of Mr. Yerkes' talk was so stupendous that it took fifteen minutes to get the crowd under control and make them line up in an orderly manner, and it was two hours before everyone could be attended to. There were a few people, of course, who bought nothing, but most of them bought at least one lot, and many bought more. I, myself, have no use for a lot, but I was so impressed by the investment possibilities of the scheme that I decided that I must have one. Upon consulting my check book I found that I had only three hundred and twenty-five dollars available, but Mr. Yerkes, as a special personal favor, consented to let me take a lot with only three hundred dollars instead of five hundred dollars as a down payment.

Of the three important prospects who had come out in Mr. Yerkes' private car, two of them purchased thirty lots apiece, but Mr. Schwartzberger remained stubborn and bullheaded to the end. In view of the fact that Mr. Schwartzberger had been riding in Mr. Yerkes' car and had eaten his food, it seemed to me that this was a very small way for him to act.

Some people are so mean and so suspicious, and have so little trust in human nature, that they won't do any business at all for fear somebody will slip something over on them. If you took a guy like this Schwartzberger to the bank and got out a five-dollar gold piece which was guaranteed by the cashier to be genuine and offered it to him for fifty cents, he would probably turn it down unless you agreed to give him his money back if he wasn't satisfied; and at that, he would probably want 10 per cent off for cash.

After the last customer had been satisfied, Mr. Yerkes gathered up the records and receipts, left his assistants in charge of the tent and equipment, started up his elegant motor car and drove us all back to Los Angeles. On the way he made a last attempt to get Mr. Schwartzberger interested. But even a master like Mr. Yerkes is powerless in the face of complete stupidity.

Mr. Schwartzberger had various absurd and evasive replies. First of all he said he would make no down payment until he had the actual deed to the property, with a title abstract and an insurance policy from some reputable title-guaranty company. Mr. Yerkes pointed out most reasonably that this procedure would be impossible in this case, as the sales had to be made on the spot and that it would take several weeks of clerical work before the final papers could be made out. In the meantime a signed receipt of the Bianca Beach Development Corporation was sufficient proof that the sale had been made.

Mr. Schwartzberger was still stubborn. He admitted that Mr. Yerkes' point was well taken, but he then proceeded to run in a lot of foolish technical stuff by saying that he would be willing to take a few lots if the money could be put in escrow—whatever that means. But he would not put up any money outright.

Mr. Yerkes' only reply to this proposition was to state that if a man didn't want to risk anything he couldn't expect ever to make any profits. And there the matter was dropped.

When we reached Los Angeles Mr. Yerkes left me at my hotel. In parting, he told me that he had not yet completely checked up all his sales, but that he had sold enough to make him decide to go ahead. He asked me to call on him at his office tomorrow afternoon to close the deal on the tractors.

And so, before tomorrow's sun has set, I expect to bring to a successful conclusion the largest and most brilliant sale in all my years of service as a salesman for the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company.

Yours,

ALEXANDER BOTTS

Continued on Page 162

Just as soon as the thermometer begins playing around 15° F., change your engine's oil to Quaker State *Cold Test,* and ride through the coming winter with summer ease and smoothness.

In making Quaker State *Cold Test* Motor Oil, the choicest 100% pure Pennsylvania grade crude is first carefully refined. Then it is frozen way below zero, and the elements which congeal are strained out in great filter presses under enormous pressure.

Quaker State *Cold Test* makes cold weather starting easy. It protects against battery-drain and starter-strain. Circulating freely, it keeps an adequate supply of oil on all bearing surfaces and saves you from the unnecessary wear and tear—even burned-out bearings and scored cylinders—that so often result from the use of oil unsuited to winter conditions. When your engine warms up, Quaker State *Cold Test* holds its body and gives full protection under heavy service. Buy it where you see the green-and-white sidewalk sign.

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Ask them to Dinner,

- - - I can prepare Chow Mein in 20 Minutes

Millions of women depend on LaChoy Chinese food products when the occasion demands speedy preparation of a wholesome, tasty meal.

LaChoy Bean Sprouts, Chow Mein Noodles, Soy and Brown Sauces are the ingredients most frequently employed by those who have learned the delights of Chinese cookery, and who now make not only Chow Mein and Chop Suey but many other real Chinese dishes. At very little cost, these savory foods may be prepared at home in less than twenty minutes. For an extra touch of goodness, Water Chestnuts and Bamboo Shoots are often added.

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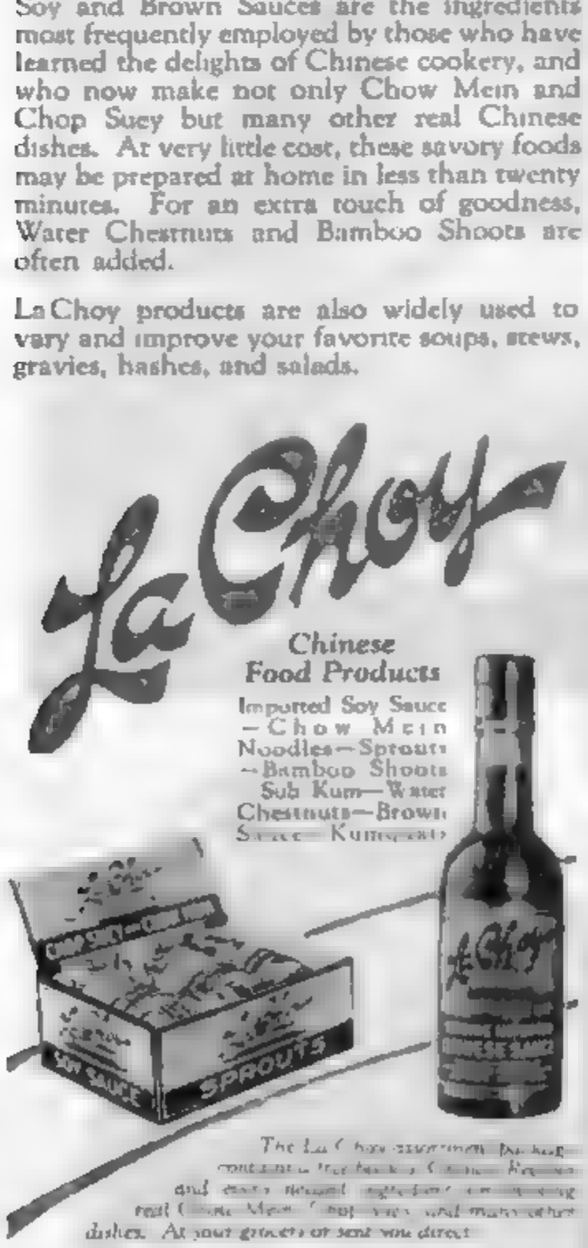

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(Continued from Page 160

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY

SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: Wednesday, April 23, 1924.
Written from: Los Angeles, California.
Written by: Alexander Botts.

Today I have received two sickening jolts, either one of which would have been sufficient completely to discourage most ordinary people. But it is pretty hard to keep Alexander Botts down, and I wish to announce that I am still going strong—or as strong as anyone could under the circumstances.

The first jolt came this afternoon when I called at the office of the Bianca Beach Development Corporation. In the outer room I found a small group of nervous and excited people. The place seemed to be in charge of a rather tough-looking man whom I had never seen before.

"Where," I asked this man, "can I find Mr. Spencer K. Yerkes?"

"That is what I would like to know myself," he replied, "and so would all these gentlemen who purchased lots from him." With a wave of his hand he indicated the people who were standing around. "I suppose," he added, "you also bought a lot at Bianca Beach?"

"Yes," I admitted, "I bought a lot. And I am here to see Mr. Yerkes on very important business."

"Mr. Yerkes has gone," said the man, "and I doubt if he plans to return."

"But what has happened?"

"Haven't you read the afternoon papers?"

"No. What is it all about and who are you?"

"I am a United States marshal, and I am temporarily in charge of this office."

"Do you mean to say that there was anything crooked about Mr. Yerkes' business?"

"It looks a little bit that way," said the marshal. "We got a tip yesterday from Mr. Schwartzberger, the big orange grower, who thought there was something wrong about this whole Bianca Beach proposition. As soon as we looked into things we found that Mr. Yerkes did not own the land at Bianca Beach at all. All he had was an option which expired last night."

"But he sold several hundred lots," I said.

"Exactly," said the marshal. "And late yesterday afternoon he cashed all the checks he got on down payments and drove out of town in his car. We think he crossed the border at Tia Juana."

"It doesn't seem possible," I said.

"Apparently," the marshal went on, "he owes pretty nearly everybody in town. He hasn't paid for his car or for his office furniture. He owes the band and all the people that worked for him yesterday, and the engineers that surveyed his land, and pretty nearly everybody that had anything to do with him. The main thing we are after him for, though, is using the mails to defraud. I hope we catch him. I'd like to meet him. He must be a very slick talker."

"Yes," I said sadly, "he is quite a talker."

At this point the average salesman would have given way to despair. But I am different. I decided there was no use crying over spilled milk. I at once dismissed the nefarious, low-down, slimy Mr. Yerkes from my mind. I resolved to forget my poor unfortunate three hundred dollars. And I at once turned my active mind onto the problem of what to do next.

"By the way," I asked the marshal, "did you say this Mr. Schwartzberger was a friend of yours?"

"I know him fairly well."

"You say he is a big orange grower?"

"He owns about four thousand acres."

"Can you imagine that!" I exclaimed. "The big bum never told me he actually owned any orange groves. What is his address? Where does he live?"

"Out at Pomona"

"Thanks," I said, and started back to the hotel.

I had already mapped out a plan of campaign. My logical mind had at once grasped the situation. Mr. Schwartzberger had been asking about using tractors in orange groves only the day before. And now it appeared that he actually owned tremendous orange properties. Putting two and two together, I decided that he might possibly buy a few Earthworms. If I couldn't sell tractors to Mr. Yerkes, I could to Mr. Schwartzberger. It was too late to go out to Pomona this afternoon, but I resolved to make the trip first thing in the morning.

When I reached the hotel, the clerk handed me a telegram from Mr. J. D. Whitcomb, Western sales manager of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company. And when I read it I received the second big jolt of this most disagreeable day. Part of the telegram wasn't so bad. It was all right for Mr. Whitcomb to mention that he had received my yesterday's report. It was all right for him to inform me that Mr. Joseph Schwartzberger is a big orange grower and that the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company and a lot of other tractor companies were after him last year, but failed to get any orders. I was amazed, however, at Mr. Whitcomb's closing words:

"You must be sound asleep. If Schwartzberger asked for information about tractors he must be getting interested at last, and if you had had the brains of a half-wit you would have followed him up. See if you can't wake up and get his order before some other company gets ahead of you."

Why Mr. Whitcomb felt it necessary to send such a message I do not know. But I cannot pass over his remarks in silence. Mr. Whitcomb completely ignores the fact that I was not asleep. I was working on a very big proposition, and I was succeeding. I had handled matters so well that I was right on the point of selling twenty-six tractors—and I would have closed the deal, too, except for the fact that Mr. Yerkes was suddenly compelled to leave town.

Furthermore, I object to Mr. Whitcomb's insinuation that my brains are less than those of a half-wit. As I explained earlier in this report, I had shown great intelligence by finding out all about Mr. Schwartzberger before I ever received Mr. Whitcomb's telegram, and I had already decided to go out to see him.

Mr. Whitcomb need have no fear that any other company will get ahead of me. I will call on Mr. Schwartzberger tomorrow morning. And if it is humanly possible I will get his order for as many tractors as he needs, and considering the size of his properties, that ought to be a good many.

To reassure Mr. Whitcomb, and to show him that he is entirely unjustified in his fear that some other company may beat me to it, I wish to state here and now that if Mr. Schwartzberger actually decides to buy any tractors, and if he gives his order to any other company, I will save you the trouble of firing me—I will send you my resignation at once. That is the kind of a guy I am

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

Rogue River, Oregon

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY

SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: Thursday, April 24, 1924
Written from: Los Angeles, California.
Written by: Alexander Botts.

Today's report will be a very hard one to write. But I will go ahead in my usual straightforward way and I will tell you everything exactly as it occurred.

I reached Mr. Schwartzberger's house in Pomona about the middle of the morning. The old geezer met me at the door, and I will have to admit that he treated me very polite. He said he was sorry I had lost the money I paid out for my lot at Bianca Beach, and it was too bad he hadn't been a little quicker about getting the authorities after Mr. Spencer K. Yerkes.

"They'll never catch him now," he said. "He is too smart for them."

Mr. Schwartzberger then took me into his sitting room and introduced me to a young man that was in there.

"Shake hands with Mr. Jensen," he said.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Jensen," I said, shaking hands.

"Mr. Jensen is in the same line of business as you," said Mr. Schwartzberger. "He is with the Steel Elephant Tractor Company."

"By the way, Mr. Schwartzberger," I said, "you haven't been thinking of buying any tractors, have you?"

"Yes, I have," he said. "I was even considering getting some of your machines, but when I asked you the other day you didn't seem to know whether they were adapted to orchard work or not. So I decided to do business with Mr. Jensen here."

"You haven't signed an order yet, have you?"

"Yes, I have," he replied. "I am getting fifteen small machines."

"You don't need any more, do you?"

"Not now."

"No chance of your changing your mind?"

"No," he said, "not a chance." And the worst of it is the stubborn old bozo apparently actually meant it. I talked around and argued and pleaded for fifteen or twenty minutes, but there was nothing doing at all. So finally I got up to say good-by.

Restraining a natural impulse to soak Mr. Schwartzberger in the stomach and put my foot in Mr. Jensen's face, I shook hands most politely with both of them and took my departure.

So that was that. And there is not much more to say at the present time, except that I seem to remember promising you in my yesterday's report that if Mr. Schwartzberger was to buy any tractors from any other company, I would save you the trouble of firing me by resigning.

I see now that I was a bit hasty in making this promise. And I realize—in view of the fact that this Schwartzberger affair is an exception and in no way typical of my habitually successful operations—that my resignation would be a heavy blow to the company. But a promise is a promise. I am not the man to back down. So I hereby tender my resignation as salesman for the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

TELEGRAM

SAN FRANCISCO CALIF
1105 A APR 25 1924

ALEXANDER BOTTS
BILTMORE HOTEL LOS ANGELES CALIF

YOUR RESIGNATION NOT ACCEPTED MUCH RELIEVED TO HEAR YOU ARE NOT AS GOOD A SALESMAN AS YOU THOUGHT FORGET WHAT YOU SAID IN FORMER REPORT ABOUT TAKING YERKES AS YOUR MODEL IF YOU EVER START SELLING STUFF YOU DONT OWN TO PEOPLE THAT DONT WANT IT YOU WILL BE TOO GOOD FOR THIS COMPANY AND WILL BE FIRED SURE ENOUGH

J D WHITCOMB
WESTERN SALES MANAGER

A new type of CEILING TREATMENT

Permanent...rich in beauty yet moderate in cost

YOUR home is *you!* It reflects your pride—your personality—your character and your taste.

Your ceilings, for instance, are decorative opportunities. If neglected, as so many are, they may cause your friends to misjudge you.

Now, you may have The Aristocrat of Ceilings, so like expensive hand-modeled plaster, with the highlight of alluring design against shadow—but costing only a fraction as much.

Though still new, Upson Relief Ceilings are being used in hundreds of the finest homes throughout the country.

Reasonable in price—durable in service—even more beautiful than paneling, Upson Relief Ceilings combine the attributes of the perfect ceiling. They are *permanent*—can never crack or fall.

They are made by superimposing one or two layers of Upson Board—in simple design—over the joining edges of a plain Upson Board ceiling—as shown by the cross section drawing on this page.

Our Decorative Department will furnish detailed instructions, including full-size detail blue prints for your carpenter to follow.

Sprawling plaster cracks are so unnecessary. Upsonize! Just a few days' quick, clean work and any room in your home can be given crack-proof, jar-proof walls and ceilings permanently beautiful. Try one room—you will want to Upsonize all through the house.

Any good carpenter applies Upson Relief Ceilings

You can select from a wide variety of designs—ranging from the very simple to the most elaborate—and covering living rooms, dining rooms, bedrooms—every type of interior in home or public building.

Upson Board comes to you in big panels. Your lumber dealer has it or can get it—upwards of 9000 of the most discriminating lumber dealers in America carry Upson Board in stock.

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Certified tests prove Genuine *Blue*-Center Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile excel in resistance to jars, blows, heat, cold, moisture—even ordinary leaks—as compared to heavy, brittle boards.

Try Upsonizing just one room—then you will want Upson Board all through the house.

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Upson Board in big panels is laid right over furring strips on the old plaster—in new building direct to joists. Upson Fasteners (patented) anchor the panels securely in place from the back and eliminate ugly nail marks in panel centers. Next, strips of Upson Board four to twelve inches wide are laid right over the panel joints to build up the Relief Treatment.

UPSON BOARD

THE UPSON COMPANY
1008 Upson Point, Lockport, N. Y.

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I am interested in
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Address _____

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Practical values enhanced by beauty

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Rich maroon, beautiful green, walnut brown, Flemish brass—sparkling enamel and lacquer finishes, with a new mirror-like surface reflecting to every corner of the room the dancing high-lights of the Radiantfire. Even when not lighted, these fascinating finishes enliven the dark recesses of the fireplace and add that touch of "livableness" to any room.

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This tag is attached to all Humphrey Radiantfires and guarantees to purchaser that no substitution has been made, and that purchaser will receive quality, workmanship and performance, as advertised

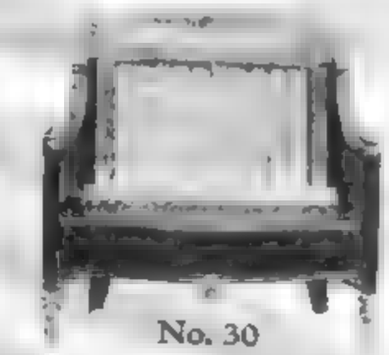
Write for our period model booklet

IF IT'S HEAT YOU WANT—

The HUMPHREY Radiantfire

The Odorless Gas Heater

No. 102



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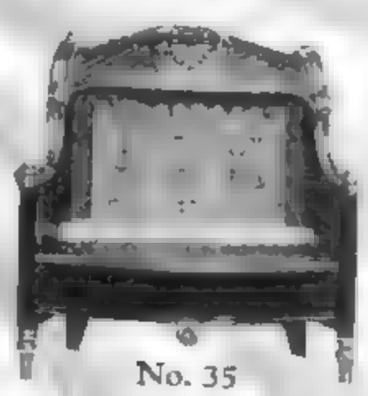

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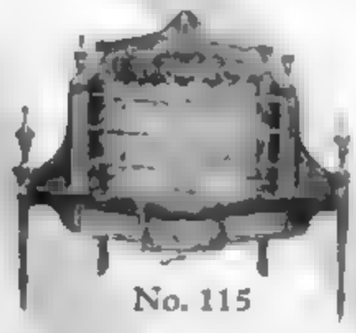

No. 115

THE FAST MRS. GRUNDY

(Continued from Page 19)

means of bicarbonate of soda and emetics, undoing the bad effects.

And now I will tell of Edna to show how our ideas have changed. In high school out West she was a rather maidenish girl, one of those girls who say "dashed madly" in almost every sentence; and also she was one of those people who will do anything you suggest and who laugh if you say "boo." And I mean actually "boo." Just say "boo" to her, loudly or softly, and she would nearly collapse with laughter and you felt as though you were as witty as Voltaire. Now this is just the sort of person they need in literary and artistic circles; so, after college she went to New York.

Well, she became very Bohemian. She lived in a very artistic room with the grit of twenty years in the carpet, smoked sixty cigarettes a day, every hour or so drank coffee that was so strong you could trot a mouse on it—she drank liquor, but not much, because there was no special feature to drinking then—stayed up all night in interesting little places with sawdust on the floor with writers and artists, laughing helplessly every time they said "boo."

Striving Toward Genius

Well, the attitude of people at home toward Edna shows the changes we have been passing through. At first, about 1915, she was a dreadfully shocking girl. Mothers didn't want their daughters to know her. About 1918 she was an interesting cigarette smoker with a big broad modern viewpoint.

But now that she can be seen drinking absinth at the Dome every night in Paris in the company of some literary and artistic people, her fame and distinction have become really remarkable. People who visit Paris are gratified if she doesn't snoot them. They tell how interesting she looked with that greenly pale face like indirect lighting.

Now the question is, how did Mrs. Grundy get so fast? Writing men, plain and fancy, are to blame. These seem to be convinced that dissipation is interesting and geniuslike; and soberness and health, dull and businesslike; that a genius or a person of extraordinary mental brilliance and charm must be dissipated, with the result that thousands of people are now conscientiously working to be dissipated in order to be considered interesting and brilliant.

So-called sophisticated people unite in a scorn of teetotalers and prohibitionists, for people who take walks for their health and try to cut out fried food. Like Baudelaire—a French poet who probably started all this years ago—who claimed that artificial states such as those induced by drink or drugs were much superior to natural states, much more grand and mystical, and who admired the moon as opposed to the sun, and a sick complexion like that of a corpse, the writers, plain and fancy, tend strongly to admire night life, weariness and alcoholic fatigue.

In fact, there is a tendency just at present to take a whack at earnest young business men who take calisthenics and aspire to chew their food thoroughly and refrain from drinking and smoking. They associate all these measures with Puritanism and, in general, with self-control, which is very very much out of style in some circles.

But when you come to think of it, this is funny. Because the truth of the matter is that cigarettes, liquor and so on are the very things that make you willing to endure boredom—thricetold jokes, mediocre conversation, third-rate dancing, third-rate amorousness, all of which you could not possibly endure if you were in good physical condition or even sober. Athletes in training are tigerish and melancholy, for to be in perfect condition means to be almost intolerably alive, while cocktail drinkers, though noisier, are spiritually just as relaxed and contented as cows.

Certainly a man who has hard exercise, no liquor or tobacco in him and is not overfed, is in a much more brilliant, interesting state than the dopey one. To prove it, what does a person do when he receives a shock or a blow? His first impulse is to drink, gorge, smoke himself a little sick, to benumb himself, for in this torpid condition everything is all right. He becomes quite content to sit sunk in a divan and smile and holler and try to think up stories that have not been told too many times, and, the moment a faint stirring of boredom comes over him, to have another drink and smoke himself into a dizzy peace with a couple of strong cigars. For you simply cannot bore a man in these circumstances. Everything is all right; all the women are wonderful little girls, all the men are old pals, the singing is great. Everything is fine, even twenty-four hours of Pat-and-Mike jokes or penny ante.

In the same way, cigarettes, plenty of lobster salad and ginger-ale highballs are what make it possible for women to sit out summer after summer on a screened porch playing bridge. And in this connection perhaps I had better tell how I came to stop smoking.

For years I prided myself on my smoking. I realized it was very bad for me. I had a complexion like beige tweed. My mouth tasted like the inside of a motorman's mitt, and my teeth all throbbed and felt too big for my mouth. My eyes were sunken and lackluster like those of an old vulture. Between smokes I was limp, during smokes I was dizzy. It made me lazy and nervous at the same time; that is, I didn't want to move. I felt that a vein or artery would snap if I did—and yet I couldn't sit still. I would start to read the newspaper, but a drag at my cigarette and the sentence would curl and fly off into darkness. I couldn't listen to others talk. I was so nervous and fidgety I wouldn't endure it unless I did all the talking myself and, since there was never any intake of ideas from reading or listening, this was mean.

Just Too Ordinary

Still, I was afraid to stop. What would people say? Here I was, one of the most faithful, persistent, eminent woman chain-smokers perhaps in the entire East. I had got into feminist societies on the strength of my smoking. I had got to teas with literary people on the strength of my smoking, because, you see, from the fact that I smoked so much and couldn't walk six blocks without going into some place to smoke, people simply knew I was interesting. If I stopped, I wouldn't have a scrap of reputation left. Well, two things happened to make it possible.

One day at a party I suddenly realized that all the women were sucking avidly at cigarettes—the whole push! It occurred to me with a shock that there was no longer any way in which a female cigarette fiend particularly stood out from the others.

Next, a rumor went flying round that a certain famous, dissipated actress had given up smoking. This gave me strength. Then one night at about two A.M., hearing for the eighth time a marital bridge argument that I had heard almost every night for many years, it occurred to me that if I were not smoking and drinking I could not possibly stand it. I would run amuck, tip over the table and jump for the chandelier. I figured that if I stopped smoking it would absolutely drive me into doing something more interesting than my present life, even if it were just going to bed at nine o'clock. And so I stopped, and so it did.

And this set me thinking about drinking. Drink, you know, is not a stimulant at all; it is an anæsthetic. At first you begin to talk louder and so you think you are stimulated. But all this means is that your mind is being anæsthetized from above downward. First your intelligence—that is, your critical ability—is put to sleep, and so you don't hear how loud you are talking or notice that the jokes you are telling have been heard by all present, and that the lady you are dilating your eyes at doesn't like you. So there is a temporary illusion of stimulation. But actually, if you drink alone, as they have found out by tests, nothing happens except that you get sleepier and sleepier until you pass out. And so, as Dr. Richard Cabot says, "A man who is dead drunk and snoring with liquor is narcotized in an obvious way; the man who is supposed to be a brilliant after-dinner speaker is also narcotized, only less obviously." Why, drink doesn't even cure snake bite. Yes, they've found that out.

Dr. Jekyll Overworked

Now the drinkers make all sorts of fun of us refusers. We refusers are not nearly so hard on the drinkers, and so I think it would be interesting to give our point of view and mention a few things that we consider drawbacks to drinking. I will pass over the fact that there is often a loss of figure, because that is too obvious. For, even when one is very thin in neck, shoulders and calves, if he drinks steadily enough there tends to be quite a list amidships.

But this is what I really wanted to say: Between drinks, drinkers are apt to be so cross, so snappish. The eye is glassy with irritability and bogus indignation that is not based on the process of reasoning. Then when they hear the cocktail shaker, how bland becomes the visage, how deep and rich the chest tones, what enthusiasm, what splendid optimism; how the little children please them and their dear old mothers! But that is the trouble. The artificial good nature of alcohol is almost sure to be the concomitant of snappishness when one's anæsthetic is too long delayed.

Now it is quite trying to be the husband or wife or employe or employer of such a person. The reason is that he has no real personality. Which is the real person, the irritable overindignant dyspeptic or the overenthusiastic lover of humanity? There is no real self. And you are more annoyed at the artificial goodheartedness, for example, that overtips the poor little caddie say, than the snarkiness that was blaming him a short time ago for a very bad shot. No, the only people you can enjoy being married to or working for are those who are always at the center of themselves; goodnatured and kind because that is themselves; angry because someone has behaved outrageously, not because their entrails are clamoring for an overdue ration of drug.

Now drinking certainly has this tendency to divide the personality in two—into a sober, daytime personality and an evening, party personality. Of course not all people are divided into irritable selves and good-natured selves. Perhaps a much more common division is into a repressed, bashful self and a talkative, sociable self, a tense, apprehensive self, and an easy, carefree self. But the trouble is that alcohol accentuates this cleavage tremendously. For example, I know a man whom for a long time I never encountered except in the evening at dinner, where, of course, there were cocktails. He was easy, charming, laughing, mischievous. To my surprise I learned that in the daytime in his office he is repressed, highstrung, overnervous, fussy, with a strong tendency to be nervously annoyed at his associates. Well, because once a day, in the evening, this man by a few cocktails can feel himself to be himself—natural and charming and full of fun—he can resign himself to his daytimes

(Continued on Page 167)

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(Continued from Page 165)

of fussiness without making any effort to improve upon it. If he didn't drink certainly some of his evening good nature would tincture his daytime tenseness. Certainly it used to, when he was ten years younger. But that is the way it works. If you are repressed, and cocktails limber you up into ease, between cocktails your repression becomes much tighter and more impenetrable. I know that everybody will recognize this fact. So many people now, and just polite drinkers too—I don't mean souses at all—if they find themselves in the most trifling social situation of any sort, feel that they cannot see it through, that it is a nightmare of stiffness and politeness and conversational effort, without drinks.

In fact, I think that thousands of people all over the country, because of this present convention of dissipation, have gradually been eased into a state in which they drink a great deal and yet have become so used to it and it is so much the usual thing, that they do not realize at all the alcoholic loginess of their lives.

Overindulgence the Only Excuse

For instance, how many week-ends are like this? I went to visit some people who have taken a cottage in the country for the summer. I have known them a long time. Well—no parties, no cutting up, no wild free behavior; just a quiet, home week-end. But—an awful lot of drinks. Saturday night: Three or four cocktails before dinner, and after dinner highballs until midnight; for me, because I was on the wagon, just one property highball; for them, eight or nine or ten. Sunday: No work, no exercise, no fresh air, no sun, because everybody had to sleep half the morning to oxidize the alcohol, and then it was time for cocktails before Sunday dinner. After Sunday dinner everybody took a nap until four or five. That evening some awfully nice people asked us all over for cocktails.

And yet these people, I assure you, are not considered drinkers at all; they don't consider themselves drinkers and no one else considers them drinkers. Their drinking does not mean an orgy at all. That night that we all sat up late, drinking and drinking, there was no excitement or craziness or wild actions. It was just plain conversation such as teetotalers can have any time without needing a drink to make it possible. To put it in a nutshell, drinks bring people who are suffering from the after-effects of drinks back to a state of good nature and relaxation that they would have all the time if they never drank.

Once it was the teetotalers who were narrow-minded; now it is the drinkers. They will forgive you for refusing if you plead that you have been on a two-months' drunk or have cirrhosis of the liver from too much drinking in the past. This will even endear you to them. But if you timidly say that you don't drink because you think that you feel so much better if you do not, they feel scornful.

The highbrows will base their indignation on moral grounds. Either you are aligning yourself with prohibition, which is in their opinion an outrage to freedom, or you are one of those unliterary boobs who do not appreciate the fine old charm of European civilizations with their happy families all drinking together in the fascinating little old inns and cafés of the Old World.

For instance, in almost every good-sized city now, there is some interesting, atmospheric speak-easy where the highbrow "interesting" drinkers of the city like to take you. Well, you go there and it is one of those typical places where the waiter has his thumb in the soup; bum service, Italiano-Russo-Hungariano food. To get in, you pass through a dank basement and get a glimpse and a strong whiff of a mostly odoriferous kitchen with dirty-looking men in it. The dinner is cheap. The drinks are expensive. You have several cocktails, wine and liqueurs—wishing, if you are like me, that you were the Joan of Arc to refuse—and your hosts join in the praises of the delicious food! "Oh," they say, "one must be highly civilized, traveled, to appreciate good food. Only those who know the Old World and the Continent, who have lived in France for years can appreciate good food. Most delicious!"

"Most delicious!" someone echoes over some kind of stuffed egg made tasty with who knows what old livers and gizzards. Well, after a few dinners like this—the food is cheap and certainly questionable and not so very good, at that—you begin to think that these people like to drink so much they are afraid to admit it.

Again I say it is funny, this literary fashion for dissipation. Most geniuses and great men have actually sought an interesting state in just the opposite way—that is, by stern Puritanical measures; by hard work, eating little of the plainest food, and all-round self-control and physical strenuousness, which is exactly the way that an athlete keeps in training. Tolstoy, Shelley, John Fox, Milton, St. Francis of Assisi—practically all the saints—Nietzsche, who despaired of the Germans' being anything but logy until they stopped drinking light wines and beers, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Emerson, Gladstone, Dickens, Edison, Bernard Shaw, Mussolini, Henry Ford —— But there is no use in going on naming them. What I mean is that all took extremely stoical pains with their health, and this was their way of arriving at a mystical state, which the dissipated ones claim to seek.

Courage Aged in the Bottle

Dickens, for example—I don't mean to say that he never touched liquor. All I mean to say is that he would be horrified, wrecked and foundered if he had to drink as much as many friendly sociable people do now. Incidentally Dickens walked fifteen miles and more a day when he was working his hardest, maintaining that mental work required a corresponding amount of physical exercise.

William Muldoon, an old man, is as handsome and physically magnificent as a tiger, they say, and how he reviles the self-indulgent millionaires who come to his sanitarium—their alcoholic flabbiness. When Muldoon was a private in the United States Army and shut up in winter quarters, the other soldiers would be drinking beer, huddled about stoves, smoking "filthy pipes," as he called them, chewing tobacco. Muldoon loathed this and kept himself out-of-doors as much as possible, and even in the coldest weather he would wash his uniform and single suit of underwear in a stream, often breaking the ice to get to the water and skipping about naked while his clothes dried. Well, this is really nothing but Puritanism or Calvinism or stoicism, whichever you want to call it. The amiable literary soaks make all sorts of fun of it.

But you have probably heard all these things from an aunt in the W. C. T. U. All I wanted to say was that many people in certain circles are drinking a lot more than they used to and they don't realize how bad it makes them feel. I just wanted to say that alcohol is just an anæsthetic that gives you the illusion that you have courage, wit, ease, ability, and that there is so much artificial courage, ease and so on around that I think it would be interesting to go on the wagon and see if you could experience the real thing.

The Sorceress Disappears

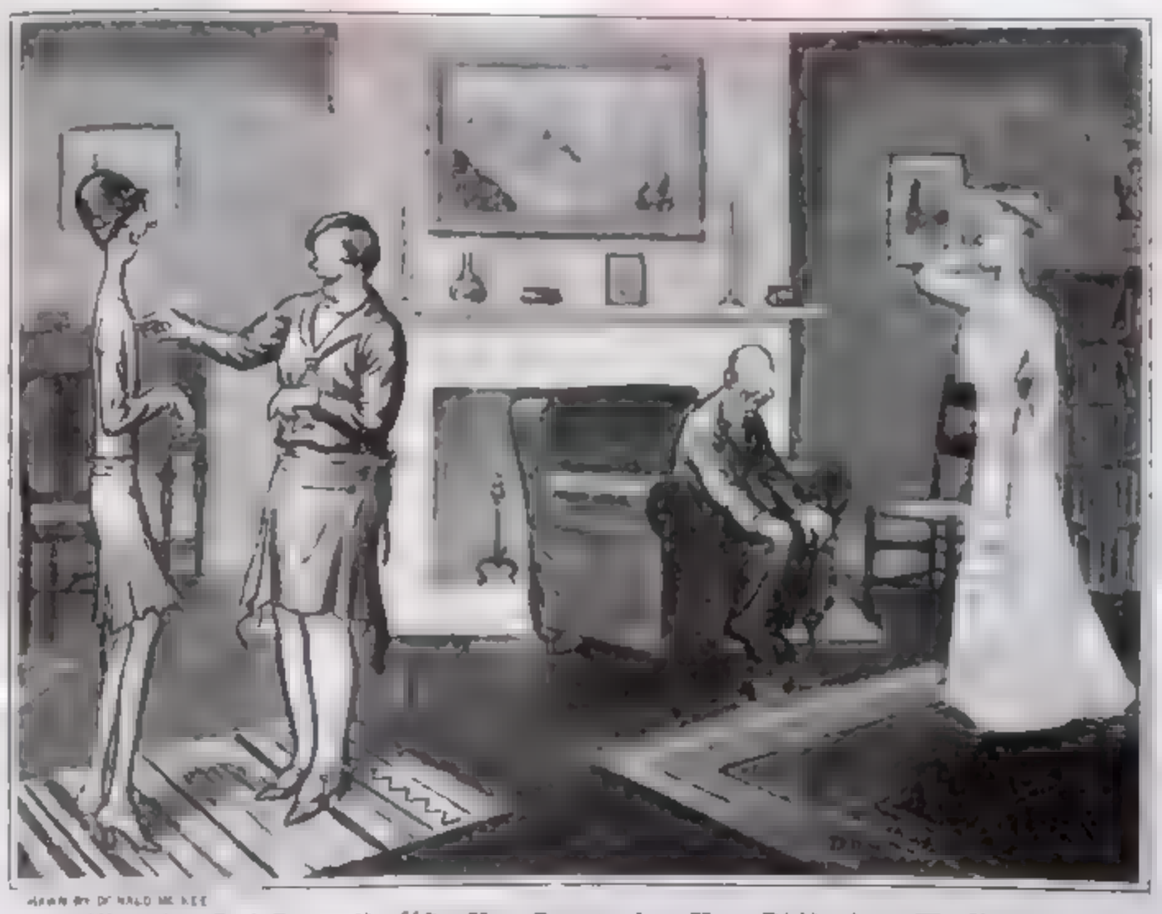
As for artificial affection, that, too, kind of palls. A few years ago lively girls thought it was wonderful to be vampish. To permit a young man to kiss you without becoming engaged to him showed a great deal of defiant courage; it showed that you snapped your fingers at the old horror that he wouldn't respect you. It showed that you didn't give a darn whether he did or not, and all that made a girl feel proud and upstanding. And so for a time the idea grew up that if you had many love affairs you were an exotic fascinating sorceress of the most extraordinary devil-may-care courage, like the heroine of The Green Hat. But, gosh! After a while it became apparent that the very easiest thing in the world you can do is to have love affairs. Plain women with big knees come home and tell of the countless love affairs they have had in all the capitals of Europe. Why, a love affair, one now realizes, is the very easiest thing in the world. Anybody can have any number of them any time. Therefore the only distinguished thing now is not to have any.

As it happens, men are greater sufferers from artificial affection probably than women. A handsome young man told me that he would not go to dances any more because he hated to dance cheek to cheek.

"Why, the end of almost every dance I will be bending backward almost to the ground," he said.

And as for all this talk of sex appeal, nobody points out that for all those who pride themselves on their sex appeal there are thousands of sufferers from what you might call sex repulse.

Well, all I say is, when you have learned that a drink is nothing but an anæsthetic, why not go on to the next?



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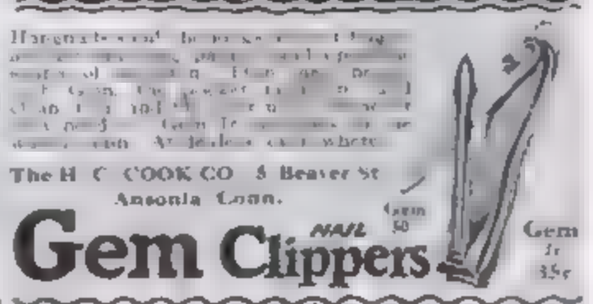

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A SON OF ANAK

(Continued from Page 5)

reared its bulk, like a lion rising from sleep, high above the water, and atop this rock, silhouetted against the light in the west, there was a moving form.

"Hullo," said Thad.

"Girl, isn't it?" Bram asked in a whisper.

"She won't hear you from here," Thad chuckled. "Looks like a girl! Braiding her hair. Lorelei!"

"This isn't the Rhine," Bram reminded him. "There isn't any beer!"

"'Combing her auburn hair!'" Thad hummed; and Bram said argumentatively: "She's no baboon. What's she sitting there for?"

"Probably been swimming," Thad pointed out. His interest quickened. "Say, Bram, maybe she walked out at low tide or something. Maybe she's stuck there. We better go take her off."

"You blamed fool!" Bram said wearily.

"Well, how can you tell?"

"A woman waiting to get drowned doesn't stop to comb her hair," Bram reminded him. "Besides, the tide's near dead low now."

But he held the sloop on her course toward the rock; and Thad chuckled. "Or any other excuse will do," he suggested.

"She hasn't seen us yet," Bram pointed out. "Got her back to us."

"You can't tell, with the light behind her," Thad argued. "She may be looking this way." He added: "Quite a swim from there to shore, at that. Unless there's a beach that runs out."

They were by this time within half a mile of the rock, and Bram looked thoughtfully over the side. "Apt to begin to shoal any time now," he remarked, half to himself. "Not much room for monkeying, with no more wind than there is."

The faint breeze was southeast, and Thad pointed this out. "You can jib," he urged. "Go on, let's see how near we can get."

Thereafter for a while neither spoke. They were watching the figure on the rock ahead of them. The girl had by this time stuffed her hair away under a bathing cap—they could be sure what she did, even at that distance—and sat calmly, her back still turned toward them, her hands resting on the rock at her side, looking toward the northwest, where the sky was darker now, the sun obscured.

"She's probably forty-five," Bram said under his breath; and Thad shook his head.

"No, sir. If she were she'd be dabbling her feet in the water along shore. Nobody but a kid would swim out that far just to see if she could. I'll bet she isn't twenty."

"Next thing you'll be telling me the color of her eyes," Bram derisively protested.

Thad chuckled. "Black," he retorted, "or dark brown. And black hair."

"Huh-uh," Bram argued. "Not her. Her hair's red, or maybe blond, or brown anyway, and her eyes are blue. For a dollar."

"A lot you know."

"No harm trying!"

"I'll take that dollar," Thad assured him.

But the bet was not at once decided. Whether their voices carried on the light breeze as far as where the girl sat, or whether she became conscious by that sixth sense everyone possesses that there was someone watching her, she turned her head. They saw her face in half profile against the sky as she looked at them, and a moment later she was gone. There was no fear in her flight, no suggestion that she was startled or thrown into anything suggestive of a panic. Rather, with a movement smooth and almost furtive, like that with which a wild animal slips into the nearest covert, she came to her feet and dove. Her dive was not spectacular; it was rather the continuation of the movement of rising. She shot out and down the steep face of the rock and took the water cleanly; and a moment later they saw her dark head emerge and an arm flashed, and another, as she swung toward the shore. She swam not in haste, yet rapidly, with a smooth crawl, and they saw her draw toward the shore.

Thad touched Bram's arm. "Turn around," he directed in an undertone. "Beat it, Bram!"

Bram looked at him in faint surprise. "Wait till she lands," he protested.

Thad shook his head. "Bum business," he exclaimed. "I never thought—sneaking up on her the way we did. Go on, Bram. I feel like Peeping Tom already."

Bram hesitated. "Well ——" he said reluctantly. "Oh, all right. That's so, at that." He brought the sloop to her new course and the boom swung above their heads as she jibbed sullenly. The breeze was now a definite one; it heeled the craft sufficiently so that the sail shut out their view of the shore.

Bram said in argumentative tone, "But hang it, she had a bathing suit on."

"You couldn't tell, with the sun behind her," Thad reminded him. "Anyway, the way she dove—something kind of dignified about it. Kind of put us in our place."

Bram grinned ruefully. "Yeah!" he commented.

They sat without speaking for a while. "She must live on the island," Thad suggested. Bram assented with a nod; and after a moment Thad rose and moved toward the companion.

"Where you going?" Bram asked.

Thad yawned. "Oh," he said, "I guess I might as well shave."

II

SPLIT APPLE ISLAND is really, as Thad had seen on the chart, two islands, divided by a narrow and tortuous channel which may be traversed at high tide by small motorboats, and the like, if their navigators know the way. Midway in the Split from east to west, a ledge rises from the water, nearer the northern shore. The channel runs between the ledge and this northern shore, but at low tide not even a dory can go through without scraping its paint upon jagged rock.

That part of the island north of the Split is almost bare of trees. It rises to a somewhat higher elevation than the southern part, and sheep find pasturage. There is no growth larger than the blueberry bushes and the ground pine, save toward the middle of the island, where in a depression that forms a reservoir for the frequent rains a few trees stand.

There are no buildings north of the Split except low shelters for the sheep. But below it there is a village of half a dozen houses, surrounded on all but the water side by a low forest of spruce and fir and hemlock through which a man may with difficulty take his way. A cove runs from the southern end of the island halfway up to the Split, and to the west of this cove a rocky eminence rises a hundred feet or more above the sea. The scattered rocks off the southern point of the island are called locally the Seeds; and a square-ended point just south of the west end of the Split is known as the Stem. There is deep water in the Split at that end, and at the base of the Stem another cove opens southward off the Split, extending for two or three hundred yards and forming a considerable basin. But this cove is seldom visited, for the village and the harbor are on the other side.

A mile and a half to the north there lies a long, narrow, irregularly shaped island where trees have taken root and thrived. By a curious chance, this island is almost exactly the shape of the open water of the Split; hence its name. It is called The Core. With this exception, three or four miles of open water lies on all sides of Split Apple. It rests in a certain isolation; between Vinal Haven and Isle au Haut, between Deer Isle and the sea.

Bram brought the Bargee gently into the little harbor; and when they came under the lee of the land and their way eased, Thad came on deck once more.

Bram said derisively, "Next thing you'll be putting on a necktie."

Thad grinned. "Going to anchor?" he asked.

"Have to," Bram confessed. "Wind's tricky in here. We'd go barging into the wharf."

"I'll dump it when you say," Thad told him, and went forward. Bram held the Bargee on her course while the two surveyed the scene before them. There was a gray wharf with rotten piles, topped by a gray and weathered shed. On a little stretch of shingle two or three dories were pulled up and overturned. Three motorboats of varyingly disreputable lines hung at moorings well offshore. A lobster pound was anchored near the end of the wharf. Along the shore there appeared to be a winding road, and half a dozen houses stood there, white and clean. It was not yet sunset, but the sun was obscured behind those western clouds, which rose now higher in the sky, and an early dusk sat pleasantly upon the little village. A man by the end of the wharf looked out at them in open curiosity. He was engaged in preparing bait for lobster pots; watched them while his hands continued at their tasks. They drew nearer, and when they were within a hundred yards or so Bram called across the water:

"All right to anchor along here?"

The man squinted at them shrewdly. "Pull ahead about ten fathom," he advised. "There's rocks under you where you are." And by and by he called: "Let her go about there!"

Bram brought her up with flapping sail, and when she lost way Thad heaved the anchor over the bow.

"Twenty feet of water," he told Bram. "Want the sail down?"

Bram shook his head. "We'll get out of here in an hour," he replied. "Come on, let's go ashore."

They dropped into the dory at the stern and Bram took the oars and rowed toward the shingle; they stepped ashore there, wetting their feet indifferently in the process, and Thad lifted the small anchor out of the dory and hooked it in the gravel above high-water mark, leaving the craft afloat. They crossed to where the diligent man still sat, and Bram asked:

"Any chance to get some supplies here?"

"Store up at the post office," the man assured them.

"Where's that?"

"Last house—last one you come to—Mis' Harmon's."

"Gas?"

The lobster man shook his head. "None for sale. I got some, but I need it. We go for it, mostly, over't Bottle Harbor or some'rs."

Thad asked, "What's that—lobster bait?" The man nodded. "A bit ripe, isn't it?" Thad suggested.

"They like it so," the man assured them. "Lobsters is low. I never would eat the pesky things Ketched 'em all my life and I ain't et one for thutty year."

"Come on," said Bram; and he and Thad climbed the bank to the road and followed it, the dust clinging to their wet shoes, past the first houses. Here and there someone looked out at them from a kitchen window. An old man with a white beard nodding on the stoop of one house puffed his pipe and stared at them as they went by.

Thad called "Fine evening!"

But the old man made no reply.

"Quiet place," Thad said softly. "They don't seem excited at our dropping in on them."

"Everyone in the place is watching us," Bram assured him. He added: "Wonder where the girl lives."

"There's the post office," Thad pointed.

They had come to the last house. It had a front door and a side door, and above the latter there was nailed a white board with black letters which confessed its official character. Through the window they saw the letter boxes; and when they went in, a woman came to meet them from the rear. She was tying a fresh apron around her waist, and before they could speak she said cheerfully:

"Afternoon! It's been a hot day! I see your boat come in. Guess you're strangers here, ain't you? This is the post office. I'm Mrs. Harmon. You looking for mail, was you?"

Bram shook his head. "Man down at the wharf said we could buy some stuff here."

"Well, I don't run a regular store," Mrs. Harmon explained. "My husband used to, but he's been dead going on seven year, and I ain't the stren'th for it. It takes all my time looking after the mail and the housekeeping and all. I just get in a few things, when the boat comes over, that folks are going to need. There ain't any trade to mention. I says to Joe Plaice last Monday, or maybe it was Tuesday. No, it was Monday. I says: 'Joe, there ain't enough trade here to pay for my time.' And he says: 'Now, Mis' Harmon, if you was to shut up shop I dunno what we'd do for dry groceries.'" She made a curious smacking sound with her lips, as though she kissed herself. "I s'pose I'm a fool, but I keep on the same way. Only not as much as my husband used to. He used to say ——"

Thad remarked in grave sympathy, "He must have been a remarkable man, Mrs. Harmon."

"I guess you knowed him," she challenged, looking at him acutely. Thad shook his head.

"But everyone has heard of him," he assured her; and Bram grinned.

"There wa'n't his like anywhere this part of the bay," she declared. "He was the greatest man you ever see for lobsters. I've had him eat seven at a setting. He'd eat 'em, seemed like, fast as I could boil 'em. And he'd ketch 'em too. He had a line of pots run halfway to Matinicus, and back again a different line. Out every morning at two o'clock till the last week before he died. He was took down awful sudden." She kissed herself again in that relishing way. "Hale and hearty one day, and the next abed, and a week after they buried him. I sold his line of pots to Joe Plaice; and there come a blow before Joe could get out to 'em and took half of 'em right away ——"

Bram asked in mild impatience, "Can you let us have some salt pork?"

"I've got some in a barrel in the shed," she agreed. "I had Will Dipper kill a hog for me last fall and there's some of it left. It was a right nice hog. I raised it myself. I've got two cows, so's there was plenty of milk, and I bought feed, but mostly it kind of rooted around. I got a lot of company out of that hog. Its name was Bill."

Thad chuckled. "Let us have about two pounds of Bill, will you?"

"You set down," she directed. "I'll go cut it off for you." And she disappeared through the door at the rear of the room.

"She's the local newspaper," Bram explained. "All questions answered free of charge. Ask me another."

"She hasn't asked us anything," Thad pointed out. "I thought these people always wanted to know all about strangers."

"They just want someone to talk to," Bram replied. Then Mrs. Harmon came back, wrapping two pounds of Bill as she came.

"I guess you're cruising," she remarked as she entered, "else you wouldn't come in here. Not many does. I dunno what else you wanted to get. I got some coffee and sugar and flour—dry groceries—things that keep—and some canned milk and canned

(Continued on Page 173)

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vegetables. I keep 'em mostly in my pantry—it's a big pantry. My husband was always one to have a stock of victuals in the house. He built a cellar under the house—took him two years, blasting and all. It's all solid ledge here. I could let you have some potatoes and onions and some apples, but the apples ain't very good. They didn't keep well."

"How about gas?" Thad asked. "They tell me you can't get it here."

"There isn't anybody in the village," Mrs. Harmon agreed. "They mostly get what they need when they're out pulling the pots in the morning. Only Cap'n Goodell might have more'n he has any use for. He's got a motorboat he don't use hardly any. I dunno. Like as not he wouldn't let you have it anyways." She kissed herself. "He ain't right neighborly. I've said to him many's the time, 'Cap'n Goodell,' I've said, 'the day'll come when you'll be glad to call on your neighbors, and I'll tell you that.' But he didn't pay any heed. Lives over there by hisself, with that Chinaman and the girl, and don't come near plain folks any more'n if they had the smallpox."

The two young men were listening more attentively.

"Girl? His daughter?" Thad asked.

She nodded vigorously. "She ain't common," she declared. "You'd think to look at her and the way she acts there was something the matter with us, or folks here were different or something. Her ma was from Brazil or somewhere, they say. She never come back here. Cap'n Goodell come back, seven-eight year ago, and fixed the old house some, and brought the girl with him." She smacked her lips. "They say she goes swimming around the island at night, or daytimes either, for that matter, in a way a decent girl wouldn't. She come in here at first to git the mail, but the Chinaman comes now. I dunno when I've seen that girl. Cap'n Goodell was down here yest'day. He comes oncet in so often, and walks around and talks. He's a hand to talk. He's got this Chinaman to cook for him. They say the things they eat would sicken a Christian being!"

"Old sea captain, is he?" Bram asked.

"He was in the China trade thirty-seven years," she agreed. "This here was his brother's and sister's house, but they died, first him and then her; and the cap'n heired it and come back here. They say he brought back a trunkful of gold. He's got it hid in the barn, they say. He goes out there nights with a lantern and blows out the light when he's there. Allus has a plenty of money and nobody knows where it comes from." She kissed herself thoughtfully. "He walks around now like he was on a quarter-deck, and the way he yells at plain folks you'd think they had to jump for him."

"Retired?" Thad commented. "He has no ship now?"

She cackled. "Yes he has, too," she assured him. "Hear him talk you'd think so! You'd think it was a fleet! There's three of them ships they built during the war anchored over in the cove beyond his house—on the mud there pretty near—rusting away, that folks paid good taxes to build. Been there six year, and not worth the price of old iron now. Cap'n Goodell he has charge of them; has to hire them painted and all, ever' so often. He talks about them ships of his like he was an admiral." She was sitting down in a rocking-chair, rocking happily. Outside the dusk grew deeper, and Thad stirred. "He don't come over here much, if it ain't but half a mile. He mostly goes in a motorboat out t'other end of the Split. Got his own boat and that Chinee to run it. But he don't go much. He might have some gasoline."

Thad touched Bram's arm. "Say we go over," he suggested. "Call on the captain. See what he can do for us."

Bram nodded. "You wrap us up a pound of coffee, and a bag of flour, and some canned beans and corn and things. We'll stop on the way back," he promised. "Inside an hour."

"You staying on here tonight?" she asked. "I dunno as anybody can put you up."

"We'll sleep on board," he assured her, and turned toward the door. "We'll see you in an hour," he promised again.

Thad was already outside. Mrs. Harmon came to the door to see them on their way. "You keep right along the road," she directed. "It peters out, kind of. But there's wheel tracks, and you keep going. It's a big house on a knoll over beyond the woods. You can't miss it anyhow—a big house with a kind of arbor on the side. Right over beyond ——"

Her voice trailed away behind them. Thad grinned. "Be a kindness to sit and listen to her for a while," he remarked. "She's busting with loose talk."

"That must be the girl we saw," Bram reminded him.

"Black hair, sure," Thad pointed out. "With a Brazilian mother."

"We ought to get a look at her," Bram agreed. He glanced back toward the harbor. The breeze was quickening overhead, but the sloop lay sheltered there, her sail flapping indolently. "She'll be all right," he decided. "It won't blow any harder. Come along."

The road climbed to the edge of the wood, and they could look behind them across the bay. The water stirred in somber fashion, dull and gray in the dusk. The firs lay black at their left hand, and across the open water of the Split rose the rolling terraces of the sheep pasture there. A silent sea gull winged overhead, and a fish hawk soared by against the sky. The hush of evening was falling. The wheel tracks dipped into a run packed with alders, then began to climb again. The two friends strode silently side by side.

III

THE way they followed took Thad and Bram through a fringe of trees, mounting at last a sharp ascent to emerge from the wood into an open space semicircular in shape, with the Split forming the straight side. It was by this time late dusk, yet they saw quite clearly the big white house, set on a knoll above the water, shed and barn trailing away beyond. On the side nearest them there was such an arbor as Mrs. Harmon had promised they would see. For the rest, the structure was one of those uncompromising old houses, two stories in height, with a great square chimney in the middle like a backbone, which are so usual in Maine. The house was painted white and the paint seemed in good repair. The windows were small, uniform along the front and the end which was presented to the two as they approached.

Those small windows could scarce have been sufficient to illuminate the rooms indoors; yet nowhere did any lights appear, and Thad spoke of this.

"Funny it isn't lit up," he pointed out. "Everything shut. No sign of anyone around. Wonder if the cap'n's home."

Bram shook his head. "Soon know," he pointed out. "They're probably in the kitchen having supper—around the other side. Come on."

Thad lighted a cigarette. "You know," he said diffidently, "the sight of it gives me a queer feeling. It has a deserted look, or something of the sort. Can't just put my finger on it."

"They all look that way," Bram assured him. "As though no one ever lived in them. It's the same inside. Every piece of furniture in a particular place, just so." He added as they came along the road toward the front of the house: "They've even got a lawn. See that figurehead set up there—woman with a harp. Probably off the old boy's ship. And a mast for a flagpole."

Thad stopped to examine the figurehead. "Sort of a mermaid, with a square tail," he commented. "Where was this, Bram—set up on the bow somewhere?"

"Underneath the jib boom," Bram told him. "Sometimes they had one hand shading their eyes, like an old-fashioned cigar-store Indian. I used to know a man who carved figureheads. It was all he did."

"And a gilded harp," Thad remarked. "What do we do now, Bram? Work the knocker."

"Round to the kitchen door," Bram advised. "There's nobody in the front of the house." He led the way across the lawn, around the corner of the house. The shed and barn lay beyond. There was a door with a stone slab before it, in this side of the house, and Bram turned toward it, but Thad touched his arm.

"Here comes somebody," he said softly.

Two men had, indeed, emerged from the cover of the firs and hemlocks just beyond the corner of the barn, and now came toward them. They were talking together, and for a minute neither of them saw Thad and Bram. But when they did they stopped and stood a moment as though in doubt, and then came on again. Thus advancing, they drew a little apart from each other—that is to say, one of the men came directly toward Bram and Thad, while the other slipped to one side and advanced along the wall of the shed, pausing for a moment by the shed door. At the same time the other addressed the two in a booming voice that seemed to Thad, even in that moment, to have a quaver in its truculence.

"What do you want here?" this man demanded. "Good evening, gentlemen." This as he came within easier vision. "You want to see me?"

They saw a man with a full and heavy body, whose thick arms hung a little away from his sides, whose hands had that pudgy look which hands wear which have dealt stout buffets in their time. He was past sixty, Thad thought; yet his voice was heavy and full.

His mustache covered the line of his mouth, and below it a broad chin jutted firmly from a nest of fat. His were the narrowed eyes meshed in a nest of wrinkles which men wear who have peered for many years across wide and sunlit spaces. You will see such eyes in seamen, in woodsmen, in men of the plains. This man's cheek was brown as leather, and there was something nautical in the square-topped cap he wore, and the fullness of his trousers about his shoes.

"I expect you're Cap'n Goodell," Thad said gently.

"That's correct," the big man agreed, and he blew through his lips as though he were panting from his walk. "None other. What do you want of me?"

"I guess we're lucky to find you at home," Thad told him courteously.

"No, no," said the captain, and puffed again. "No, I'm always at home in the evening—usually somewhat earlier than this." He made some explanation. "I strolled down to inspect the ships left here in my charge." He bent to look at his trouser leg, and they saw a bilious, yellowish-red smear there. "Cheap paint for cheap ships," he added explosively, more to himself than to them, and then looked toward the two again. "They sent a crew from Rockland to paint them," he explained. "Paint's a fortnight old and not dry yet. Cheap paint, but it's all that holds them together."

Bram said provocatively, "That sounds like Shipping Board vessels, sir."

"Three of them," the captain agreed. "They were moored down in the cove here some years ago, and they've been left there. At first I kept them pumped out. A gas pump on deck, with pipes to get suction from the bilge. An hour a day would keep them dry then, but six and eight hours a day now will barely do it. They'll be sitting in the mud in another six months, and no power on earth to stop them—cheap ships. But in my day, young man, a man would take a rotten trash basket like one of those hulls and jam her through the worst that blew."

"Why not let them rust away?" Thad asked; and the captain blew through his lips.

"Pflugh!" he ejaculated. "Not while they're in my charge, sir. I'll resign first. Yes, sir, I'll not assume the responsibility much longer. They'll make no scapegoat out of me. I demanded paint this year—three coats of it. They compromised on one—on the upper works—to keep the rust off. Dry dock's what they need."

"You've got a gas engine to pump them?" Bram remarked.

"A miserable device," the captain said explosively. "No Christian can make it behave. I leave its management to Lee Wing there." He looked toward the shed door, but the other man had disappeared and he exclaimed: "Where's that Chinaman gone? He was here a minute ago!"

Thad said alertly, "He went into the shed. I'll see if he's still there." He crossed to the door and called into the dark interior: "Lee—Lee Wing!" But he had no answer, and the captain said resentfully:

"That's a trick of his—always slipping around corners. He's not the man his uncle was. I had old Joe Lee for twenty-seven years and no man ever had a better servant. Then the old fool had to go and die a month ago, and wish this fellow onto me. Now I never know where anything is. He can make the pump engine run, though; I'll give him that much credit. But he's always around. Can't turn my head that he isn't at my elbow. Can't come downstairs in the middle of the night without running into him. Can't go down to look over my ships without his sticking at my heel. And then when I want him he's not here."

"About this gas engine," Bram insisted. "They told us you might spare some gasoline."

"Who told you that?" the old man exploded.

"Mrs. Harmon," Bram confessed, "at the post office."

"Pflugh!" said Cap'n Goodell. "That chatterbox. She'll tell you anything. I've as much gas as I need and no more. Anybody down in the village with any gumption would have gas for sale. No, sir, not a drop to spare, gentlemen. You're stuck, I'm afraid."

Bram said dryly, "Not quite that bad! We've got sail."

"Sail!" the old captain ejaculated. "Then what are you doing with an engine? What sort of misbegotten craft are you using, young man? What good is power in a craft that carries sail? What do you want with gas anyway?"

Thad said cheerfully, "That's what I say, sir. When we have it the engine won't run, and when we get her started we run out of gas."

"You can't ask a ship to sail with a load of iron dragging underfoot," Cap'n Goodell assured them. "What have you got?"

"An old sloop," Bram confessed. "Used to be the Nellie. Bought her from Finlayson, in Friendship. We've renamed her the Bargee."

"I know that sloop," Cap'n Goodell agreed. "Stinks of haddock and cod. Bargee! Humph! Blasted good name for the tub. You don't look the sort that would be content with her. Where you bound for?"

"Nowhere," Thad assured him. "That's why we don't mind, sir. If the wind dies we're as well off there as anywhere." He added: "Just now, we're figuring on a day or two ashore. Been sleeping on board, and it's stuffy. There ought to be a good camp site around here somewhere."

"Don't stop here," Cap'n Goodell advised. "The folks here will talk you to death. Run up to the Core. Know where that is? A mile or so north of the harbor. There's good anchorage in a cove on the northeast side. Don't cross between the Core and this island—lot of ledges in there. Good anchorage and a beach and a spring of good water. Emily and I go up there once in a while to spend the day. No sheep on the island; beautiful trees and turf—delightful spot."

"Emily?" Thad prompted.

(Continued on Page 176)

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Camden, N. J.

(Continued from Page 173)

"My daughter, sir."

Bram said, "Mind if we walk down and have a look at your ships, Cap'n Goodell?"

"Come by daylight," the captain advised. "I'll be pleased to allow you to inspect them." He had softened perceptibly, as though he found pleasure in their presence. "Have you had supper, gentlemen? Come in and sup with us."

Bram looked at Thad, but Thad said courteously: "Thank you, no. We're not presentable. We'll call some day by daylight. We're keeping you."

As though in confirmation of this guess, the kitchen door opened, and they saw, again in silhouette, but this time against the lamplit kitchen instead of against the glare of an afternoon sun, the figure of a girl. Her garb was a different one, but their recognition was, for all that, positive and instant.

For a moment she stood there, looking out at them where they stood in half darkness

Then she said gravely, "Father, supper's ready!"

Cap'n Goodell nodded. "All right, Emily." He spoke to the two again. "You won't stay and eat? Good night, then. Take my advice and move up to the Core tonight. There's a moon, and nothing in the way."

Bram agreed. "Guess we will," he said. The door closed behind him, and Bram spoke to Thad.

"Let's go down and have a look at those ships," he suggested, "dark or no dark."

Thad held his arm, and his voice was gleeful. "Come away," he countered. "Hush! Don't talk!" And not till they were beyond hearing distance of the house would he say more, for all Bram's urgings.

"Bram," he whispered then, "there's something doing back there—something queer. Did you see the Chinaman?"

"He didn't come near enough," Bram protested.

"I know," Thad agreed. "That's just it. He slid away and ducked through the shed and into the house. I could see him through the kitchen window, moving around in there; but he went into the front room afterward, in the dark, and looked out at us. I could see his face—see the white blur of it behind the glass. He was worried, Bram—or cautious, or something."

"Shucks," Bram protested, "you're always seeing things."

"I'll bet he had a hatchet up his sleeve," Thad insisted; and his eyes, even in the dark, were shining. "Something going on, Bram. The old man's a lightweight. This Chinaman's putting something over on him. I'm coming back here."

Bram jeered. "Sure you are. But not for any Chinaman," he said accusingly. "Don't try to kid me. I'm coming back, too, for that matter; and I don't care whether he's a Chinaman or a Siamese twin."

Thad nodded. "You're thinking of the girl," he agreed, and was a moment silent. "I saw her in the kitchen," he said at last, "before she came to the door. Didn't see her face, but her hair's black, or at least dark brown."

"She's a husky kid," Bram commented.

"Juno," Thad murmured, and Bram chuckled.

"First she was Lorelei," he reminded the other, "now Juno! What's the matter with her own name?"

"Emily?"

"Sure."

Thad whistled gently, made no more definite reply. They came presently to the village, evaded this time any lengthy passage with Mrs. Harmon, secured their purchases and made their way down to the water. The dory was still afloat; there was a half moon well up in the western sky. The steady little breeze bore them easily out of the harbor. Bram gave the rocky headlands fair room before changing course to the north; and they found the wind had somewhat stiffened, so they ran for a mile or two, and then the old sloop spun complainingly on her heel into the wind and tacked and bore this time straight for the low dark blur that was the Core, vivid in the moonlight.

Thad had fish sizzling in the pan and coffee on the stove in the forecastle before Bram brought her into the sheltered anchorage on the northeast side of the Core and tossed the hook overside. They ate supper on deck by moonlight, and without dissent left the dishes till morning. With blankets from the bunks, they dropped into the dory and rowed ashore; and they stripped there and swam on the yellow beach and then stretched on their blankets for a last cigarette before rolling more snugly for slumber. Between them and the moon the sloop bobbed gently, and they could hear the creaking of her gear. Behind them the wind murmured among the black growth which grew close down to the shore. Sand fleas, disturbed by their presence, hopped about their heads, lighted on their faces, hopped away again. Far off somewhere a sleepy bell buoy tolled and a mile or so northeastward the light that marks Deer Island Thoroughfare beamed at them cheerfully.

Thad said drowsily at last, "We'll go down there again tomorrow."

But Bram, already asleep, did not hear what Thad thus proposed.

IV

BRAM woke first in the morning. He roused slowly, opening his eyes at last without moving. He was lying on his right side, his arm under his head for a pillow; and he lay for a while, thinking he might go back to sleep again. But the longer he waited the more wide-awake he became, and in the end he threw back the flap of blanket which shaded his eyes and turned on his back quietly, so as not to wake Thad.

It was light, would soon be day. The eastern sky was gold behind a veil of mist and cloud, and the sun would presently be rising. Overhead, between him and the blue, skeins of mist drifted on the morning breeze; and when he looked toward the water he saw faint wisps of vapor rising from it here and there. The tide had turned, was running in, lapping toward them over the sand. The Bargee tilted drunkenly at her anchorage.

Bram rose on one elbow and looked at Thad, still asleep two paces to one side. Thad lay on his back; and since the night had been warm, he had failed, in his sleep, to hold his blankets tight around him. He lay on his back, and one arm stretched along the sand toward Bram, and that hand lay palm up, the fingers curled inward. Thad's other arm was upflung beside his head. He slept as a baby sleeps—relaxed and soundlessly, seeming scarce to breathe. There was a little moisture on his fair hair—a faint dew. Their blankets were beaded with it, and the sand was faintly darkened. Bram looked down at Thad for a long time with a strange and stirring tenderness.

"Looks like a kid," he murmured under his breath, and grinned. "Darned little shrimp!"

He wished to wake Thad, to curse him roundly so that Thad might understand the love he bore him; but he did not. Bram was usually the first to wake, for Thad slept always as deeply as a child, while Bram roused like an animal at any least movement near at hand. So Bram had learned to let Thad sleep as long as might be.

"But it won't be long now," he decided. "The sun'll hit him in the eye."

And he sprawled on his back, his clenched fists one atop the other under his head to lift it so that he might watch the sunrise. There was a wooded point between him and the sun; he saw it in blue-black silhouette against the bright sky behind. The trees formed a heavy lacework shot with fire; and behind them the light seemed to boil and stir, till abruptly the sun—a round red ball—burst through the mists and fog which clouded it. It was still low, still behind the trees; it climbed while Bram watched, so that he could almost measure its movement; and by and by it rose above the tops of the trees and the lacy pattern of them disappeared as they became an opaque mass again. The red sun laid a red band across the glassy water in the cove; outside, this band was ragged where the faint breeze ruffled the surface. The sun rose higher and the surface of the bay began to steam. A fog bank formed to the southeast and crept in across the water. Bram leaned over very gently and drew the flap of Thad's blanket over the other's face to shade his eyes.

Then he got up and stripped and waded into the water. It seemed as cold as ice, and his feet ached before he was deep enough to swim. He emerged after a little, tingling and smarting, and without dressing dragged the dory down the sand till it was afloat, and rowed it gingerly—lest the clatter of the oars waken Thad—out to the Bargee. He went aboard and collected food and utensils and came ashore again. There was thick fog all around them now, but it began to thin and break into bands and strata. A low bank of it lay between him and Isle au Haut; he could see the tops of the hills above this band of fog, and blue sky beyond. Above that again a low cloud hung. The fog and the cloud were a dull whitish gray; the sky was silver blue.

"Burn off by and by," he decided. "Another good day."

And he gathered sticks and built a little fire.

The crackling of the flames roused Thad, and he rolled in his blankets and called sleepily: "What's big idea? Waking a man up at the crack of dawn!"

"Roll out," Bram told him joyously. "Think I'm going to run your bath for you. What do you think you are—a queen or something?"

Thad grinned. "Bring me my coffee in bed," he directed, and drew the blankets around him again.

"I'll pour it down your neck," Bram assured him. "Get up and wash these plates—scour 'em in sand. That'll do."

Thad snored; and Bram dropped a slice of salt pork in the fry pan. "You're no star boarder, you know," he reminded the other. "I'll come over and heave you into the bay if you don't move."

"You and who else?" Thad chuckled derisively; and Bram strode toward him and Thad sat up. "Oh, if you're going to make a row."

Bram made a pass at him, cuffed at him; and Thad parried the stroke and dodged to his knees. Bram grinned.

"Go on back to sleep if you want," he said. "I can do what there is. I'll sing out when things are ready."

Thad rubbed his eyes. "Oh, I'll get up," he volunteered. He looked out across the bay. The fog was already thinning, shot with sun. Through its substance they could see at some distance slicks of sunlit water, dark rippled streaks between. Objects a little way off lost their outline, became blurred in mystery. The fog seemed thickest at a distance; the eye easily penetrated its nearer veils. The wind streaks on the water, where the ripples ran, moved to and fro; they scurried, lifted, dipped again. Bits of driftwood seemed to float above the water rather than in it; the clumsy sloop, at her anchorage, rode against the sky, high above them. The water seemed to slant steeply upward from where they were to the horizon, lost in mist beyond.

Thad yawned again and looked at Bram. Bram had pulled on a flannel shirt for the sake of warmth against the morning chill. His legs were bare.

"How's the water?" Thad asked.

"Good," Bram assured him, grinning.

"Yeah!" Thad commented. "Well, I guess I'll go simmer in it for a while." He slipped out of his clothes, waded into the shallows; his body was gold against the silver fog, and the wind stirred his hair. "Golly," he said, half to himself, at the cold sting of it, and he began to run,

(Continued on Page 178)

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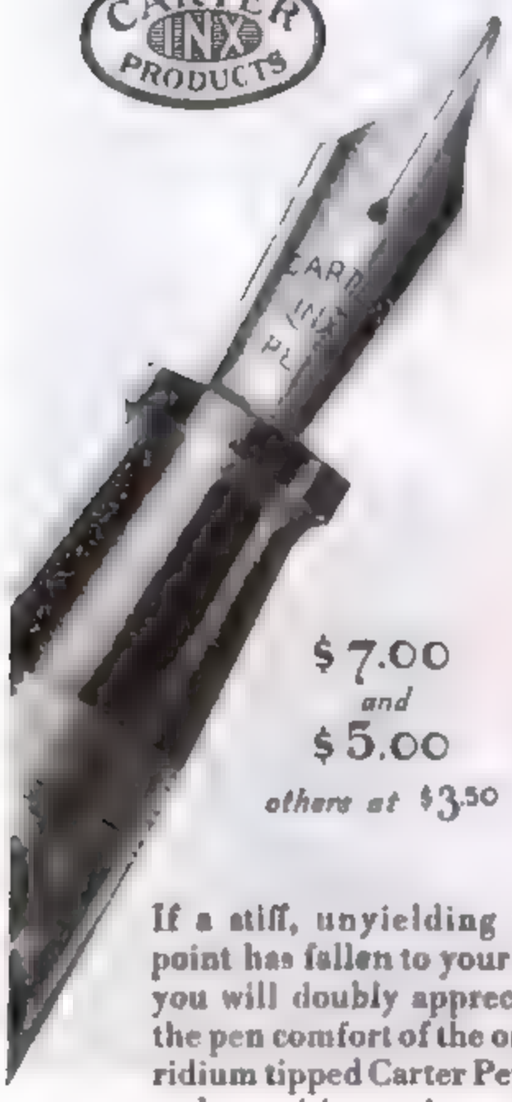

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(Continued from Page 176)

splashing through the lesser depths. His splashing left dark blotches on the bright surface of the sea. Presently he flung himself forward in a long flat dive and his arms stroked the water smoothly and his feet kicked a high spray. He swung and came back and sprinted up the beach and back again. Bram, squatting over the frying pan where a fillet of haddock sizzled, watched him till the fish stuck to the pan.

They ate, and washed the dishes, and the sun warmed them. They spread their blankets and put rocks to hold them down; then sprawled on the sand and lighted cigarettes. Bram sat erect, hugging his knees. Thad lay on his back and wiggled his toes because there was sand between them. He hummed a doleful tune under his breath.

"You owe me a dollar," he said.

Bram grunted. "What for?"

"It's black," Thad reminded him, "or dark brown."

"I said brown hair," Bram argued, "and blue eyes."

Thad sat up. "Wonder what about that Chinaman," he exclaimed. "I dreamed about him, Bram. Something peculiar ——"

Bram chuckled. "'Ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain,'" he chanted, and Thad nodded.

"'The heathen Chinee is peculiar,'" he agreed. "But just the same," he considered, with wrinkled brows, "what was that about his uncle? Wonder what happened to the old boy—the uncle? I wouldn't put it past nephew to slap a hatchet into him, or feed him ground glass or gold leaf or something. Gentle arts, the Chinese know."

"It's the Japs that snuff gold leaf," Bram argued. "I read a book about it once."

"You're crazy. They carry a special sword—take two hands to it. I've seen them."

"Where?"

"The swords, I mean. In a shop in Chicago."

"Huh!" said Bram.

Thad slapped his knee. "I bet he's after the captain's treasure chest," he exclaimed. "'Member? Mrs. Harmon said the old boy had a trunkful of gold in the barn, or somewhere. I bet nephew's tapping it."

Bram grinned and lay back on the sand. "Go on with your story," he urged derisively. "You interest me strangely. Say, Thad, some day you'll get your nose pinched."

"Oh, I'm not taking a hand," Thad promised. "But I've a hunch, at that. Something going on there."

Bram stirred and sat up again. "Hullo," he remarked, "there's a plane. See it." He pointed, and Thad discovered the aeroplane, three or four miles south of where they sat, heading northeastward.

"On patrol, probably," he guessed. "Looking for rum runners." He grinned. "Maybe the Chink is a bootlegger"

"The old boy didn't offer us a drink," Bram commented indifferently. "He's a noisy old windbag. I'd hate to ship under him."

"Blowing to keep his courage up," Thad hazarded. "Talks loud so no one will find him out. He's a shell. I think he's scared of that Chinaman."

"Oh, get that Chink out of your head," Bram protested. "You're the darnedest hand I ever saw to look for trouble. Can't let folks alone. What if he is? It doesn't make any difference to you. It's his show." He added, as an afterthought: "Unless the girl's in it!"

Thad shook his head. "She didn't act scared."

"She wouldn't," Bram argued. "You can't scare that girl. Remember the way she made us feel small, slipping off the rock down there."

They smoked in silence for a while. "Captain said he and the girl come up here for picnics sometimes," Thad reminded Bram. "To the spring back there. Maybe they'll come today."

Bram grinned derisively. "You going to shave again?"

"Let's stay till they do come," Thad suggested laughingly. "It's comfortable here."

The other snorted, and after a minute he got to his feet. "Come on," he proposed. "Let's have a look around." The fog had burned away, the breeze had quickened, and the whitecaps were dancing in the sun against the blue water of the bay. "Let's walk around the island."

Thad nodded and got to his feet. They pulled on their shoes and set out along the beach. At the end of the cove, rocks came sheer to the water, and they climbed to walk along the turf at the edge of the wood. Harebells bloomed among the rock crevices and there were daisies in the tall grass where the sun struck fair. The sod was littered with bleached clam shells and the spiny skeletons of sea urchins and of crabs, borne here by gulls and crows to be devoured. Thad picked up one of the sea-urchin shells and exclaimed at the lacy pattern formed by tiny pinholes on the inside. He broke it in his hands.

"A piece of this would do to set in a brooch or something," he remarked. "It's beautiful! I wonder if it can be polished."

"The birds eat them," Bram said in a practical tone. A fishing boat under power, the exhaust inaudible because the wind was wrong, passed from west to east a mile north of them as they rounded the upper end of the island. They looked across toward the Camden hills, northwestward. The Fox Islands lay between, and Bram pointed them out.

"North Haven and Vinal Haven," he explained. "That's Islesboro over yonder. We went north of there on the way east, you remember. Darkharbor's on Islesboro. That boat probably belongs there."

A speed boat was slashing up the bay, miles away; they could see the white furrow of spray which it threw aside as its hull plowed the water.

Thad said, "Reminds me, we've got to get some gas. Bottle Harbor, they said, didn't they?"

Bram nodded. "We'll run down this afternoon," he agreed.

They made the circuit of the island, pausing for a while to look off to the south where Split Apple lay. From this point of view they could see only the smaller northern island where sheep were pastured; it rose in a high roll like a moor, tawny green or darker green where grass or ground pine grew, and there was a fringe of rocks along the shore. Captain Goodell's house was not visible, but Thad stood a long time looking in that direction, till Bram drew him at last away.

When they came back to the anchorage it was near noon, and Thad was hungry. While they were washing dishes Bram remarked, among the little islands to the east, six or eight fishing boats gathered about a patch of water that glimmered like silver; and he stood up and shaded his eyes to see the better.

Thad asked "What's the matter?"

"Say," Bram exclaimed, "that's a school of mackerel, on a bet. Not often they strike in here. Come on, Thad, let's go fishing." He started, almost running, toward the dory on the beach.

"Shucks," Thad protested, "I've caught fish before."

"You never caught mackerel! Greatest sport you ever saw. I've got some jigs on the Bargee. We'll get 'em. Come on."

Thad squatted where he was. "Go ahead," he said cheerfully. "I'll stay here."

"Come on!"

"Oh, go on if you want. I'll take a nap. Or maybe I'll go down and get some gas. I'd like to handle her alone once—see if I can"

Bram said impatiently, "You darned fool, you don't get a chance to fish for mackerel very often around here. Come on."

Thad shook his head. "I don't want to, Bram," he insisted patiently. "You go on. I won't take the boat if you don't think I can manage."

"Oh, go ahead if you want," Bram exclaimed half resentfully. "I'm going fishing." He piled into the dory, pushed her off, then checked repentantly. "Want me to put you aboard, Thad?"

"I'll swim out," Thad called. "Rather I wouldn't go?"

"Go ahead," Bram said again. "You can read the chart. 'By. I'll be back by sunset, probably." He leaned on the oars. His fishing gear was aboard the sloop and he stopped there long enough to get it, then rowed on again, with the choppy stroke which eats up distance tirelessly. As he rowed he could see Thad moving about, cleaning the dishes, piling them together. Later, about the time he reached the edge of the disturbed water where the mackerel moved, he saw the sloop's sail rise laboriously and catch the wind. He had a momentary misgiving, for Thad had till this summer never sailed a boat; but he stifled his fears. The day was fair, the wind comfortable, and Thad had resources upon which to draw. Bram threw his jig, and a mackerel struck it and he forgot Thad for the sport in hand.

He fished till he was tired, till his dory was sluggish with its load; and he sold his catch, save half a dozen which he kept for their own provisioning, to one of the other boats. So started at last on the long row back to the island. Now and then, as he drew nearer it, he looked over his shoulder for any sign of the Bargee's sail, but it did not appear. By the time he landed on the beach he was beginning to regret that he had let Thad go away alone, but he put this concern aside as absurd. Thad would be along by and by.

While he waited for Thad to come he sprawled on the beach and pretended to go to sleep. The sun was low and the spruce wood threw a belt of shadow across the beach to the water's edge. There was already the hush of evening in the air. But Bram was not sleepy. The breeze held steady, sufficient to bring the Bargee home. Bram assured himself that it would appear soon around the northern end of the island. By and by he decided to cook supper, so that food would be ready when Thad should arrive.

He dallied at the task, and the sun set and dusk thickened across the water. Thad ought to be here. Bram abandoned the business of cooking, and with a sudden thought he started off afoot around the southern end of the island. Thad might have tried to pass between Split Apple and the Core and come to grief upon one of the ledges there. But, though there was still enough light so that his glance could sweep the water, the sloop was not there. He went on to a point that looked toward Vinal Haven.

The night was clear, the waxing moon was radiant; the very stars were so bright they seemed to cast a shadow. Bram thought he could have seen the sail of the sloop as far as by day, but it was not in sight. He began to be more and more concerned. Then it occurred to him that Thad might have sailed around the northern end of the island while he walked around the southern shore, and he cut directly across through the thicket of spruce and fir to the beach; emerged there scratched and torn and irritated. The sloop was not there.

Bram was angry at his own fears, and he sat down somewhat sullenly, and rekindled the fire and cooked and ate his supper. He was afraid for Thad's safety, fearful of some obscure mishap; and because he was afraid, he was also resentful. He told himself that Thad was thoughtless; decided that Thad should have stayed here. He grumbled and muttered, and fed the fire with little sticks, and once he made fresh coffee in case Thad should presently return.

The stars marched across the sky; the heavens were brilliant with them. On this night three of the planets and the half moon were all visible at the same time. A bright star which Bram judged to be Venus

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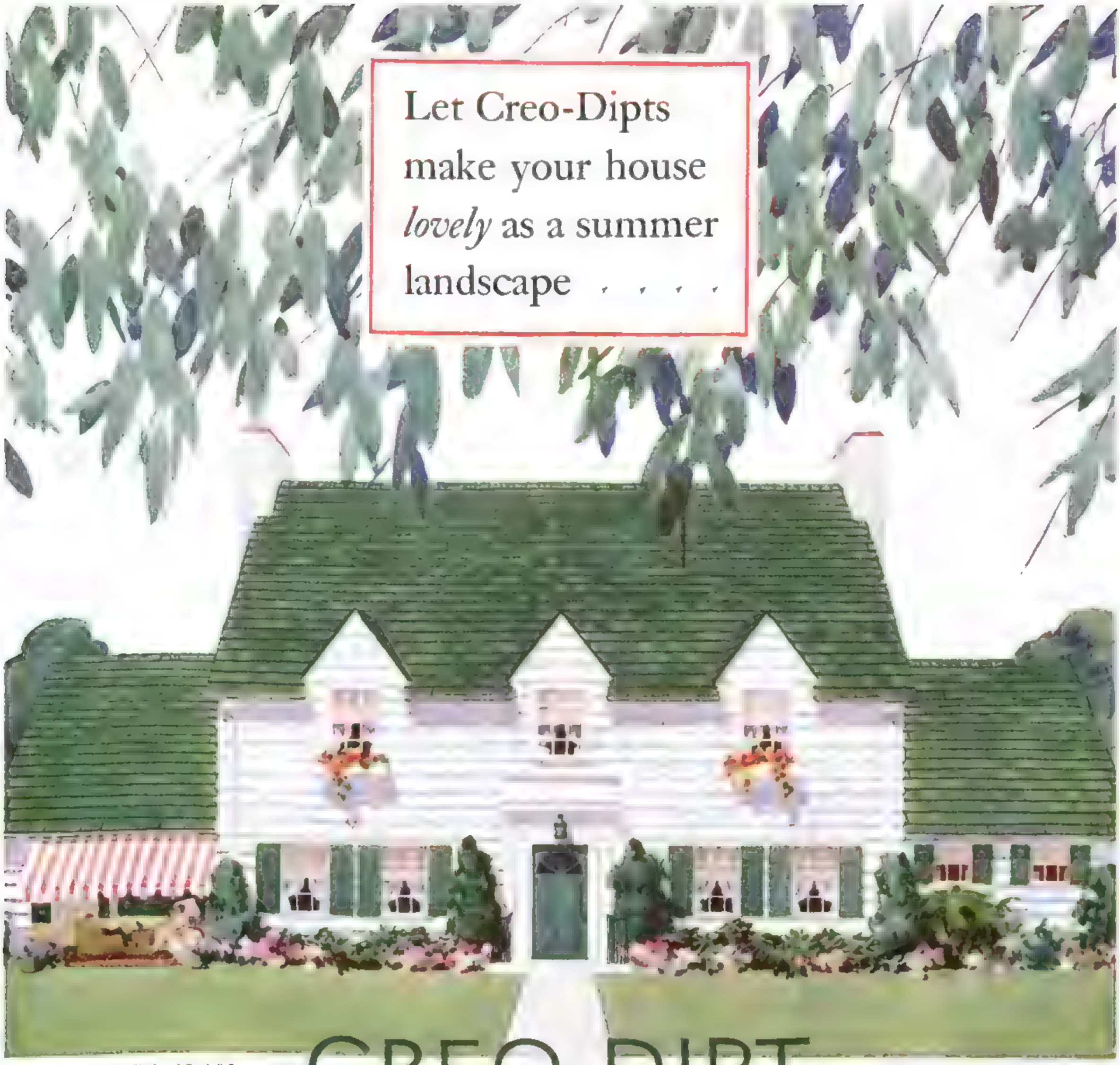

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(Continued from Page 178)

led the van, was the first to set. Jupiter pursued her out of sight behind the spruces, as though bent upon one of those ardent enterprises to which his energies were so often directed. The half-moon followed, by and by, to see; and Mars was left to burn jealously in the cloudless sky. The night was chill, but Bram found himself perspiring sickly. He was no longer angry at Thad; he was more and more afraid.

Once he rolled in his blankets and tried to sleep; again, he rose and strode up and down the sand. By and by he heard, far off to the south, the put-put of a motorboat. That might be the Bargee, coming home under power. But the sound came no nearer; rather, it receded. Then he heard other motorboats, and he looked at his watch—half after one. Lobster fishermen: going out to pull their pots. They would be back with full loads at dawn. He wound his watch.

Bram went down and stood by the dory. Then he returned and sat beside the fire. Two o'clock—three. The east began to fade from star-lit black to gray.

His fears came to a boil, and he swung suddenly back to the dory again. Sitting here! Thad might be in trouble, might need him. There was anodyne in action, anyway.

He shoved the dory free, sprung the heavy oars. Thought sickly, yet with passion too:

"By gad, if anything's happened to Thad!"

Fear gibbered at him in the long hour before the dawn.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MEDDLE PLAY

(Continued from Page 45)

"H'mph! Nothin' 'bout what I done to git a swelled head over."

"Tha's the longest drive ever walloped offen this tee."

"Di'n't I say it was gwine be?"

"Uh-huh. An' not believin' you cost me ten bucks." Lyric appeared to think. "But drivin' ain't all there is to the game. There's other shots too."

"Cinch!" snapped the triumphant Florian.

"You got a knack fo' drivin'," goaded Lyric. "But you never would make no golf player."

"Who says?"

"I does."

"Breeze what you wastes. I can beat you right now."

Someone in the crowd laughed. "Quit kiddin' yo'se'f, Florian," advised this person. "This heah is a scientifical game."

"Boloney! Tha's what this fancy dancer says it is."

"I sure do," murmured Lyric sweetly. "An' any time you think you can beat me a game Ise willin' to give you a chance."

"Fo' money?" inquired the canny Mr. Slappey.

"We-e-ell ——"

"Scared, ain't you? Won't bet with me 'cause I just cleaned you out of ten dollars, huh? Why, dawg-gone it, you gimme two weeks to learn the rules an' what I'd do to you would be somethin' terrible!"

"I don't think so."

"You ain't willin' to bet."

"Who says I ain't?"

"Well, is you is or is you ain't?"

"I is," announced the delighted pro.

"How much?"

"Any amount you got."

"That don't mention no dollars."

Lyric recognized that the moment was golden. Florian was flushed with triumph and was disdainful of the game of golf. He was riding on the crest of a wave and there was an enthusiastic crowd to cheer him to his downfall. Mr. Gatchel walked very close to Florian and stared him in the eye.

"I ain't no piker, Brother Slappey. An' I don't aim to start crawfishin' now. So if you think you is good, I offer to play you one game of golf two weeks fum now fo' two hundred dollars."

There was a gasp from the crowd. Two hundred —— Clematis Clegg, not unmindful of her fondness for Mr. Slappey, pressed his arm.

"You better not, Florian. Lyric is a wizzid."

"Beating wizzids is the fondest thing I is of."

"But, Florian ——"

"Don't but me, gal. This slice of tripe figures to scare me off by talkin' lots of money." Florian faced the triumphant golf pro: "I assepts yo' challenge an' yo' bet, funny boy, but I insists that us put up cash."

"I got mine right now."

"An' I got mine too. The dices was good to me las' night an' Ise flush. But I never earned no easier money than this."

The money was produced and intrusted to Lawyer Chew, who was selected sole arbiter of the great match.

Lyric fired a question at Mr. Slappey: "What'll it be, Florian—match or medal play?"

"Says which?"

"Is us gwine play match or medal?"

"You says words, fancy man, but they don't make no sense. What at is you drivin' in plain English?"

"Us plays eighteen holes, which is the regalar game," explained Lyric. "Sometimes folks plays hole by hole—that is, each hole is like a li'l' match in itself. An' the man that wins the most holes gets the victory. In medal play us bofe plays all eighteen holes an' counts the total strokes."

"Us medals," decided Florian. "But we gits somebody to do the countin' fo' us."

"Suits me. An' I got one suggestion."

"Be as suggestive as you like. What is it?"

"You better let yo' counter bring an adding machine."

A few minutes later Florian departed from the Shining Star Country Club with Miss Clematis Clegg, leaving behind a group of excited persons. Clematis was not happy.

"How come you an' Lyric cain't be friends?" she inquired.

"I don't crave to be friends with no tripes."

"Mistuh Gatchel is a swell feller."

"H'mph! Lots of folks don't look no furtherer than monkey clothes."

"An' I hated to see you make any such bet, Florian, 'cause you has just the same as gave two hund'ed dollars to Lyric."

"Ha-ha!" Mr. Slappey emitted a dry laugh. "I reckon you thought I had gave him that ten dollars, too, di'n't you?"

"Uh-huh. But that drive you hit was just an accident."

"Gal, it seems like you ain't got no confidence in me a-tall. How come?"

"I has got confidence in you, Florian. But also I has confidence in Lyric Gatchel, an' he's the most expertest cullud golfer I has ever seen. You know what he did the other day?"

"What?"

"He shot that nine-hole course two times in seventy-three."

"Seventy-three what?"

"Strokes."

"Gosh! You mean he used up all them strokes playin' eighteen holes? He's the most 'stravagant man I ever heard tell of."

Later that evening certain friends of Florian's came to him. Without exception their countenances reflected profound lugubriosity as they informed him that he had kissed two hundred dollars farewell.

"Lyric tricked you, tha's what he done, Florian. It was a miracle you walloped that drive, an' then he just led you on scientific until you was offerin' to bet two hund'ed dollars."

Florian scoffed, but he could not fail to be slightly impressed by the unanimous array of pessimistic opinion. Accordingly he went next day to the Roebuck Country Club and called into conference a colored caddie named Napoleon.

Florian had once heard a white gentleman say that Napoleon could beat 90 per cent of the star players in the Birmingham district and so Mr. Slappey concluded that perhaps his colored friend might know something about the game. He dragged Napoleon off into the shade of an oak tree and disclosed to him the nature of his gambling agreement with Lyric Gatchel.

"Now I know there must be somethin' to this heah game," admitted Mr. Slappey, "an' so I come to ask you what to do first."

Napoleon bent sorrowful eyes upon his friend. "First of all, Mistuh Slappey," he said, "I'd suggest that you go to Lawyer Chew an' notifry him to turn all that money over to Brother Gatchel."

"What kind of foolishment is that which you utters?"

"'Tain't no foolishment, Florian. I been caddyin' fo' seven years an' practicin' all that time, an' till yet I ain't much good. This heah Lyric is fine."

"Ise gwine be more fine."

"Like thunder you is! Yestiddy you was fine when you hit that drive. Today, if you practice you gits to be no good. Tomorrow you will be rotten an' the next day terrible. Tha's golf, Florian."

"But," explained Mr. Slappey, "I've got two whole weeks to learn the game."

"In that time you might maybe learn to putt, but nothin' mo'."

"Then—then you think he's gwine beat me?"

"Nos-suh, I don't think nothin' like that I know it."

Florian rose and paced up and down "I—I got to win!" he announced.

"Got to ain't will. You ain't got a chance."

"But I cain't affowd to lose them two hund'ed dollars."

"You ain't gonna lose 'em, Florian. They is a'ready lost."

"I—I has been in worse fixes than this."

"Tha's what you think now, but you don't know nothin'."

Mr. Slappey continued to cogitate, then he whirled on his friend. "Is you willin' to he'p me, Napoleon?"

"You know I is."

"A'right, then le's us git busy. We go downtown an' buy me some sticks an' a ball. Then you take me out to the Shining Star an' show me all you know 'bout the game. Also you buy me a book so I can study at night. Ise gwine make you an' Lyric an' ev'ybody else wake up an' reelize that Mistuh Florian Slappey is a genus."

Napoleon turned in his check to the stout Roebuck caddie master and accompanied his slender and worried friend into Birmingham. At a sporting-goods store they selected a set of clubs consisting of one brassy, one mid-iron, one mashie, one putter and one niblick.

"Specially the niblick," counseled Napoleon.

"Why?"

"'Cause tha's the most club you is gwine need."

That night Florian and his private pro delved deeply into a book which purported to teach the game of golf. And the following morning early they went in Florian's car to the Shining Star Country Club for Colored. The course was a nine-hole affair which atoned in sportiness what it lacked in yardage. They found the place deserted and Napoleon took his friend to the most distant tee on the course.

"First of all," he said, "we'll try to learn drivin'."

"Shuh! I can already drive swell."

"Lemme see you do it," commanded Napoleon, somewhat nettled.

(Continued on Page 183)

Pipe-smoker dares fate for his favorite pipe-tobacco!

Rescued from dangerous cave, he crawls back to find the little blue can he had dropped on the way out!

EVERY pipe-smoker in some way or other has proved his loyalty to the tobacco he smokes.

But the medal for devotion certainly goes to Joseph P. Fink of Darby, Pa., who deliberately went back into the very cave from which he had just been rescued, to find the can of Edgeworth that he had dropped somewhere in the darkness. But then, as Mr. Fink says, there's no telling what a man will do where his favorite tobacco is concerned!

If you would like to find out just what it is about this tobacco that creates the kind of devotion Mr. Fink describes, let us send you some free samples to try in your own pipe. Just write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 30 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va., and you will receive samples of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice.

Try the samples. If you like them, then go and buy a can. It will be just as good as the samples, and so will each succeeding can you buy—for the quality of Edgeworth never changes.

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Darby, Pa.
November 12, 1926.

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

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I take the liberty of writing you concerning a little incident that happened to me in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

I have a mania for crawling through a number of unexplored caverns between the towns of Woodstock and Mt. Jackson. One cave was exceedingly dangerous with its tight passages, etc. I spent three hours in this cavity, groping blindly with a "dead" flashlight and a severed guiding string.

To cut my story short, I was finally rescued by a searching party after a terrible experience. It was a wonderful feeling as I sat at the mouth of the cavern telling my friends that I would not go back in there for love nor money. I meant it—until I reached for my can of Edgeworth. It was gone, and I recalled dropping something during the excitement in the cave.

It is queer what a man will do when his favorite tobacco is concerned. I realized that without my tobacco it would be as bad as being lost in the cavity—so I crawled back.

It was a grand and glorious feeling as my hand came in contact with the Aristocrat of Tobacco.

Yours very truly,
(signed) Joseph P. Fink, Jr.

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I enclose dealer's name and stamps—10 cents for each 40 cent sample can of Valspar Clear or in Colors. (Colors are Vermilion, Red—light and deep, Blue—light, medium and deep, Green—medium and deep, Gray, Brown, Ivory, Orange and Bright Yellow. Also Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum.)
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Send me these samples

Continued from Page 180

He teed the ball for Mr. Slappey and handed him the brassy. Florian smiled confidently, repeated his motions of two days since and took a vicious swipe at the ball. He turned smilingly to his friend.

"Where'd it go?"

"Yonder," answered Napoleon moodily, pointing to the tee.

"Huh? Di'n't I hit it?"

"Nope. Tha's the most thing you neglected to do."

"Well, dawg-gone! Pile that ball up again."

Florian's second attempt resulted in a vicious top which cut cleanly through the cover of the ball.

"Six bits gone to thunder," mourned Napoleon. "Now le's see if you can keep yo' eye on it."

For two hours Mr. Slappey struggled with the intricacies of the ancient and honorable game. He sliced and hooked and pulled and topped. He lifted his head and bent his left arm and failed to follow through. Napoleon was enthusiastic.

"You is a champeen, all right, Florian. They ain't nobody ever stepped on a golf course as rotten as you. All a beginner has got to do is watch you fo' fifteen minutes an' then pufform ev'y motion diff'ent—tha's all."

"B-b-but," quavered the miserable Mr. Slappey, "I walloped that one offen the tee yestiddy."

"Sholy you did, an' Lyric was slick enough to git you all tied up in a big bet without you tried it again."

"You—you mean he knowed how hard it was?"

"'Co'se he did. He's a pro, ain't he?"

Mr. Slappey pressed a damp palm against an aching brow. "Oh, whoa is me! I sho has kissed my two hund'ed dollars good-by."

"You ain't done nothin' else. If you is wise, you will just give Lyric yo' money an' not make no fool of yo'se'f."

"Give him two hund'ed? Man, you talks silliment."

"He's gwine git it anyway, ain't he?"

"No!" exploded Florian. "He ain't!"

"How come not?"

"'Cause Ise gwine learn this game in two weeks. Ise gwine do exackly that."

"You suttinly is optimissy."

"There ain't nothin' I cain't do, once I git my mind set on it. Is you willin' to stick with me?"

"I is," assented Napoleon promptly, "provided you don't let nobody know it was me taught you what you ain't gwine know about golf."

Mr. Slappey was desperate. He motored Napoleon back into Birmingham and bade him a sad farewell. Then he rambled into a sporting-goods store and inquired for all the books they had on the subject of golf. Before he left the store they had sold him three books of instruction, one autobiography of a champion, one rule book, one home-practice putting green, a dozen balls and a patent putter.

Until two o'clock the next morning Mr. Slappey sat alone, delving into the books he had bought. He turned from them to a catalogue which had been presented to him. He became vastly intrigued by the many mechanical devices which were guaranteed to correct various golfing ailments. He explained some of them to Napoleon the following morning, but that colored person merely snorted.

"If you is gwine slice, you is gwine slice," he prophesied, "an' no fool bandage ain't gwine keep you fum it. All them things is to sell to dubs."

"Well," demanded Florian hotly, "ain't I a dub?"

"No!"

Mr. Slappey's eye lighted hopefully. "You think ——"

"You ain't even that good!"

That morning Napoleon had an easier time with his pupil. In the first place, Florian had learned that there was more to the game than appeared to the naked eye. In the second place, he was not a bad athlete and had his muscles under fair control.

Napoleon coached him in the most approved method, starting him on the putting green and working back to the longer shots. With the putter Florian showed unmistakable signs of excellence. Being the colored champion pool player of Birmingham, he had a sense of touch which stood him in good stead, and even Napoleon was moved to utter a compliment. On the chip shots Florian was not bad either. Again it was a matter of delicate touch and flexible wrist action.

But when Florian moved back to longer range—to mashie and jigger and mid-iron and spoon distance—then he was pathetic. He couldn't keep his eye on the ball, he couldn't learn to pivot, he wouldn't keep his head down and he persisted in pressing. But at the end of a three-hour session, when he quit only because the palms of his hands stood out in blisters, he was more determined than ever.

"I—I maybe cain't beat that feller, Napoleon, but I sho is gwine make him know he's been in a game."

"H'mph! Breff you wastes."

"I mean it. Ise gwine practice an' study."

"Won't do you no good. An' Lyric knowed it when he got you to make that bet. Not on'y he's goin' to take yo' money but also you is gwine look ridiculum befo' Clematis Clegg. I reckon, Brother Slappey, that the best thing could happen to you would be if you broke an arm or somethin'."

"No." Florian thought for a moment. "You know, Napoleon, that sportin'-goods store has got a contraption that makes a feller keep his head down, an' ——"

"Fooey!"

"—— an' if I kept my head down I'd mos' likely keep my eye on the ball, an' if I did that an' di'n't bend my left elbow nor press nor neither anything else ——"

"Oh, hush yo' mouf! Maybe some fellers can win golf games by talkin', but their name ain't you."

"Just the same," asserted Florian grimly, "Ise doin' a heap of studyin' an' thinkin'."

In the ten days that followed, Mr. Slappey was far from happy. He practiced hard and with little encouragement. He played the course several times, and the best score he was able to make on the nine holes was sixty-two. He studied at night until he thought golf, ate golf and dreamed golf.

But that was not the greatest of his troubles. His Darktown associates fell into the habit of casting derisive remarks in his direction. They inquired with too deep solicitude as to the progress of his golf instruction. The climax came when Semore Mashby, attenuated little money lender, asked whether Florian didn't wish to sell his stock certificate in the Shining Star Country Club for Colored.

Mr. Slappey knew that he was riding to a fall. It was not a pleasant sensation. He was even ill at ease in the society of Miss Clematis Clegg. She was trying so obviously to show that she was sorry for him, and he didn't want pity.

"Mos' likely you think I is gwine lose," he snapped.

"I is shuah of it."

"How come you to think so?"

"Well, Lyric says ——"

"Dawg-bite Lyric! Always I heah about him. You is gwine be rootin' fo' him, ain't you?"

"Well," she confessed, "Ise sorry fo' you, Florian, but I reckon that since Mistuh Gatchel makes his livin' playin' golf it woul'n't be fair if I didn't hope he was gwine come out on top."

Florian left in disgust. Everybody was against him. He knew that on the afternoon of the match every club member would be present to jeer at his misery—or to condole with him, which was worse. He wished devoutly that he had never plunged himself into this abysmal mess. But he never considered quitting. Perhaps his genius could discover some way out of this dilemma. He smiled at the prospect. If only he could win from the uppity Mr. Gatchel! If only —— But he shook his head sadly. There seemed faint chance of that.

Three days before the great match Florian became intensively thoughtful. He withdrew into a shell and refused to divulge his thoughts even to the faithful Napoleon. He borrowed some money and made several purchases at the sporting-goods store. Napoleon merely jeered.

"Laugh an' show yo' igorance!" snapped Florian. "I reckon if these things was good enough to invent, they is good enough fo' me to use."

The two combatants received many presents. Admirers of the professional, Lyric Gatchel, sent him shoes, a wrist watch, a pair of gloves and several patent pencils. Even the fair Clematis Clegg sent him a gift in the form of a dozen new golf balls. Florian, too, received notice, but not in any flattering form. From one jocose acquaintance he got a single lily; from another, a pound of tripe; from still another, the Duffer's Handbook of Golf.

The weather on the day of the match was torridly perfect; a brilliant sun smiled down from a sky of unflecked sapphire; there was virtually no wind; and two days before, the course had been drenched by a heavy rain so that the fairways were carpeted with sproutings of delicate new grass.

At one o'clock the multitude commenced to assemble. Clematis preserved her partisanship by arriving with Lyric Gatchel, while Florian came with the somewhat embarrassed Napoleon, who had consented to caddie for him.

Lawyer Evans Chew was on hand with his horn-rimmed glasses, frock coat and new derby hat. Forcep Swain and Epic Peters had been chosen as scorers. At 1:30 Lyric arrived on the tee, dropped half a dozen balls and smashed them straight and true toward the ninth fairway. Less than two minutes later someone glanced toward the clubhouse and gave vent to a shout of glee. Approaching the crowd was an apparition.

"Hot diggity dawg!" ejaculated Epic Peters. "It's Florian Slappey hisse'f, in person!"

But what a Florian! Clad in sport shirt and plus-fours, he was yet almost unrecognizable. His person was incased in a multitude of weird harness. Around his waist was a belt to which was attached an upright which projected skyward along Florian's spine. At the upper end was a decided curve, not unlike the headrest of a dentist's chair, which caused Mr. Slappey to walk with a peculiar gait, with his head bent forward and down.

"No chance of me lookin' up with this thing on," he confided to the disgusted Napoleon.

Florian's left arm was incased in a leather harness which was guaranteed to prevent bending at the elbow. A similar contraption imprisoned his right leg so that he could not fail to pivot properly on his back swing. But it was not until he reached the tee that he adjusted the most amazing mechanical devices of all.

Oblivious to the gaunt humor of the spectators, Mr. Slappey attached to each ankle a steel circlet. Between these circlets he suspended a chain which had been cut to the exact length of his proper stance. By spreading his feet as far as the chain permitted, Mr. Slappey knew that he had the correct position for his best efforts. A somewhat similar device imprisoned his arms, its mission in life being to restrain Mr. Slappey's elbows from traveling in any other than parallel arcs. He was grimly determined and not at all affected by the amusement of the onlookers. He shook hands briefly with his opponent and nodded toward the tee.

"You can have the honor, Mistuh Gatchel," he said frigidly.

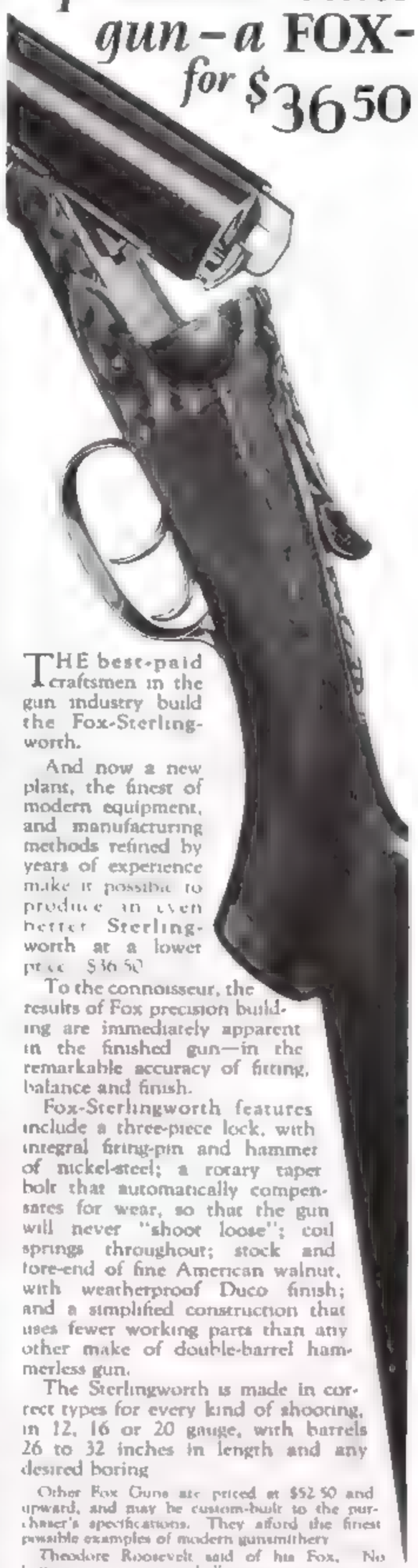
Lyric pursed his lips. "What you know 'bout honors, Mistuh Slappey?"

"I been studyin' 'bout this game, wuthless. I knows a heap. Drive!"

Lyric planted a little wooden tee in the turf, took a preliminary waggle and then sent the ball straight as an arrow two hundred and twenty yards down Number 1

(Continued on Page 185)

A precision-built gun—a FOX-*for* $36.50



THE best-paid craftsmen in the gun industry build the Fox-Sterlingworth.

And now a new plant, the finest of modern equipment, and manufacturing methods refined by years of experience make it possible to produce an even better Sterlingworth at a lower price $36.50

To the connoisseur, the results of Fox precision building are immediately apparent in the finished gun—in the remarkable accuracy of fitting, balance and finish.

Fox-Sterlingworth features include a three-piece lock, with integral firing-pin and hammer of nickel-steel; a rotary taper bolt that automatically compensates for wear, so that the gun will never "shoot loose"; coil springs throughout; stock and fore-end of fine American walnut, with weatherproof Duco finish; and a simplified construction that uses fewer working parts than any other make of double-barrel hammerless gun.

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"Just like Dad's big Fox" is this true-to-life miniature for the youngsters—but absolutely harmless. The only double-barrel, breech-loading play gun. Looks and works like a real gun, but it's safe for even a four-year-old. Won't even break glassware. At all sporting goods and toy departments. Send for folder

FOX GUNS

It was famous in the old South for its marvelous food—the Maxwell House in Nashville, where Joel Cheek's blend was served for years

Month after month Joel Cheek worked, combining and recombining coffees, testing and rejecting

When one man's genius *wins* America

A shade of flavor that is now changing the habits of a nation

A SONG WRITER sets the nation singing his latest refrain. Millions are breathless before the image of a great actor on the screen.

In a score of cities, crowds surge and struggle to see a new automobile built by a master craftsman.

Time and again a single man does something that grips this whole great country. He has understood a need or desire that people have. He has met it better than they themselves could expect.

Sometimes the man himself and his genius are widely known. More often it is chiefly the thing he creates which people speak of and admire.

So it has been with Joel Cheek.

He was a Southerner of the old South, born with a genius for flavor.

Years ago he created a shade of difference in flavor that is today changing the habits of a nation.

A rich mingling of coffees

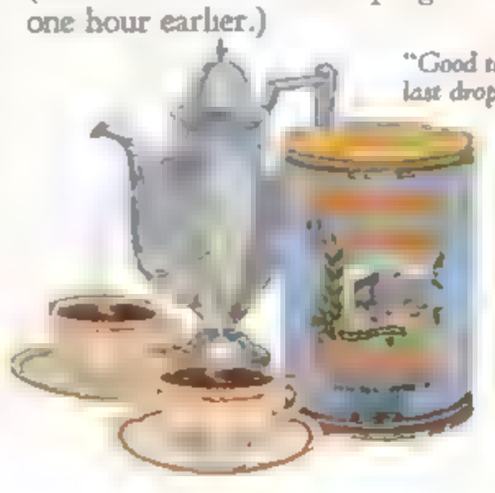
Brought up in a land noted for good living, Joel Cheek dreamed of a new coffee—of a taste which no single coffee grown could yield. He had the courage to persist through months of trial until he achieved it.

A skillful mingling of many coffees, a special touch of extra richness built from many flavors: this was what he perfected. Long ago Joel Cheek's blend, Maxwell House Coffee, became the favorite of the great families of old Dixie.

Today it has swiftly won the first, real nation-wide fame that ever came to a coffee. Maxwell House is the only coffee that has ever pleased critical men and women throughout the entire United States.

It has brought a new adventure to countless men and women. Smooth, full-bodied liquor, mellow fragrance—a shade of difference in flavor that has won America. To your family, perhaps, it will give a wholly new idea of how good a cup of coffee can be. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins. Maxwell House Products Company, Inc., Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago.

Radio listeners—tune in! Noted artists every Thursday—Maxwell House Coffee Radio Hour—9:30 p. m. Eastern Standard Time, 8:30 p. m. Central Standard Time: WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WCCO WEBC, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WIAX Mountain Standard Time, 7:30 p. m.: KOA. For stations west of the Rockies, see local announcements. (Before October first all programs start one hour earlier.)



"Good to the last drop"

Maxwell House Coffee

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

(Continued from Page 183)

Fairway, where the bright new sphere lay glistening like a jewel on the emerald turf.

Florian produced a ball not quite so new. He teed it in the same manner, grabbed his brassy with a strangulation grip, spread his legs until the ankle chain was taut, and drew back. He slugged the ball. It sped from the face of the club and traveled two hundred and ten yards—in a semicircle. Trailed by the downcast Napoleon, Florian hobbled off with no sign that he heard the ribald comments of the spectators or the shrill and not unspiteful laugh of Miss Clematis Clegg.

He found his ball nestling in the midst of a covey of chocolate-drop bunkers. He accepted a niblick from Napoleon, fanned his first shot and popped his second into some particularly vicious rough. He then took a mid-iron and by some miracle hit the ball cleanly. It came to rest on the edge of the ditch which guarded the green.

Lyric inspected the lie of his ball. He selected a jigger, took an easy swing and dropped his second squarely on the green, less than ten feet from the pin. Florian played his mashie approach too timidly and the ball splashed into the ditch. He dropped out and repeated the performance. A third time the ball took a bath. The laughter was now loud and carefree, but Florian paid it no heed. He seemed utterly unmindful of everybody and everything save the match. Eventually he placed the ball on the green and then proceeded to sink a long curving putt for a sixteen. Lyric was strutty over his par four.

On the next hole Lyric took a second par, while Florian trimmed his score down to nine, there being no water hazard. On the third, a one-shotter, Lyric found a trap, chipped out and was down in four. Florian also found the trap, but not until his fourth shot. He was out in seven and down in nine.

Lyric had negotiated the first three holes in twelve strokes; Mr. Slappey had employed thirty-four strokes for the same distance. At the end of the first nine Lyric had a neat thirty-nine, while Florian had earned a snappy seventy. There was a brief rest as they prepared to replay the nine in order to complete their eighteen-hole contract.

Lyric selected another new ball and teed it. Then he turned to his grim-visaged opponent.

"Ain't you willin' to admit that you is licked, Florian?"

Owing to the physical impossibility of raising his head, Florian did not look up.

"No!" he answered.

"But you is, ain't you?"

"Who says so?"

"I do."

"Who is you?"

A voice from the crowd answered: "He's a golf player, Mistuh Slappey, an' that is the mos' fragrant thing you ain't."

Florian was unperturbed. "When I agrees to play a match, I plays it, funny boy. Nobody never seen Florian Slappey quit. Nowshoot!"

As Mr. Slappey dragged indomitably away on the second nine there was a suggestion of change in the temper of the crowd. Many who were not overly keen about Florian admired the spirit which drove him relentlessly on in the face of certain defeat and constant ignominy. Occasionally he managed to make a pretty shot, and each time he did there was a flood of genuine applause. But most of the time he sent his divots farther than his ball.

The match had developed into a test of endurance. Lyric Gatchel was walking from shot to shot with the fluttering Clematis Clegg. Florian didn't even notice them. He noticed no one and so was very much alone, because Napoleon had long since been so overwhelmed with embarrassment that he had ceased talking.

"You is allowed to gimme adwice," suggested Florian once.

"Adwice woul'n't do you no good," mourned Napoleon. "You is a'ready dead an' you won't lay down."

A crowd of the faithful trailed the dogged Florian through the eighteen holes. As they approached the ninth green for the second time they were greeted by a hilarious crowd of newcomers who wished to hear the details.

"Lyric has two putts fo' a seventy-seven," announced Lawyer Chew, the presiding judge. "Florian is in the trap in one hund'ed an' thirty."

There was a howl of glee. Lyric minced grandly onto the green and smiled superciliously.

"It has been a tight contes'," he proclaimed funnily. "Mistuh Slappey has sho learned me a heap about this game."

Florian grimly approached his ball, which lay in the deep sand. He whaled it out and into another trap. Eventually he attained the green and made the conventional two putts for a medal score of one hundred and thirty-nine.

Lyric lay six feet from the cup. He studied the lie with particular attention to the impression he was creating, took out his putter and proceeded to drop the ball for a seventy-six. Then he turned to Lawyer Chew.

"I reckon I gits ——"

Florian unhooked the belt that supported the device which held his head. Calmly he interposed himself between Lyric Gatchel and Lawyer Chew.

"I crave that fo' hund'ed dollars," he announced placidly.

The attorney's lips curved into a grin. "Quit yo' funniment, Florian."

"I crave that fo' hund'ed dollars," repeated Florian calmly.

Lyric was smiling. "I reckon you think the man what made the highest score won the match, huh?"

"No," answered Mr. Slappey imperturbably. "I think the feller that played golf accordin' to the rules won it."

And now an awed hush fell on the spectators. They were staring at the quietly triumphant Florian. If they were bewildered, Mr. Slappey was not. His face bore an expression of triumph. He addressed the judge.

"Did us did, or did us not, agree to play by U. S. G. A. rules?" he inquired.

"You did."

"An' him what vi'lated them rules would lose the match, woul'n't he?"

"Absolutely, Florian. But ——"

"Don't but me, Lawyer Chew." He turned toward the dumfounded Lyric. "Tha's yore ball in the cup, ain't it, Mistuh Gatchel?"

"Yeh."

"Hand it to Lawyer Chew, please."

Somewhat dazed and experiencing a premonition of disaster, Lyric did as bidden. The spectators crowded close.

"What kind of ball is that, Lawyer Chew?"

The attorney carefully read the name which was engraved on the ball.

"Pink Streak," he announced.

"Fine! An' you, Mistuh Gatchel—you has been usin' Pink Streaks all through the match, ain't you?"

"Yes. But ——"

Florian whipped a rule book out of his pocket.

"Look at this golf rule while I read it out loud, Lawyer Chew. An' pay close attention ev'ybody." He threw back his head and read: "U. S. G. A. Yearbook fo' 1927. Rule 16, which says: 'The weight of the ball shall not be greater than 1.62 ounces avoirdupois and the size not less than 1.62 inches in diameter.'"

He was smiling as he then produced from another pocket a catalogue issued by the local sporting-goods house.

"Now watch while I read this advertisement, Lawyer Chew. Listen good!" Once again he directed his eye to the printed page: "'This house has on hand about fifty dozen Pink Streak golf balls. These balls used to sell at one dollar each, but owing to the fact that under the U. S. G. A. ruling of May 1, 1921, no ball weighing more than 1.62 ounces is legal for match or medal play, we are selling these out at forty cents each. Remember that these are high-quality golf balls. They weigh only a single pennyweight more than the legal ball of today and are excellent for practice or friendly play. While they last—forty cents each.'"

Florian turned again to Lawyer Chew. "Yonder's the rules an' the advertisement. Lyric admits he's been usin' them Pink Streaks all th'oo the match an' so I claim same—an' the money. What says you?"

Lawyer Chew was an erudite person. His mind functioned swiftly and clearly.

"There ain't but one way to decide, Brother Slappey. On account Brother Gatchel was illegal from the first tee *ipso facto*, I has no alternation except to turn the four hund'ed dollars over to you."

A somewhat dazed cheer went up. But it was Lyric Gatchel who came in for the lion's share of attention. His face was a study in concentrated fury. Before all the spectators, he stepped close to Clematis Clegg. His lips trembled with anger and his countenance had become livid.

"You done this to me!" he rasped. "You gave me them new balls an' asked me to use them today!"

The fair Miss Clegg was thrown on the defensive.

"D-d-d-don't you talk to me thataway, Mistuh Gatchel!"

"You done it, just the same."

"I—I know I did. But it wasn't my fault."

"What you mean, gal—not yore fault?"

"I—I mean that I never would have give you no balls if Florian Slappey hadn't suggested it. And it was him that told me just what kind to buy."

A Road Near Rutland, Vermont

Where's the can of PLASTIC WOOD?

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

A sailboat broken, a damaged toy—it's a real tragedy in child life. But Plastic Wood, which Handles like Putty, Hardens into Wood, and holds fast to wood, metal, fabric, plaster, porcelain or glass will quickly effect lasting cures. Keep it on hand for toy accidents—and use it for repairs of all kinds around the house; floor, baseboard and door cracks, loose casters, handles, and furniture; mouse holes, screw holes, nail holes, cracked tiles and porcelain bathroom fixtures.

Use Plastic Wood Solvent for softening Plastic Wood when it hardens too rapidly. Ask your dealer for it.

Handles Like Putty

Hardens Into Wood

1 lb. $1.00 ½ lb. 35 cts.

At Hardware and Paint Stores

ADDISON-LESLIE CO.

205 Bolivar Street Canton, Mass.

QUESTION

How Can I Make More Money?

If you have the will, here's the way

ANSWER

The Curtis Publishing Company
779 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how, as your subscription representative in this locality, I can earn up to $1.50 or more an hour in my spare time.

Name

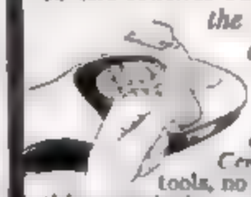
Street

City

State Age

DOUBLES SHOE WEAR

The new way of making the family shoes give double wear is to cement on to the leather soles of old or new shoes *the long wearing, extremely comfortable* Auburn C'MENT-ON SOLES. *Thin, light-weight, non-slip, waterproof, keep feet dry, outwear ordinary soles. Cement them on at home.* No tools, no trouble for any one. Everything supplied

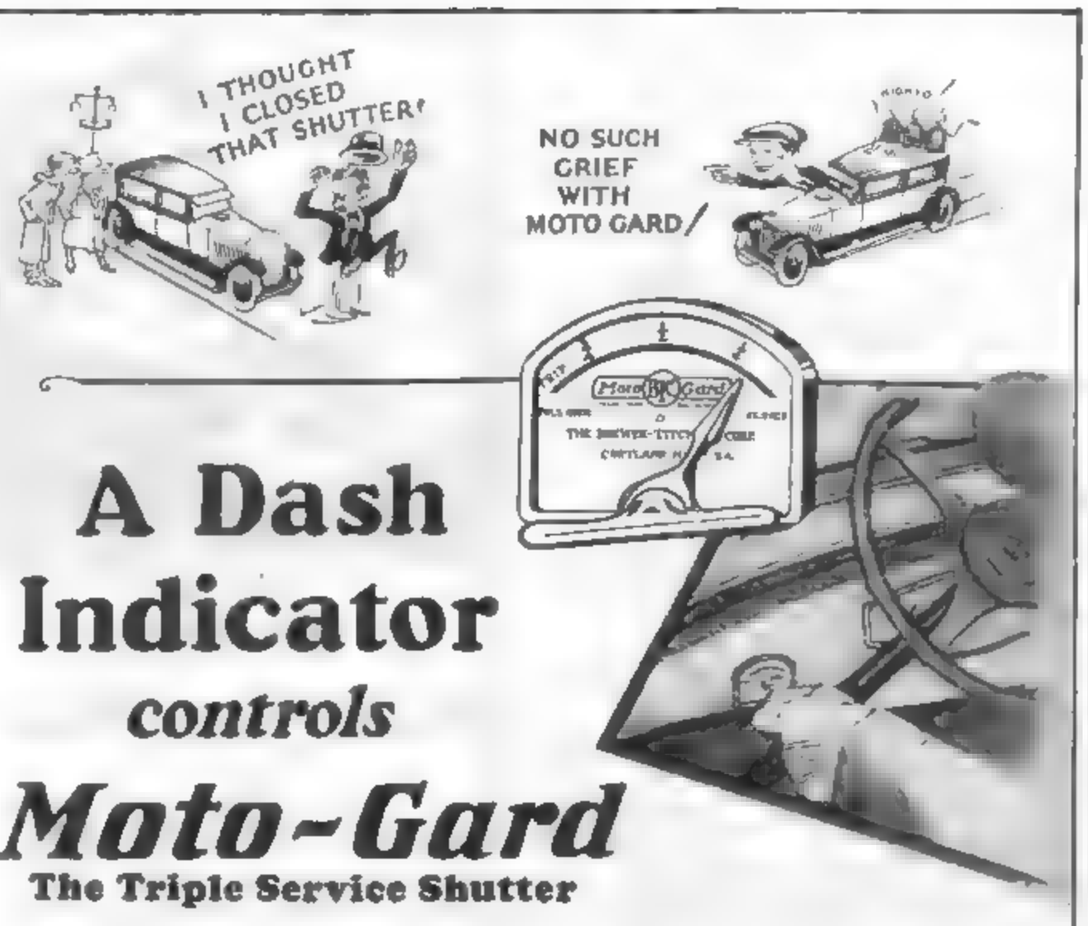


ASK YOUR DEALER

If he hasn't them send us outline of shoe sole and 60c for sample pair

AUBURN RUBBER COMPANY
Auburn, Indiana

C'MENT-ON SOLES

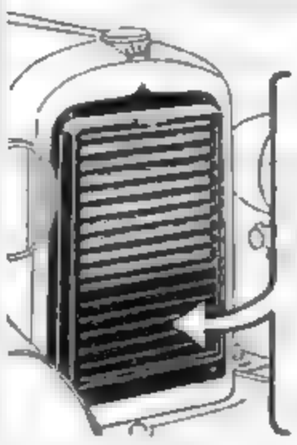


A Dash Indicator *controls* Moto-Gard

The Triple Service Shutter

YOU can't forget to operate your Moto-Gard—any more than you forget to switch on or off the ignition. Moto-Gard's indicating control is on the dash—under your eye and hand—and the indicator tells you at all times the exact degree of opening. A light turn of the thumb screw operates the leaves.

Moto-Gard is as good-looking as it is scientific in operation. It is sturdily built of the finest materials. The dash control blends with the fittings of the most expensive cars.



EXTRA PROTECTION

Water cools first, and freezing starts at the bottom of your radiator. It's there you need the extra protection of Moto-Gard. You can keep the lower shutter leaves closed while the upper leaves remain open to admit air to your engine.

Triple Service

Moto-Gard permits the close regulation of the water temperature needed for efficient motor operation in any weather. In average winter weather open the top leaves and close the lower. Mild?—open all leaves. Bitter cold?—close them all—and do the same when parking.

SIX OTHER ADVANTAGES

One-Piece Frame—not riveted, bolted or welded.
Leaves Open Inwardly—compact built-in appearance.
Tension Spring—on each side prevents the leaves from rattling.
Air-Tight—no cracks around edges or between leaves.
Concealed Mechanism—no parts exposed.
One-Piece Shutter Leaves—stamped from heavy gauge steel

EASILY INSTALLED—QUICKLY DETACHED

Manufactured by The Brewer-Titchener Corporation, Cortland, New York

© B T C

Moto-Gard

THE FINEST SHUTTER MADE

TRAVELS IN BILLBOARDIA

(Continued from Page 25)

wrenched Louisburg from the French; to join Washington at Cambridge and Benedict Arnold in his daring assault on Quebec. Along this road drove the old clipper-ship captains, clip-clopping from their dignified homes in trig Maine villages, through the fairest countryside in the world, to the stately ships that showed their heels to all the vessels on the seven seas.

It was a road, not long since, of small white farms nestling in the shadow of brooding barns and sheltering elms; of old square houses built by shipbuilders and shipmasters; of lilac-scented Junes, and meadows rich in the odors of mallow and sweet grass; of irregular stone walls and ancient taverns and solid mellow little towns happy in the possession of architecture and tradition and family pride; of long stretches of pine woods, cool and fresh in the heat of summer; of birch-clad hill slopes and forests of oaks and sugar maples, and swelling fields and flat salt marshes, shimmering mistily in the warm summer sun; and of life-giving breezes from the strip of deep blue sea at the far edge of all these things. It was a beautiful road, a road for health and rest and peace of mind; a possession of inestimable value, to be cherished and preserved forever for the descendants of those who laid it out and made it possible; the essence of Maine and the gateway to the great and beautiful Maine wilderness to the north and east.

Today it is a road of big signs and little signs and medium-sized signs; of cardboard signs tacked to pine trees and wooden fences and barns; of homemade signs leaning dejectedly out of fields and peering insolently from the yards and walls of furtive-looking houses; of towering signs thrusting their garish and mottled faces in front of forests, fields and streams, like fat white-faced streetwalkers posing obscenely in a country lane; of little litters of overnight camps, crawling at the edges of cliffs and in trampled meadows as though the countryside had erupted with some distressing disease; of windrows of luncheon boxes and sardine tins and paper bags and wrapping paper and discarded newspapers and the miscellaneous filth of countless thoughtless tourists; of doggeries and crab-meateries and doughnuteries and clammeries and booths that dispense home cooking on oilcloth and inch-thick china in an aura of kerosene stoves, frying onions and stale grease; of roadside stands looking like the results of a *mésalliance* between an overnight camp and an early American outhouse; of forests of telephone and electric-light poles and tangles of wires dangling from them.

It is a road rich in the effluvia of frying clams and frying doughnuts and cheap food, in tawdriness, cheapness and bad taste, but in little else.

The National Association of Real Estate Boards has declared that: "The view from the highway does not belong to the individual who owns the property along the right of way. It is a community possession." This, of course, is true; but in Billboardia they haven't yet learned about it.

Although Maine proudly advertises its scenery, it wrings its hands helplessly and allows a few persons to rob it of the very thing it advertises. In Billboardia, the view from the highway has been wrecked by a few farmers who are so shortsighted that they are willing to permit the erection of billboard monstrosities on their land and by a few men frequently from other sections of the country who are in the business of erecting billboards.

If billboard advertising is worth anything to a manufacturer, the location of the billboard should be more valuable to the landowner than it now seems to be. Possibly the farm-relief experts could work out a standardized scale of prices for billboard locations on farmers' property, to remain in effect until such time as stealing a view from the people of the United States becomes a serious offense.

They might agree, for example, that the rental price for a billboard location that spoils the view of nothing but a meadow should be not less than $100 a year. Prices should ascend from this point. A billboard location that spoils the view of a meadow and a small stand of trees might rise to $122.50 a year; of a large forest, $155; of a brook, $170; of a river, $210; of a river and a hill, $230; of a river and a mountain, $245; of a lake, $259.99; of a marsh with woods and a river, $268.50; of a marsh with sea beyond, $290; of ordinary rocky coast line with surf and trees, $350; of extra-special coast line with mountain, trees, surf and sea breeze, $500; and so on.

Even the most accomplished economists, however, would find difficulty in estimating the proper rental value of land for scenery-wrecking billboards in the heart of Billboardia, where billboards are strewn over the countryside with as much abandon and enthusiasm as are the spots on a hobo's coat.

A large amount of deep thought is required to solve the problem of whether land should be rented to billboard magnates in such a locality at a low price because of the large number of boards, or whether it should be rented at a high price because of its popularity. Some industrious thinking can also be devoted to such questions as whether seven boards can spoil a piece of scenery more effectively than three or four boards, and whether thoroughly spoiled scenery is a more effective background for billboards than partly spoiled scenery; also whether scenery can be partly spoiled without being entirely spoiled—whether, in short, scenery isn't like an egg, which is only good for throwing when spoiled, regardless of whether the spoiling has been mild or excessive.

Billboardia proper comes to an end at Portland, as the traveler works northward into Maine; but here and there along all the roads in the state are indications that the customs and the ideals of Billboardia are rapidly penetrating into the remote interior.

Home-cooking signs are increasing from day to day, as are the signs of inns that have adopted such quaint and original names as Roll Inn, Crawl Inn, Hop Inn, Aw Kum Inn, Dew Drop Inn, Get Inn. If there must be signs of this sort, they may as well be diversified; so to prospective keepers of roadside inns I freely offer the names of Totter Inn, Wabble Inn, Shuffle Inn, Stagger Inn, Flop Inn and Flounder Inn.

I also offer a suggestion to those who hang out signboards advertising Home Cooking. Nearly all cooking, technically speaking, is home cooking; for it is a well-known fact that most cooks long ago adopted the motto: "Anywhere I hang my hat is home, sweet home to me." For diversification's sake, therefore, it would seem better to supplant some of the home-cooking signs with signs reading Czecho-Slovak cooking or Eyetalian cooking or Montenegrin cooking or Russian cooking or Persian cooking or Brazilian cooking. They would distract the eye and would be no less accurate than the home-cooking signs.

One even finds an impressive board at the very gate of Mount Desert Island, fairest flower of Maine's scenic beauties, calling forth facts that are no doubt of gripping interest to the lovers of beauty who make their homes in such delightful resorts as Bar Harbor and Northeast Harbor, and highly thrilling to the tourists who have made a long trip to view the unmarred grandeur of Lafayette National Park.

The road inland from Bar Harbor to Bangor, which winds through magnificent forests, past lakes and rolling mountains and little old New England farmhouses, is decorated with steadily increasing reminders to ask for Magoosium's Maine-Made Mayonnaise, Smoke Oakum Cigars, and

Continued on Page 189

PIRATES OF MODERN BUSINESS

{Rising Costs and Narrowing Margins}

WILL *your* business show a satisfactory *net profit* at the end of the year? Or will the pirates of modern business, "rising costs" and "narrowing margins," exact the tribute that is causing constantly decreasing net profits?

Addressograph equipment will help you solve the problem. A few minutes spent in checking the Profit Analysis Sheet will demonstrate to you how Addressograph methods are cutting expenses, increasing efficiency and producing a larger volume of sales for thousands of business concerns the world over.

Perhaps you have considered the Addressograph as merely an addressing machine. Yet there are thousands upon thousands of concerns using Addressograph equipment for imprinting, listing and addressing 165 distinct business forms. This work is done 10 to 50 times faster than with pen or typewriter errors are impossible. The Profit Analysis Sheet outlines this broad service and demonstrates how the Addressograph will take a definite part in cutting expenses and building net profits in *your* business.

At your command and without cost or obligation are the services of the Addressograph Research Bureau—a centralization of proven facts and actual plans for economical name and data writing based on 35 years of experience of Addressograph users in over 3000 different lines of business and non-commercial activities.

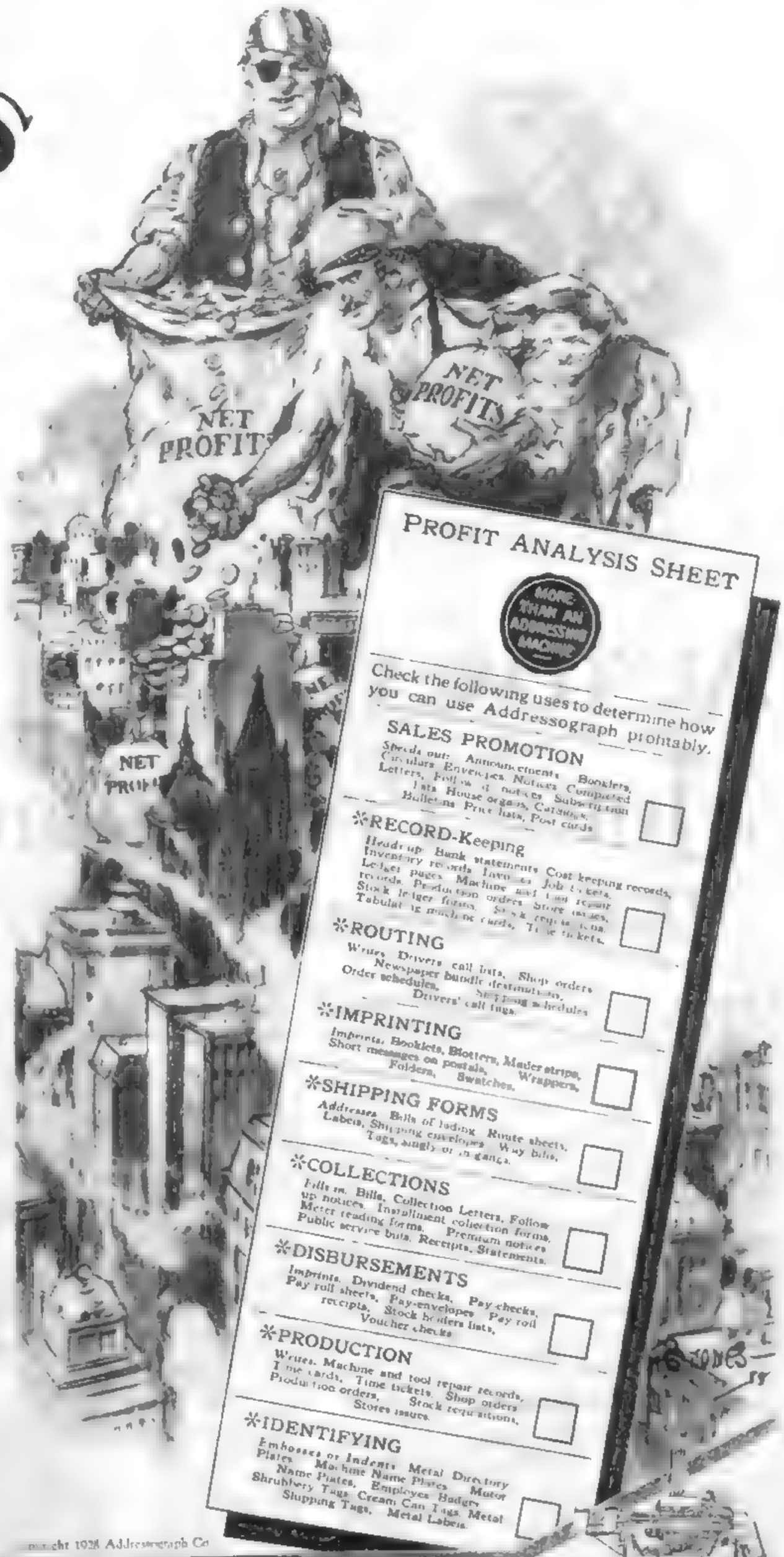
The day of guesswork in business is past—the day of specialists who know is here. A request from you will receive the prompt attention of the Research Bureau—the leading authority in its field. If you desire, a survey will be made, without obligation, of your business to determine in a definite way how Addressograph methods will cut expenses and increase your net profits.

Sales and service agencies in the principal cities of the world

ADDRESSOGRAPH COMPANY, 901 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

Canadian: Toronto, Vancouver, Montreal. *European head office and factory:* London, England.

Manufacturers of Graphotype, Addressograph, Duplograph, Cardograph


NET PROFIT
NET PROFITS
NET
PROFIT
PROFIT ANALYSIS SHEET
MORE THAN AN ADDRESSING MACHINE
Check the following uses to determine how you can use Addressograph profitably.
SALES PROMOTION
Sheets cut: Announcements, Booklets, Circulars, Envelopes, Notices, Computed Letters, Follow-up notices, Subscription lists, House organs, Catalogs, Bulletins, Price lists, Post cards
RECORD-Keeping
Head-up: Bank statements, Cost keeping records, Inventory records, Invoices, Job tickets, Ledger pages, Machine and tool repair records, Production orders, Store issues, Stock ledger forms, Stock replenishing, Tabulating machine cards, Time tickets.
ROUTING
Writes: Drivers' call lists, Shop orders, Newspaper bundle destinations, Order schedules, Shipping schedules, Drivers' call tags.
IMPRINTING
Imprints: Booklets, Blotters, Mailer stripe, Short messages on postals, Wrappers, Folders, Swatches.
SHIPPING FORMS
Addresses: Bills of lading, Route sheets, Labels, Shipping envelopes, Way bills, Tags, singly or in gangs.
COLLECTIONS
Follows: Bills, Collection Letters, Follow-up notices, Installment collection forms, Meter reading forms, Premium notices, Public service bills, Receipts, Statements.
DISBURSEMENTS
Imprints: Dividend checks, Pay checks, Pay roll sheets, Pay-envelopes, Pay roll receipts, Stock holders lists, Voucher checks
PRODUCTION
Writes: Machine and tool repair records, Time cards, Time tickets, Shop orders, Production orders, Stock requisitions, Stores issues.
IDENTIFYING
Embosses or Indents: Metal Directory Plates, Machine Name Plates, Motor Name Plates, Employees Badges, Shrubbery Tags, Cream Can Tags, Metal Shipping Tags, Metal Labels.
Copyright 1928 Addressograph Co
Addressograph
TRADE MARK
PRINTS FROM TYPE
Electric models—universal in application—for name and data writing of every character.
Hand models for addressing, imprinting and listing small lists of names and records.
Super-speed automatic models for large volume of work.
Manufacturing, service and kind of business determine the size best operated—machines to fully automatics. Prices from $20 to $4400

*More than an Addressing Machine

AUTOMATIC Motor Protection *on these Cars*

Dictates Automatic Motor Protection for Your Car

MANY great developments have held the spotlight in the motor car industry. Balloon tires—four-wheel brakes—high-compression motors.

Now comes a development that ranks well toward the top in importance—one that today commands the interest of every motor car owner.

It is *automatic motor protection* to guard costly motors against the great danger of cold. These makers have already adopted it. They are through asking their owners to pay the price exacted by the enemy cold.

They had their choice of two ways. The one—a method that leaves this vital operation to memory and guesswork. The other—one that works positively—dependably—automatically and with scientific precision.

They chose the latter. And in their choice lies the biggest reason why you, too, must choose automatic motor protection—if you want to avoid the damage of cold.

But why automatic?

Why not leave this vital operation to the discretion of the driver? Because the motor car manufacturer knows that the driver forgets. He knows that the national repair bills of millions could be cut in two if drivers didn't forget. Today, when he improves, he makes it *impossible* to forget.

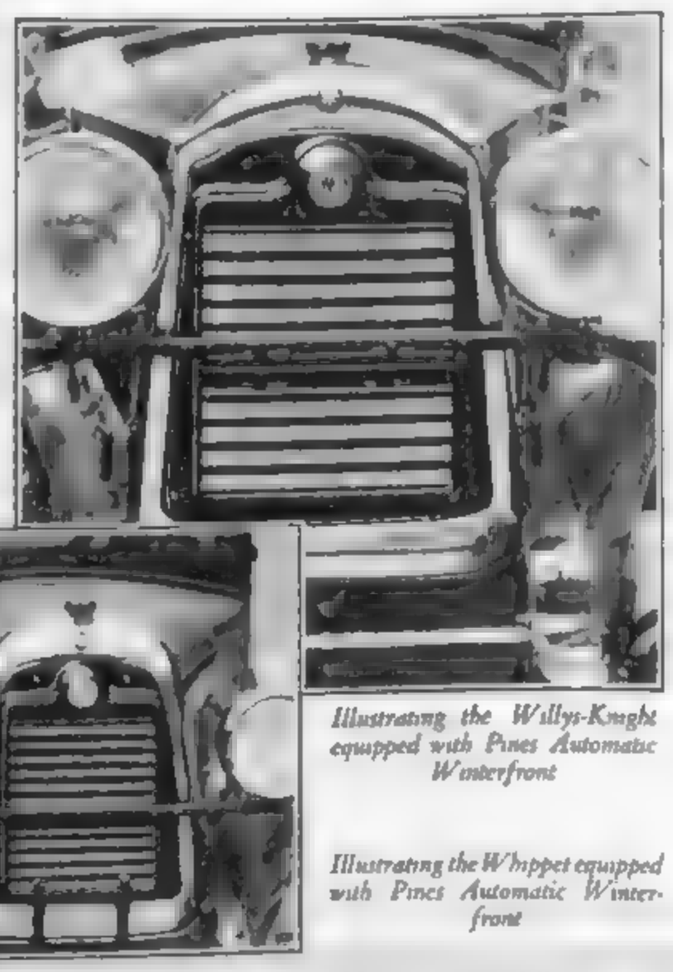
See that the shutter you buy works automatically

These cars *need automatic motor protection*—or they wouldn't have it. Your car needs the same kind of protection. Unless the shutter on your car works automatically, you cannot ensure protection against cold at all times. Thus, when you go to buy a radiator shutter this year, be sure it is *automatic*. These great makers tell you that.

Equip at the first sign of cold weather

Science has placed the blame for 50% to 75% of all premature motor wear on cold—greatest destroyer of motor life and efficiency. At 60° Fahrenheit, your motor is underheated. That's when cold strikes the first blow.

You get the warning signal in coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting. You reach for the "choke"—and instantly a flood of raw gasoline hits ice-cold metal. Oil is washed away from glass-like surfaces. Metal grinds against metal at a terrific speed, producing friction no motor can stand. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. This is the damage you pay for in the spring. *Damage that can now be totally avoided.*



Illustrating the Willys-Knight equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront

Illustrating the Whippet equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront

Pines Winterfront stops the damage of cold

Your radiator is a heat waster. It was put there for that purpose. If efficient, it throws away 35% to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit, there is no heat to spare, yet heat waste continues through the radiator. That's why motor temperature must be controlled at the radiator—where heat waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

When you park your car, Winterfront closes completely while your motor is still hot. You cannot walk away and forget it. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm-up" in seconds. The "choke" habit disappears because there is no need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable saving of gasoline—your car is warm inside—your motor runs with summer smoothness and flexibility.

Winterfront is easily installed

Your automobile or accessory dealer will equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront in a few minutes. Moderately priced—it will pay for itself many times over—and will give you years of service. Thermostats are guaranteed. Accept no substitute. There is only *one automatic* radiator shutter on the market. If your dealer cannot supply you—write us. Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago.

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

(Continued from Page 186)

vote for Muddle for sheriff, to say nothing of using B. O. tobacco, visiting Fuss' overnight camps, buying a nice pair of four-dollar shoes from Buzzard's, picking up a Boston bag at the Roorback-Skillet Company's Bangor store and attending a Lions' meeting while in the city. Bangor itself, with its backing of swelling hills and distant mountains, is completely intrenched behind an assortment of signboards that might have been designed and placed by a committee of expert scenery wreckers from Billboardia.

And so, with the signs growing thicker and thicker, one turns south from Bangor through Waterville and Augusta, and along the road that is proudly labeled Maine's Million-Dollar Highway, into Lewiston and Auburn, and so back into Billboardia again. And it might be remarked in passing that wherever the Million-Dollar Highway passes through unspoiled Maine it looks like a million dollars, as advertised; but wherever it is bordered with signboards, overnight camps and hot-dog stands it looks like thirty cents.

Maine is an odd state, populated by odd people. The residents of Maine, unlike the residents of many other states of the Union, admit freely that Maine frequently has unpleasant weather; and when a small earthquake occurs in the state, as it sometimes does, the Maine newspapers speak frankly about it, calling it an earthquake, and even going so far as to admit the possibility of other earthquakes in the future and speculating as to their effects.

In short, the old-time residents of Maine, having been surrounded all their lives by ancient traditions and venerable towns and staunch old houses, are less touchy than the residents of other states. They hear criticism of themselves and their surroundings with a good deal of equanimity, and even talk about it when the occasion seems to demand it.

This state of affairs is particularly apparent in the matter of billboards, overnight camps, hot-dog stands and other roadside nuisances that, in the long run, will attract no one to Maine except the slum dwellers of motordom. The publicity bureau of the state, constantly issuing pamphlets and statements telling of the state's beauties, sends out with equal freedom and enthusiasm the following letter, which was received during the summer of 1927 from the distinguished artist whose cartoons appear opposite the editorial page of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST:

THE EASTLAND HOTEL,
PORTLAND, MAINE,
July 21, 1927.

STATE OF MAINE PUBLICITY BUREAU,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Gentlemen: I have just arrived with my family, driving today from Gloucester, Massachusetts. I stopped at your information office here in Portland, where a capable young woman assisted me in getting located at this fine new hotel and advised me briskly and efficiently as to my travel plans in your state.

I am writing, however, to register a protest, in the name of all that's fine and lovely in old New England, against the horrid desecration of the roadsides from Cape Ann to here with signboards. The motor trip today has been emphatically unpleasant, tiresome and distressing. My family and I have looked forward to enjoying the scenery of your—once -beautiful state. We have not enjoyed it. We have not seen a single mile of unspoiled landscape all day.

A motorist unconsciously notes every signboard along the way; and if every vista, every meadow, every quiet nook of woodland is shattered with a shrieking signboard yelling in crashing colors, it grows unbearably tiresome; and friendly anticipation changes in the most amiable mind to indignant disillusionment and disgust.

Why spend a lot of money advertising Maine to motorists if all you can show us is a countryside covered with painted offenses against good taste? I don't object to the signboards themselves. I object to their being placed where I hoped to see green, rustic loveliness. Restrict them, zone them or forbid them. Save the only thing motorists come to you for—beauty. It's your most valuable asset.

For my part, and my family's, we are too annoyed and angry to wish to return to your state. We can see enough roadside advertising at home not to wish to come to New England for it. Is that the mood you wish to convey to your visitors? Sincerely,

HERBERT JOHNSON,
Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania.

The Maine publicity bureau also sent out questionnaires to various tourists who had visited the state, asking what, in their opinion, would make a Maine vacation more enjoyable. Answers from various sections of the country were as follows:

From Connecticut: "Abolish roadside advertising and hot-dog stands. Maine scenery is too fine to be spoiled."

From Ohio: "Keep your scenery undefiled."

From Pennsylvania: "Signboards below Portland –south—are objectionable. Mention signboard nuisance where it exists so that motorists can go another way."

From Rhode Island: "Get rid of billboards."

From Massachusetts: "Too many advertising signs along the road. Spoils the scenery. . . . Tear down the huge advertising signs which deface the landscape and often blot out beautiful views, and let visitors enjoy Maine's greatest natural asset as a vacationland its lovely scenery. . . . Hideous advertising along the roads mars the scenery."

From New York: "Enforce a law taking advertising off highways. . . . Your scenery is being destroyed by road advertising, billboards, hot-dog signs, also camp and hotel signs. Keep cheap stands off your beautiful roads and compel all lunch places to look clean and attractive. . . . Take down about four million little signs along the roads—Hot Dogs, Waffles, Eats, and so on. They ruin the landscape and digestion. . . . I should like to see less billboards along the roads. . . . I particularly liked your marking of roads. Every sign was a significant one except ——'s, which displayed an annoying sign in places. It is a great help to the stranger not to be confused by advertising signs which distract his attention during the brief time he has to look while driving."

These replies are distributed by the Maine publicity bureau with as much freedom as are their more favorable pieces of publicity.

The newspapers of the state print, in both their news and their editorial columns, frequent attacks on the gradual decline of the state of Maine into the state of Billboardia. During the past summer of 1928 the Portland News printed an interview with a widely traveled resident of the state who protested bitterly against "the plague of billboards that pushes constantly forward, like some frightful eczema on the face of Nature, hiding coast line and farmhouse and hill and pine grove behind painted monstrosities on stilts that offend the eye and mind. . . . Every good city planner," he declared, "every good landscape architect, every honest builder of a real-estate development, knows that beauty pays the highest dividends of anything yet put on the market. Everybody who has had any experience in these matters knows that one bad house pulls down the tone of a street; that one bad street pulls down the tone of a district; that one bad district can be a blot on an entire town.

"I do not know," went on this interview, "how the state of Maine can put an end to the growing hideousness that is making a joke out of the advertisements of the beauties of Maine. I do know that no town or city can protect itself against the eyesores of bad taste and commercialism without zoning laws; and I also know that the United States Supreme Court, in the Euclid decision, last year upheld the constitutionality of zoning laws. Certainly, by means of zoning laws, the different towns and cities along the state roads can protect themselves from the billboard nuisance, provided they are encouraged and assisted by the state. Certainly a state that is making an effort to bring tourists within its borders to enjoy its beauties could afford to pay a

Nothing too good for the Home You Live In

CHAMBERLIN WEATHER STRIPS

"How well they bar those chilling drafts"

You can easily eliminate the drafts which make a home or building so uncomfortable and difficult to heat by sealing the clearance cracks of doors and windows with Chamberlin Weather Strips. Around each door and window these clearance cracks are equivalent to a hole the size of a brick and are the weakest points in a building's weathertightness. Except through weather stripping they are beyond the remedy of the finest material, construction and workmanship. ¶ The cost of Chamberlin Weather Strips is negligible. Considering the kind and degree of comfort they provide and the positive assurance that fuel savings alone pay their cost in from 2 to 5 years, you cannot afford to be without them. Nor for a possible small difference in price can you afford to deprive yourself of Chamberlin's 35 years of factory-to-consumer experience and service—the standard by which good weather stripping is measured. Now, before winter comes again, investigate what Chamberlin can do for you.

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP CO., INC.
West Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

Over 100 Sales-Installation Branches throughout the United States

CHAMBERLIN WEATHER STRIPS
SINCE 1893 - THE STANDARD

Manufacturers and Installers also of Steel Window Weather Strips—Roll Screens—Automatic Interior Door Bottoms—Interlocking Brass Thresholds—Window, Door and Masonry Calking—Window Vents and Brass K. & P. Plates. Genuine Chamberlin installations carry the Chamberlin name or trademark—Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co.
West Lafayette Boulevard—Detroit, Mich.

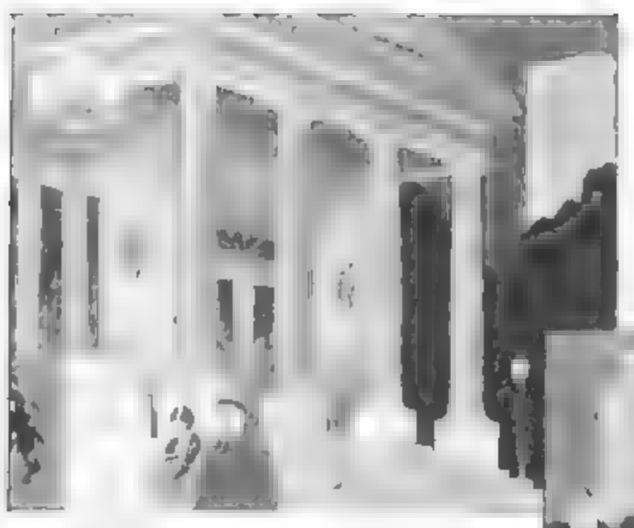
Give me some idea how much it will cost me to Chamberlin Weather Strip my home.

windows_____doors

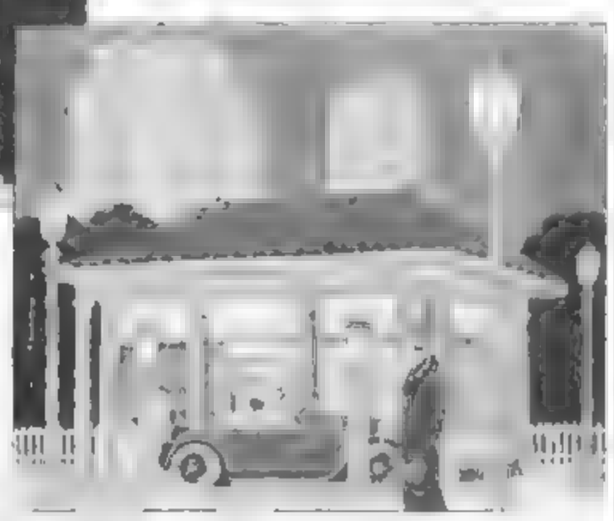
Also send me Chamberlin literature.

Name_____

Address_____

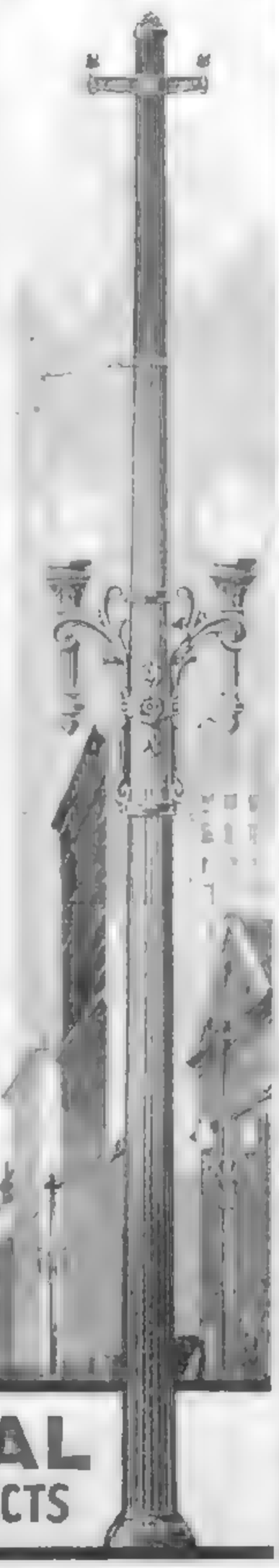


Union Metal Columns and Exterior Lighting Fixtures are equally applicable to the finest public buildings or the most modest dwelling.



Union Metal Ornamental Filling Stations and Lighting Standards attract the passing motorist night and day. They are the greatest values in their fields.

Present wherever the City Beautiful Ideal Prevails



TWENTY-ONE years ago, Union Metal produced the first pressed steel porch column and the first ornamental lamp standard. Previously, inexpensive columns had not given satisfactory service. But the rot-proof, crack-proof, architecturally correct Union Metal Column changed that. Those original inexpensive Union Metal Columns are as good today as when installed.

So, too, in ornamental lamp standards—the finest White Ways—State Street, Chicago; The Holland Tunnel, New York; Woodward Avenue, Detroit; Euclid Avenue, Cleveland; and hundreds of others—are all Union Metal.

Five years ago, many gasoline stations were eyesores. But Union Metal designed a line of beautiful stations. These stations are now selected where beauty and utility are requirements.

The public began to complain about the clumsy, old-fashioned poles which cluttered our curb-lines. Union Metal, after much research, developed a fluted steel pole patterned after the columns of antiquity. These poles are rapidly replacing the ungainly, obsolete type.

So, too, in exterior lighting fixtures, traffic standards and all types of fluted steel products, Union Metal has pioneered the way—combining beauty, low cost and extreme durability. Today, Union Metal Fluted Steel products are present wherever the "City Beautiful" ideal prevails.

If you are building a home, interested in filling station equipment, better street lighting or beautifying your city's streets, write us for complete information. We can be of distinct service in each of these fields.

THE UNION METAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
General Offices and Factory, Canton, Ohio
Branches—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Jacksonville.

UNION METAL
FLUTED STEEL PRODUCTS

Wherever trolley span wires, feeder circuits and ornamental lighting must be accommodated on one pole, the new Union Metal Heavy Duty Fluted Steel Pole gives the utmost in beauty and utility

UNION METAL
FLUTED STEEL PRODUCTS

board of city planners, of landscape architects—of men like Delano, Olmsted and Coffin, who are engaged in the beautifying of Washington and Chicago—to give them expert advice as to how the beauties of Maine could be saved from obliteration and preserved for future generations."

William Tudor Gardiner, newly elected governor of Maine, has long objected strongly to the billboard nuisance and joined with those who are trying to curb it. In a recent session of the Maine legislature he introduced a bill to regulate billboards, but apparently the bill was not viewed with any keen appreciation by the committee to which it was referred.

Robert Hale, speaker of the next Maine House of Representatives, has fought for years the promiscuous use of billboards, and has acted as adviser to the Maine women, headed by Miss Florence A. Paul of York, who have been attempting to drive billboards from the highways of the state. Mr. Hale views favorably a state constitutional amendment that will prevent the defacement of the roads by such eyesores, but he emphasizes the fact that such a constitutional amendment is difficult to obtain.

"People in general," says Mr. Hale, "think it's only necessary to pass a law saying 'Away with them,' and that the evil is then corrected. As a matter of fact, a state legislature is powerless before the billboard nuisance unless it can procure, by constitutional amendment, some modification of the constitutional prohibition against taking private property.

"It is difficult to pass a constitutional amendment, because it requires a two-thirds vote in both branches of the state legislature. Then it must be submitted to the voters and must obtain a majority of all the votes in the state. This usually requires a long and intensive educational campaign. Then when the constitutional amendment has been obtained, legislation must be passed to make it effective, and legislation is difficult to formulate."

It might be remarked, incidentally, that Maine already has a billboard law that forbids the erection or maintenance of signs or billboards in, upon or above any highway, or so situated as to prevent the safe use of the highway. Highways are comparatively narrow, however, and the law cannot touch the largest billboard in the world, provided it is built five inches beyond the limits of the highway.

Even the existing law hasn't been enforced in many sections of Maine, and great numbers of little signs are tacked to trees and posts within the highway limits, thus carrying out the best traditions of Billboardia.

Mr. Hale and Mr. Gardiner agree that in Maine, as in all states that are cursed with billboards, the quickest results can be obtained by arousing public opinion against billboards in non-commercial locations.

Mr. Hale also holds that the final eradication of the billboard curse can come only through legislation, and he therefore advocates arousing public opinion against billboards, with a view of eventually obtaining a constitutional amendment forbidding them.

Massachusetts passed a constitutional amendment against billboards in 1918, and in 1924 enough additional laws and regulations had been passed to make the amendment workable. But when Massachusetts attempted to enforce the law, the billboard industry rushed to the front with injunctions and skilled lawyers, and has now held up the state of Massachusetts for three years in its attempts to remove billboard eyesores from its roads. The case will unquestionably be fought to the United States Supreme Court.

Public opinion alone, however, can frequently fight a good fight against billboards in any state; for an antagonism to them exists everywhere—even in Billboardia. The protests of one community were unorganized; yet they forced a billboard company to take its billboard out of the town. At Cape Elizabeth, near Portland, a year ago, the people of the town, mostly farmers, voted against allowing billboards within the town. They had learned that billboards damaged property values, cheapened the entire section and drove out desirable visitors.

Struthers Burt, the author, recently made a report to Mrs. W. L. Lawton, chairman of the National Committee of Restriction of Outdoor Advertising, located at 119 East Nineteenth Street, New York City. Mrs. Lawton, backed by this committee and the Federation of Women's Clubs, has worked tirelessly for five years to arouse public opinion against the horrors of billboard advertising. Mr. Burt's report dealt with an anti-billboard campaign at Southern Pines, North Carolina.

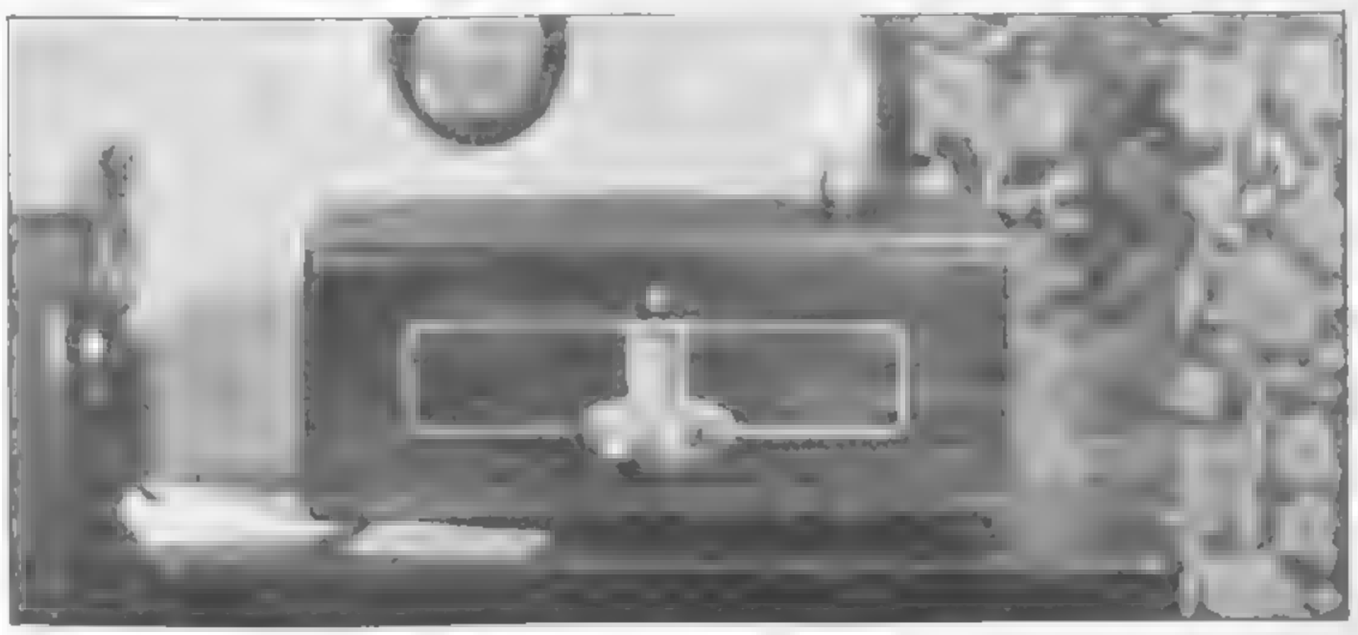
"By this time next year," wrote Mr. Burt, "we hope to have at least 90 per cent of all signs down within a radius of five miles. We have done this first by going to property owners; then when we have their consent, and in order to avoid hard feelings, by going to sign owners. Almost without exception we have met with coöperation. Evidently the thing is in the air. It is surprising how easily it is done. Almost any town can clear up most of the local signs if it wants to make the effort—not a great one.

"Furthermore, we have hit upon this plan so that the work will spread out and grow—a sort of endless-chain plan. Whether it will work or not, we don't know. But at all events, it seems worth trying. We have written to each neighboring town, north, south, east and west, asking if they will coöperate in cleaning up half the distance to us and half the distance to their next neighboring towns. Then, having done so, if they will pass the work on to the next towns, and so on. If such a plan could really get started it would accomplish wonders where local advertising is concerned."

Public opinion has also been effective in New Jersey and Wisconsin; for the Nature Magazine for July, 1927, records the fact that fifteen local granges in New Jersey have gone on record against the rural billboard, declaring that "the commercial billboards are turning private property to an objectionable use"; and that in Waukesha County, Wisconsin, the farmers at a recent farm exhibit displayed a huge pile of signs which they had removed from their property.

Unless the residents of Billboardia have lost all their original Maine thrift and astuteness, they can recognize, as well as the people of North Carolina, New Jersey and Wisconsin, the urgent necessity of restoring Billboardia to its original undefiled condition.

BOSCH RADIO



REFLECTING quality in every viewpoint the Model 28 Bosch Radio Receiver has won its way into every discussion of radio. The beauty of tone, the clarity of reception, the simplicity of operation and outstanding performance have made it a standard of comparison everywhere. With seven AC amplifying tubes and one power rectifying tube, single illuminated dial, power and simplicity are assured. The cabinet is brown tone solid mahogany tastefully inlaid. The Model 28, all electric Bosch Radio Receiver at the Bosch Dealer's near you—$132.50 less tubes.

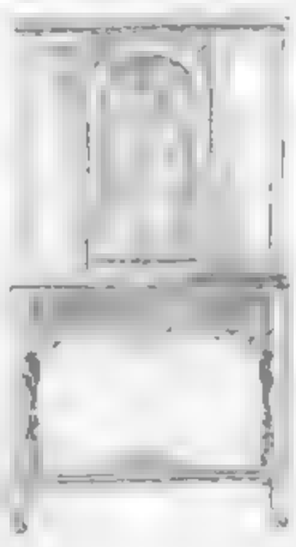
Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada—Bosch Radio is licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A. R. F. L. and Lektophone

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

SPRINGFIELD MASSACHUSETTS

Branches: New York Chicago San Francisco

Model 28-A with Standard Bosch Radio Speaker and the Model 28 Bosch Radio Receiver for $197.50. Model 28-C, a similar model, with Dynamic Speaker, is $237.50



[illegible] are offering [illegible]B with super [illegible] power and special high-power speaker supply with Bosch Radio Model 28 Receiver for $295.00

"Something's wrong with the brakes."

"Drive in, please. We'll test them on the Raybestos brake tester.... they may need Raybestos brake lining, or merely an adjustment."

RAYBESTOS BRAKE TESTER

The Raybestos Brake Tester reproduces actual road conditions for testing and equalizing brakes. Accurate and efficient, possessing many desirable and exclusive features.

CAR owners who appreciate the value of specialized service, patronize Raybestos stations, where brake service is developed to its maximum efficiency. The brake lining is *genuine* Silver Edge Raybestos, properly applied by specialists ably qualified to diagnose brake troubles and correct them. Each job is done promptly at flat-rate charges. Let the Raybestos man in *your* neighborhood inspect your brakes and put them in good condition. Send coupon for his name and address.

The experienced owner invariably insists upon Raybestos for one definite reason—QUALITY! The performance of Raybestos is assured. Its reputation is justified by nearly a quarter of a century of highly efficient service. Every known factor that makes for endurance, for wear, for reliability in brake lining is embodied in genuine Silver Edge Raybestos. Raybestos brake lining plus Raybestos brake service is a combination which assures safety and confidence.

REPAIRMEN: *We have an attractive proposition for those wishing to engage in brake service work. Correspondence is invited.*

THE RAYBESTOS CO., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

RAYBESTOS-BELACO, *Ltd.*, London, England

THE CANADIAN RAYBESTOS CO., *Ltd.*, Peterborough, Ont

THE RAYBESTOS CO Bridgeport, Conn

Please send me name and address of nearest garage or Raybestos Brake Service Station in my vicinity.

My Name

Address

A Vest-Pocket Geography

Ohio

Things You Never Heard About in School

OHIO is the Buckeye State. The name is of Indian origin, signifying beautiful. The Indians must have anticipated some of the Cleveland telephone operators. Ohio is the home of Presidents and the tire industry.

Ohio also is the home of an organization which has done much to foster and perpetuate honesty and industry. It is located at Dayton and manufactures cash registers. A cash register is the great barrier between many an ambitious young clerk and the fulfillment of his dream of going into business for himself.

Dayton also is the home of a candidate for the presidency in 1920. He recently announced that he was out of politics. A great many people have suspected this ever since 1920.

The state is noted for its mineral wealth, its program for the conservation of wild life and as the place where General Coxey started from.

Columbus is the state capital. It was named in honor of the man who showed the Queen of Spain how to handle a soft-boiled egg. A soft-boiled egg is like the landlady's demand for the overdue room rent. It is something you can't laugh off. It is usually eaten for breakfast, in company with a grapefruit. First you eat the egg, then follow with the grapefruit. Then all that you need is a towel.

WM. P. ROWLEY.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of The Saturday Evening Post, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pa., for October 1, 1928.

State of Pennsylvania — } ss.
County of Philadelphia— }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Walter D. [illegible], who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of The Curtis Publishing Company and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George Horace Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None
Business Managers, None

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Bok, The Packard Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
W. Curtis Bok, Trustee under Deed of Trust from Edward W. Bok, dated [illegible]5, 1402 Morris Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—The American Foundation Inc. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Trustee under will of [illegible], Wyncote, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—Mary Curtis Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
The Curtis Institute of Music, 18th and Locust Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Wakeman Griffin Gribbel, John Baecker Gribbel and The Real Estate Trust Co. of Philadelphia, Trustees ud by John Gribbel, dated 2-14-27, Real Estate Trust Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—Elizabeth Baecker Gribbel, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Hazen, Haddam, Connecticut
George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Estate of C. H. Ludington, Care Girard Trust Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
John C. Martin, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Public Ledger Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
[illegible] Norberth, Pennsylvania

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding [illegible] per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Walter D. [illegible],
Secretary.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this [illegible] day of August [illegible]
(Seal)

W. C. TURNER,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 1, 1931)

IS YOUR CHECK A BUSINESS REFERENCE IN ITSELF?

The fact that a man banks at a highly reputable bank is in itself a business reference.

And the very check he writes suggests the type of bank on which it is drawn—and creates a quick impression that is important.

Checks made on National Safety Paper have a decided look of being associated with a modern, progressive, well managed bank. The sort of bank that draws its clientele from the first-string business men of a community.

Distinctive, dignified, substantial. A clean, easy writing surface—durable texture. And safe—protected on both sides against mechanical and chemical erasures. Two thirds of the banks in the leading metropolitan centers are already using National Safety Paper. Your lithographer, printer or stationer can supply you promptly—in any amount, any color. George La Monte & Son, 61 Broadway, New York.

LA MONTE
NATIONAL SAFETY PAPER

How many colds will you AVOID this winter?

Face the Facts!

Cold weather imposes a serious drain on your vitality.

The fact that you spend much time in heated rooms only makes the strain more severe when you do go out.

Plain common sense. Unwise to ignore it. The "common" cold in its 53 varieties lays a heavy tax on America. It lowers efficiency, robs you of mental and physical power, becomes a social nuisance, and often gives rise to serious illness.

Dress for protection. Choose Duofold for your underwear and you get not only the finest kind of protection, but you get real *comfort* as well! Because Duofold is the *one* brand of underwear that affords the modern advantages of a *two-layer* fabric.

Two very *thin*, separate layers—cotton *inner* layer for comfort next the skin—wool in the *outer* layer, *away* from the skin. The wool *can't* touch you—can't itch, irritate or annoy.

Two thin layers—light winter weight—comfort *always*—protection superior to single layer fabrics much bulkier and heavier. Face the facts. Protect yourself, and be comfortable. Wear Duofold *this* winter.

Sold by leading department, men's furnishing, and dry goods stores... Send for free sample of fabric and full description

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.
Mohawk, New York

Duofold
***Health* Underwear**
for Men, Women, Children and Infants

TWO THIN LAYERS - AIR SPACE BETWEEN
WOOL in outer layer for warmth
COTTON inner layer for comfort

Germ Suspects Arrested

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

THE Scripture text, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household," pithily sums up our historic attitude toward cancer.

In the language of the underworld, it has all the marks of an inside job. We are attacked by our own tissues, digested by our own glands, wounded by our own weapons.

The great plague has a personality of its own; it breeds true to the gland from which it springs.

In effect and essence it is a normal growth process gone wrong, a "rebellion of the cells," as Jonathan Hutchinson graphically phrased it forty years ago.

When the wonder-working discovery of the tremendous part germs play in disease was announced, one of the very first things we did with the new light magic was to turn it on cancer, eagerly hoping it might give us a key to the problem of the centuries. But, alas, only to be disappointed. Cancer germ after cancer germ, but not one which could survive thorough and wide-scale repetition of methods of discovery by other scientists.

After half a century of ablest, toilsome, tireless research in a hundred laboratories, we not only have not discovered the germ of cancer, but we have less confidence that any such germ exists than when we began. Nearly all the later findings point away from it rather than toward it.

So that when Doctor Gye and Mr. Barnard issued their now famous report, it came into an atmosphere of skepticism, almost of cynicism, of long hoping against hope. But there was an air about it that caught even the blasé eye of the expert; no confident claim of discovery of either cause or cure, just a modest sketch of a new method of approach, of lines along which at some future day the great goal might possibly be reached.

To explain briefly the facts of the problem, a sketch of the life story of cancer is necessary.

In a nutshell this is how cancer is born. Somewhere about the fortieth to the fiftieth year of life, a single small group of cells, after four to five decades of loyal service to the rest of the body, suddenly begins to grow on its own, to fight for its own hand, regardless of the general welfare, and forms the fatal lump. The junta appears to be as able as it is unscrupulous; it sprouts like a mushroom, quickly forms a nucleus or central stronghold, and begins to drive its deadly columns of invading rebel cells into the surrounding loyal tissues in every direction.

At this stage a lump may be felt or seen if the rebel band is on or near the surface of the body, say in the breast or the lip. If the hornets' nest is cut round with a sweep of the knife, half an inch ahead of the van of the invading columns, it can be lifted clean out of the body, the whole revolt collapses at once, and the deadly cancer is "napoo," as Tommy Atkins says.

The Artillery of Cancer

Of the lump stage of cancer, eight times out of ten the competent surgeon can say, with Cæsar, "I came, I cut, I conquered!" But if the murderous assault upon the body state is not discovered in this stage, or for any other reason is allowed to spread without opposition, another weapon comes into play. The bandits equip themselves with artillery, and long-range guns, at that, throwing shells of a peculiar deadliness.

These are no other than the famous spore cells or seeds of cancer, which are budded off in thousands from the central lump, poured into the veins and the lymph channels, and in their current swept all over the body. Many of them probably miss fire and are destroyed by the leucocyte cavalry and submarines, but the remainder take root wherever the blood current lands them and explode in a most deadly fashion, by growing like toadstools and starting a new colony of rebels which repeat the murderous tactics of the original band.

So that in from three months to three or four years, according to the malignancy of the original bandits and the vigor of the fight put up by the loyal cells, the whole body is shot full of tiny cancers and its resistance so completely undermined that it one day collapses and comes down with a crash.

The surgical crux of cancer is to determine when this ghastly bombardment with spore shells has begun, and how far it has reached when the patient comes in for operation. In some aggressive types of cancer, the original regiment of revolutionaries gets its artillery equipment very early and begins long-range bombardment before it is much bigger than an almond. In others the regiment grows to a brigade before it gets a single field machine gun even, and a tumor the size of a hen's egg may be got away clean and never leave a single colony or spore behind.

From the Most-Gifted Cells

The removal of the original lump of cancer, if within, roughly speaking, half a foot of the surface, is usually a simple problem for the skilled surgeon, even though it be the size of a fist, or as large as the open palm of the hand. But the thing that turns his hair gray is the grim problem of how widely the secondary colonies have spread, and how far it is possible or safe to follow them up and root them out.

It is easy enough for an expert to remove rapidly, safely, completely, a big cancer of the breast, and to clean out the armpit and dig out all colony nodules, visible to the trained eye or discoverable by the educated finger, the *tactus eruditus* of the fathers in medicine. But we dare not follow the infected lymph channels into the chest, and how do we know we have got all that are in plain sight even? The only way to be sure is to put each pinhead under the microscope, which is impossible. It isn't the size of the rebel army that counts, it's the range of their siege guns.

These secondary, or, in our pompous Greek, metastatic, cancer colonies grow even more rapidly than the mother lump. Indeed, they often overshadow it entirely and even by a weird sort of rebellion against the rebels may cause it to shrink in size and disappear, apparently by commandeering all the surplus food supplies of the body for themselves. If some vaunted "cancer cure" happens to be applied at this stage it gets the credit for the cure. But it is only a lull in the storm.

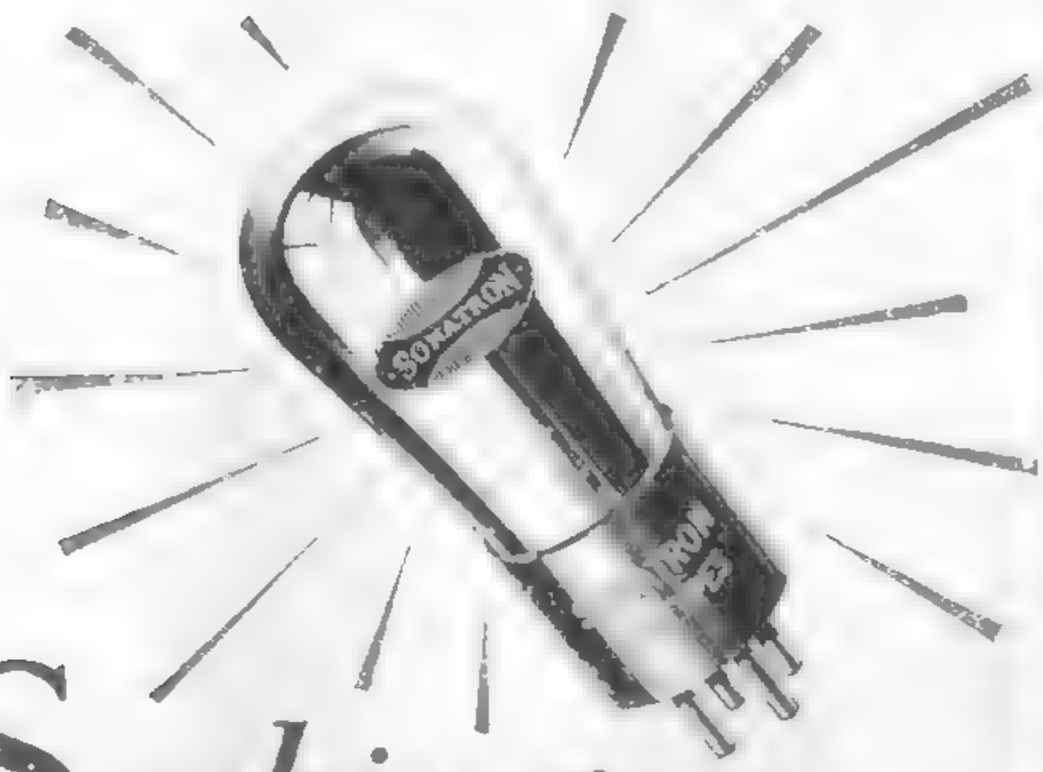
This is why in the old legal phrase "speed is the essence of the contract" in dealing with cancer. Why every smallest new lump or hardening in breast or tongue, every lasting sore or crack in lip or tongue, every slightest "color" after the change of life, every obstinate burning pain or heartburn in the stomach which resists digestive treatment should be shown to the family doctor and by him to the surgeon at once, before there has been time for this terrible bombardment with live shells to have begun. Operate before the barrage begins and you have a two or even three to one chance of a clean removal and a happy cure.

What sort of cells are they that start this strange and sinister revolt? Some wretched, low-grade, submerged tenth of the body state, goaded to revolt by their wrongs and their oppression? Not at all. On the contrary, they spring from the highest and most-gifted ranks of the cell aristocracy, the great epithelial, or pavement, cells, which cover and waterproof our skin surface, line our mouths, stomach and food

(Continued on Page 197)

SONATRON

THE WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO TUBE LINE



Seeking a better tube *Millions* now buy *Sonatrons*

44 DISTINCT TYPES

The World's Largest Radio Tube Line contains a tube for every need in modern radio:

AC TUBES
X226, Y227, X222AC, X171AC, X401

POWER TUBES
X112, X112A, X171, X171A, X210, X250

GENERAL PURPOSE TUBES
X201A, X222, X200A, X201B, X240

RECTIFYING TUBES
SH85, X280, X281, X213, X216B

DRY CELL TUBES
199A, X199, V199, X120, V120, 120A

—and many others

THE search for a better radio tube has ended at the shelves of Sonatron's dealers. The insistent demand of America's growing radio family for superlative tube performance has brought Sonatron a popularity which has placed it high in its field.

Steadily, the conviction grows that radio tubes play a most important part in radio reception, and Sonatron sales rise in direct ratio to the spread of this conviction. Seeking a better tube, *millions turn to Sonatron*—and find in the Sonatron label a definite assurance of quality.

Today, Sonatron radio tubes are sold by thousands of dealers to millions of radio listeners. The qualities of finer tone, greater volume and a far longer life which are built into Sonatron tubes have created a straightforward confidence in the Sonatron label as a symbol of tube satisfaction.

The prophecy of a better tube service observed in Sonatron's determination to fill every radio need, has been realized in a consistent quality which has interested millions. The World's Largest Radio Tube Line offers a tube for every socket—and offers with it a performance that knows no competition.

If you have not yet experienced the thrill of Sonatron quality in your radio reception, visit your Sonatron dealer today. *From then on, you will know a new satisfaction in radio.*

SONATRON TUBE COMPANY

16 Hudson Street, *New York City*
88 Eighth Avenue, *Newark, N. J.*

108 West Lake Street, *Chicago*
Cable Address: SONATRON-NEWARK

Dealers! Jobbers! Manufacturers!
The SONATRON PROPOSITION this year offers greater sales possibilities than ever. Write for it—or simply check the coupon.

SONATRON TUBE COMPANY, 108 W. Lake St., Chicago
Gentlemen: Please send me the FREE book, "How to Take
Name
Street Address or R. F. D.
City and State
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FREE!
New 1929 Edition
SONATRON'S famous book, "How to Take Care of Your Radio Tubes."

In Conference . . .

WHEN fashion-wise girls turn their critical attention to silk hosiery, they immediately agree that this new, perfect-fitting chiffon Iron Clad silk to the top, with special slipper sole and pointed heel, all for $1.00—is the luckiest hosiery find they've ever come across. . . They know that every natural curve will gain new grace from clinging Iron Clad softness. They know the delicate bloom of lustrous Iron Clad silk will subtly emphasize each line and shadow. —And they know that Iron Clads *wear*, and *wear*—and *wear*. Iron Clad No. 812 has all the most attractive features of more expensive stockings—4-ply mercerized heel and toe and double sole for extra wear—a smooth toe that assures absolute comfort an enduring loveliness that will not wash out or wear out for a long, long time—an Iron Clad guarantee of satisfactory service or a brand new pair of hose—a complete color range (black, white, sandust, Kasha beige, atmosphere, skin, champagne, grain, parchment, moonlight, mauve taupe, flesh pink, pearl blush, pastel parchment, evenglow, light gun metal, white jade, honey beige, mirage, Reveree, Cuban sand, and beach tan)—and costs only $1.00 a pair. Ask your dealer for No. 812. Should he not have Iron Clads, send us his name with your remittance, stating size (8 to 10½) and color of hose desired. . . *NOTE—If you want a full-fashioned style similar to No. 812, ask for No. 928, which sells for $2.00 a pair.*

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY, 212 Vine Street St. Joseph, Michigan, Mills at St. Joseph, Michigan; and Decatur, Alabama

Iron Clad

Iron Clad Hosiery

(Continued from Page 194)

tube, and by an extraordinary sleight-of-hand trick, fold in from the surface to form our nerves, our spinal cord and brain.

Our ablest, most valued and most trusted servants have turned against us, and this is what makes the body so helpless before their attack. And it is the master group of this great epithelial guild of body craftsmen, which leads the revolt of the artificers, who have mastered the supreme gift, the priceless trick of gland making. Like all works of genius, this looks simple enough, merely a dipping down from the surface to form a tiny pouch, which again pushes out other smaller pouches, like the fingers of a glove, making a gland—no relation to the unluckily misnamed "glands," or kernels, of the neck, armpit, groin, and so on.

But when we remember that this simple gland trick or glove trick produces in its tiny laboratories such astonishingly varied and priceless commodities as gastric juice, saliva, the whole pancreas, the liver, the mammary glands, and finally the teeth, the hair and the brain, we can grasp the high rank of the gland-maker cells, and see what makes cancer so deadly! For not only is it just one of this gland-maker group which always starts a cancer, but the very trick which it has learned, of burrowing into other tissues to form a gland for the benefit of the body, when turned against the body becomes the terrible, boring, irresistible, advancing columns of cancer!

In fact, so similar, so nearly the same are they that when we examine under the microscope a section of a rapidly growing gland, such as the breast during pregnancy, we see columns of cells pushing out which are hard to distinguish from those seen in another breast attacked by cancer.

But if this column-forming drill is so natural and apparently harmless, what makes cancer so dangerous? The answer is, "It has lost its brains."

When it starts to grow for its own hand, regardless, it automatically cuts itself off from the higher control of the body, that mysterious but most definite directing power which keeps all parts and regions of the body in proper proportion and balance, which shows even the skilled master craftsmen cells how to put the finishing touches to their work. A cancer cell is like a skilled workman who has taken to drink. He can start a job but he cannot finish it. The cancer columns push eagerly forward, as if to make a gland, but they never reach their goal. They lose their way in the jungle; they forget to keep a commissariat line open with their base of supplies; they have neither water supply nor sanitary organization; they break down and die of starvation and disease, and their decaying bodies poison the whole neighborhood.

Pancreatin on the Brain

The cancer cell is in such a hurry that it never gets half finished, and its early breakdown and decay are the secret of its poisonous effect upon the body. That is why every cancer lump so quickly melts into an abscess or an ulcer. Also why almost any application made to a cancer—heat, acids, metallic poisons, X rays, pepsin, pancreatin, disease germs—may cause it to melt down and shrink half away, for a time, because the cancer cells are so feeble and unstable compared with the healthy cells.

They simply have one ghastly power—that of brief burrowing and breaking down, or peaceful penetration. Like tramps and hoboes they can live off the country and foul it with their filth diseases.

Some of them, to give even the cancer devil his due, make a desperate attempt to "breed true" and produce a harmless gland. Spore shells from a cancer of the pancreas may lodge in the brain and then grow a ghastly imitation of a lobule of the pancreas, which will yield pancreatin on analysis! A cancer may form in the liver, which, when removed and put under the microscope, may show that it came from the breast, by its crude imitation of mammary gland structure.

Here lies the heart of the puzzling problem of cancer. It is so intensely individual, so human, it follows its own natural bent so closely. One can hardly imagine a growth and process so spontaneous, so self-directed, being set up by any external, wandering germ. Furthermore, in all the age-long history of cancer, there never yet has been proof, or even a reasonable suspicion, of the passage of cancer from one human patient to another. Not even in such an extreme case as the splendid daring of the great Dr. Nicholas Senn, of Chicago, who years before his death deliberately transplanted into the flesh of his own arm grafts taken from cancers removed by him. No growth of any sort resulted. So that it is unanimously agreed that cancer is never contagious, and there is not the slightest reason to dread or avoid the company of its pitiable sufferers.

Finally, every cancer germ hitherto discovered—and most of us can recall ten or a dozen loudly hailed—has proved a pitiable false alarm within a few months of its heralding. So discouraged have we become over this fruitless search that one of our leading experts recently declared, "There are many things which we do not know about cancer today, but there is one thing that we do know, and that is that it is not of germ origin."

A Triumph of the Microscope

This was the blank wall of skepticism which faced the modest but hopeful announcement of Doctor Gye and Mr. Barnard, and from which it has echoed all round the world. The gist of their cautious and most unemotional statement comes down to this: That they have discovered a hitherto invisible germ and with it produced a tumor in chickens. The tumor is not a cancer strictly speaking, but a first cousin, known as a sarcoma, or flesh tumor, which operates upon pretty much the same deadly principle. Only instead of starting from and imitating glands it starts from and imitates tissues, such as muscle, bone, gristle, and so on. It is nearly as deadly as cancer, but far less frequent in humans.

It had been known that these sarcomas could be spread from one chicken to another by the injection of juice squeezed out of the tumor, even after it had been passed through the finest of laboratory filters, which strain out all visible germs. But Doctor Gye was sure that this filtered juice or virus contained tiny germs so small as to be invisible, and after careful and most laborious attempts succeeded in cultivating these germs in the dark, all unseen, for several generations and then producing with them, a sarcoma in another chicken.

Then he turned to Mr. Barnard, who is a genius of high scientific rank with the microscope—though a hatter by trade—and asked him whether it was possible so to increase the power of the microscope as to make these germs visible. Mr. Barnard undertook the task, and with high inventive genius and exquisite technical skill succeeded in pressing our new-found friends, the ultra-violet rays, into service and with them succeeded.

Then they were able, to their great delight, to discover tiny scattered germs in this filtered tumor juice and to watch them grow into groups and colonies, as the successive sowings or cultures went on. Then to make sure, similar culture tubes into which no sarcoma juice had been dropped were carefully studied with the new ultra-violet microscope, and showed no sign of anything even resembling germs.

So what Doctor Gye and Mr. Barnard appear to have done is to discover a hitherto invisible germlet and with it produce a tumor, a sarcoma, after growing it for several generations outside of the body.

One other thing is needed for the production of a tumor, and this is some juice carefully extracted from the sarcoma and then sterilized to kill all germlets present. The theory, in a nutshell, is that this sterilized juice contains a cell-breaking, or defense-rupturing substance which injures the flesh

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of the second chicken and makes an opening for the entrance of the germlet into its cells.

In other words, cancer, or at least sarcoma, seems due to two factors—a germlet or virus from without, and a cell-breaker irritant substance which opens the way for its entrance. Which last may account for the not infrequent appearance of cancer in dye makers and other coal-tar workers and after X-ray burns. Unlike any other cancer germs so far, this germ works!

To recapitulate briefly: What Doctor Gye has done is to discover a germ or virus which, after being grown outside of the body in tubes of nutrient material for several generations, will produce regularly a tumor in chickens.

In order to do this it must be assisted by the injection of the sterilized juice of quite a group of similar tumors—sarcomas—from chickens, mice and even one human true cancer.

As this activating tumor juice can be procured from so many different sources, Gye is inclined to think its powers due to a single, common cell-breaker substance, which depresses the resistance of the cells and permits the cancer germs to bore into them.

It is now known that such cell-rupturing substances are formed simply from the breaking down of our own cells under chronic irritation and friction. This may account for the heavy part played by chronic friction, such as the broken tooth against the tongue, or the roughened stem of the pipe upon the lip, in the production of cancer.

Then when the cancer germs have followed this trail-blazing substance into the heart of a cell, instead of killing it, they spur it to rapid overgrowth, tumor formation in fact. Much as the sting of the gallfly does the leaf of the oak or rose, puffing it up into the well-known gall.

Altogether his findings and suggestions fit in surprisingly well with our most thoughtfully held views of the nature and growth of cancer. And they throw a valuable new light upon some of its most perplexing problems.

Of course Gye and Barnard have not discovered the cause of cancer and they make no such claim. But they have opened up two new lines of approach to that pathologic North Pole, along which future explorers may plan their expeditions.

And it seems not unreasonable to hope that if the first cast of the net into the new ocean of knowledge, illuminated by the new powers of the microscope, has brought up a possible germ of sarcoma, other casts may one day bring up other germs of the same great family group, including cancer. And if we once get the germ—that opens the possibility of a vaccine or antitoxin.

Preventive Treatment

Meanwhile careful retesting of the findings will go eagerly on in a score of laboratories. New casts will be made with Barnard's "noose of light," and as Gye specially points out, careful studies will be made of all possible chronic irritants in the body which might act as cell breakers, from X-ray burns and paraffin to food impurities and adulterants.

As both factors, the germ and the trail blazer, are needed for the production of cancer, this gives us two possible methods toward prevention. Even if we cannot discover a germ for vaccine purposes, it is reasonable to hope that by strengthening the general resisting power of the body and especially of its coatings and linings, we may lessen the chances of our invasion by this scourge.

It must frankly be confessed that this is a fairly large order. For cancer, being an imitation gland, can begin wherever glands are to be found, which means the whole skin-coating all over the outside of our body and the entire mucous lining of our food canal from mouth to rectum, with all its daughter offshoots, salivary glands, liver and pancreas.

But it may be remembered for our encouragement that we have already won most gratifying improvements in the health, vigor and comfort of these two great surfaces. Diseases of the skin, for instance, are far less frequent and disfiguring and severe than they were a generation ago, from the rise of the cult of the bath, from removal of infections, more outdoor life and a better balanced ration. While the decline of diseases of the stomach, from acidity to ulcer, the now comparative rarity of life-long "dyspepsy," and the lessening of chronic bowel troubles are even more striking. And these are due largely to the same sort of internal toilet, shutting out infections borne by food and water, eating purer, richer and less irritating foods, removal of infected appendix or gall bladder by surgery, and a balanced diet of plenty of fresh milk, meat, vegetables and fruits the whole year round.

So that our high task is to press farther an already winning fight, and though we cannot be certain of thus preventing cancer, yet it is reasonable to hope that it may render its invasion of our bodies more difficult. And the battle is well worth while on its own grounds, for its own sake.

Is Cancer on the Increase?

But, says someone at once, are we not assured on every hand that cancer is increasing? That precisely its most disquieting feature is that in the face of all these great improvements of the general health, it goes on taking heavier tolls of human life every year? Fortunately we may relieve our minds of this general dread, for our most thoughtful experts are now of the opinion that most of this apparent increase year by year is only apparent; on paper, so to speak. On the face of the returns there appears an increase of about 25 per cent in twenty-three years.

First of all, our knowledge is far too incomplete to allow us to draw any positive conclusions. So long as post-mortems are only held after about one death in fifty, it is impossible to say how frequent cancer really is. It is significant that the greater part of the apparent increase is in cancers of the liver, stomach, pancreas and deeper organs of the body, where a good many cancers could be overlooked if no surgical operation for other purposes were done, or post-mortem held. Whereas the number of cancers of the skin, lip, tongue, throat, breast and surfaces generally, visible to the dullest eye, shows no such increase.

Secondly, as cancer is a disease of later life, of the fourth and fifth decades, and the great bulk of our life-saving by the conquest of infections has been in childhood and youth, a larger and larger number of the community are living to the cancer age. There is really no reasonable ground for regarding cancer as a disease of civilization, except in the sense that only under civilization do we live long enough to die of it. All the assertions that cancer does not occur in savages are based upon insufficient or unskilled observations. It never becomes frequent because they die so young. Few savage tribes have an average length of life of over twenty-five years.

Not only is it true that properly corrected and balanced statistics fail to prove an increase of cancer, but there are beginning indications of a possible ebb of the great tide. One of the large hospitals in Baltimore some years ago made a careful study of the actual proportion of percentage of cancer cases in its total hospital population for the previous year, compared with the similar percentage thirty years before, with the gratifying result of finding a distinct decline in the proportion of cancer amounting to nearly 15 per cent.

What makes this small but encouraging finding especially interesting and significant, is that during the earlier half of the thirty-year period there had been a distinct increase in the number of cancer cases received for several years before the decline began. This the investigators were inclined

(Continued on Page 201)

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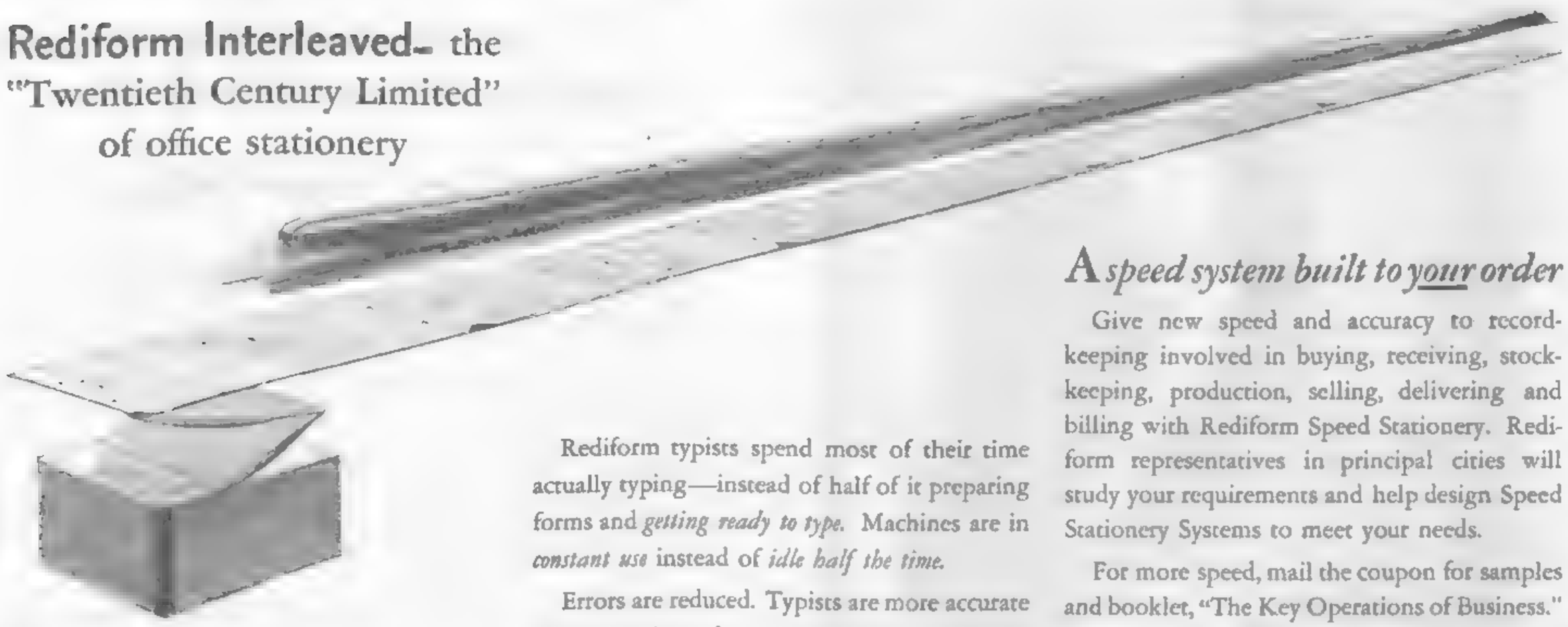

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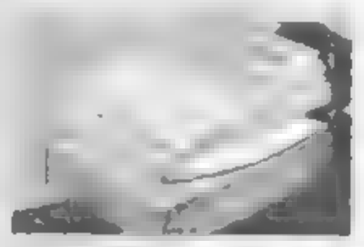

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SHOES MARK THE MAN

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THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

(Continued from Page 198)

to regard as due to the fact that the surgical and medical staff of this hospital had been among the first to recognize the urgent importance of an educational campaign for the early recognition of cancer; and that an eager propaganda by both doctors and nurses among the crowds of patients both in the hospital and in the dispensaries had resulted in an increased number of cancer cases brought in at a stage where a large proportion could be cured, or have their lives markedly prolonged—with a happily consequent future drop in the numbers.

From a famous Middle Western clinic comes an informal report of progress of an investigation under way, to the effect that there appears to be a check if not an ebbing of the cancer tide, while the percentage of cases coming in at early and hopeful stages is distinctly increasing.

There is also a general feeling among thoughtful surgeons on both sides of the Atlantic that the upward sweep of the wave of this scourge is showing signs of slackening.

These are, of course, but straws showing possibly hopeful variations and veerings in the winds of destiny, giving us reason to hope that modern science is effectively opposing this enemy and may ere long be able to hold it at a standstill until the laboratories succeed in discovering a specific cause. Which means a vaccine for prevention or an antitoxin for cure. It is probable, however, that the priceless and life-saving campaigns for the early recognition and removal of cancer, waged by both state and national societies, will result in an apparent increase for several years yet. But "if winter comes, can spring be far behind?" Such an increase of total cases will logically be followed by a happy decline.

Healing Rays of Radium

In the meantime, while we are hopefully waiting for another blessed miracle from the laboratory, spurred to even keener activity by Gye and Barnard's findings, we are practically by no means discouraged or pessimistic. The one thing which stands out more strikingly, more dominating the more we find out about cancer, is that it is always, in the beginning, emphatically a local disease! In all the hundreds of thousands of cases which have been studied, the occurrence of more than one cancer—except of course secondary or spore colony growths—in any one patient is almost absolutely unknown. Lift out and remove this primary growth, cleanly, completely, painlessly, and you have cured the disease! In the language of Scripture, "Cast out the scorner, and contention shall go out." This can only be done surely by surgery, and should never be delayed for the purpose of trying any other method.

In certain superficial cancers of the face and lip the use of radium gives excellent results. But with this exception, both radium and the X ray are more helpful after the growth has been removed, in arresting small secondary nodules or spores which could not be seen or reached, and thus preventing return of the cancer. In this respect they are both of priceless value. With this combination of surgery and rays, cases of cancer seen reasonably early have a two or even three to one prospect of cure.

In cases unfortunately not seen so early and with one or more lumps in the nearest glands, much can yet be done. If a complete removal and clearing out of the near lymph nodes is feasible, followed by radium or X rays, then the chances of no return may be even or better, while the chances of no return for a number of years may be very good. A conservative authority puts it that half the cancers in men, and one-third of those in women are curable as they now come in. And this could be greatly improved by intelligent watchfulness on the part of the public.

These healing rays, drawn ultimately like any other good influence on this terrestrial ball, from the sun's golden glow, are also of great value in advanced stages of the malady. Large, rapidly growing tumors, which it is not feasible to get away clean by surgery, can often by skillful treatment with the X rays or radium be diminished in size and shriveled down, so as to make them capable of surgical removal. Or their growth may be so markedly arrested as to prolong life for quite considerable and worth-while periods.

Radium rays can be brought into the very heart of a growth by charging fine-pointed glass tubes with radium emanations and then under local cocaine, through small incisions in the surface of the tumor, pushing them gently down deep into its substance.

Also by a merciful dispensation in this pitiable disease, the X rays have a wonderful power of relieving the severe pain of its later stages and may be used freely for this purpose. One gleam of belated pity shown by the scourge is that while the primary or mother cancer is usually painful to a degree, the secondary or colony growths, deep in the interior, are far less so, indeed often almost painless. The poison with which they saturate the entire body would appear to be almost narcotic or deadening to the nerve endings. So that by free and, if needed, repeated removal of the original growth, combined with skilled use of the priceless X rays, the sufferings of pitiful cases seen too late can be very greatly relieved

As matters stand at present, after forty-five, every man faces about one chance in ten of going out by cancer, and every woman about one in seven. But this risk is little greater than that of the other so-called degenerative diseases of middle and later life—apoplexy, Bright's disease, arteriosclerosis—all of which have about the same annual death rate per hundred thousand living—90 to 95—roughly one per thousand living; whereas heart disease and pneumonia are more fatally threatening still.

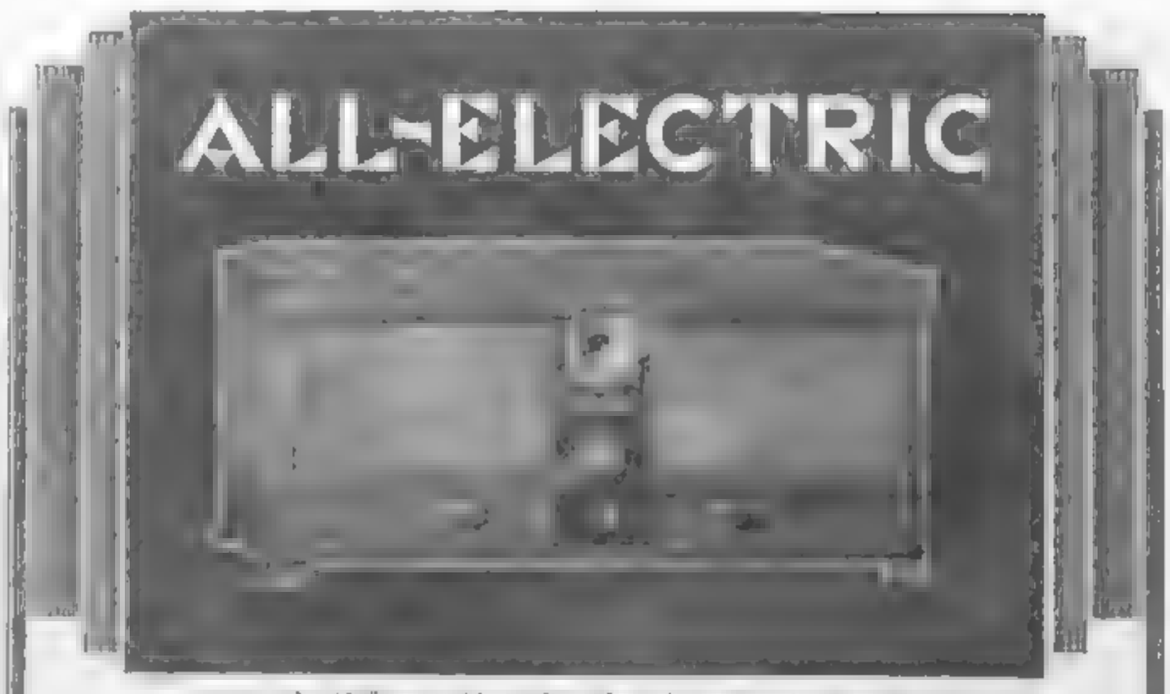
There is, however, one difference among these which is actually in favor of cancer, incredible as it may seem. And this is that although all the other reapers of the late middle-aged, except pneumonia, are chiefly the result of infections or unfortunate conditions and habits of life in childhood and young adult life, and the damage is done long past repair, cancer is just at its beginning, making an entirely fresh start.

With the Approach of Old Age

So that by intelligent alertness and watchfulness for the very first trace of a lump which has no clear cause, whether painful or not, for the earliest crack or fissure upon the lip which hardens and refuses to heal, the faintest tint of color near the change of life, these risks of one in seven and one in ten may be cut down to one in twenty and one in thirty. Eternal vigilance is the price of cancer escape after middle life. But the precautions to be taken are so simple and the precious prize of safety so often to be won, that the trifling trouble is a thousand times worth while.

Thus brings us to the question why it is that at a time when all other growth processes are subsiding and tending to cease, cancer should just make its start. This is another of the many mysteries of this strange malady. About all that can be said is that the control of the central powers of the body republic over local glands and regions, is weakened by the decline which marks the approach of old age. In short, the rebellion of a gland, called cancer, can break out more readily in an aging body.

Not only so, but all tissues and parts of the body do not grow old at the same rate. And those parts which age earliest and most rapidly seem to be especially favorable regions for the outbreak of revolt. For instance, the breast and uterus in woman, near or after the change of life, are notoriously subject to cancer, apparently in part at least because the end of the reproductive period of life is approaching and they begin to atrophy and decline. The body is cutting down their wages, so to speak, and they retaliate by going on cancer strike.



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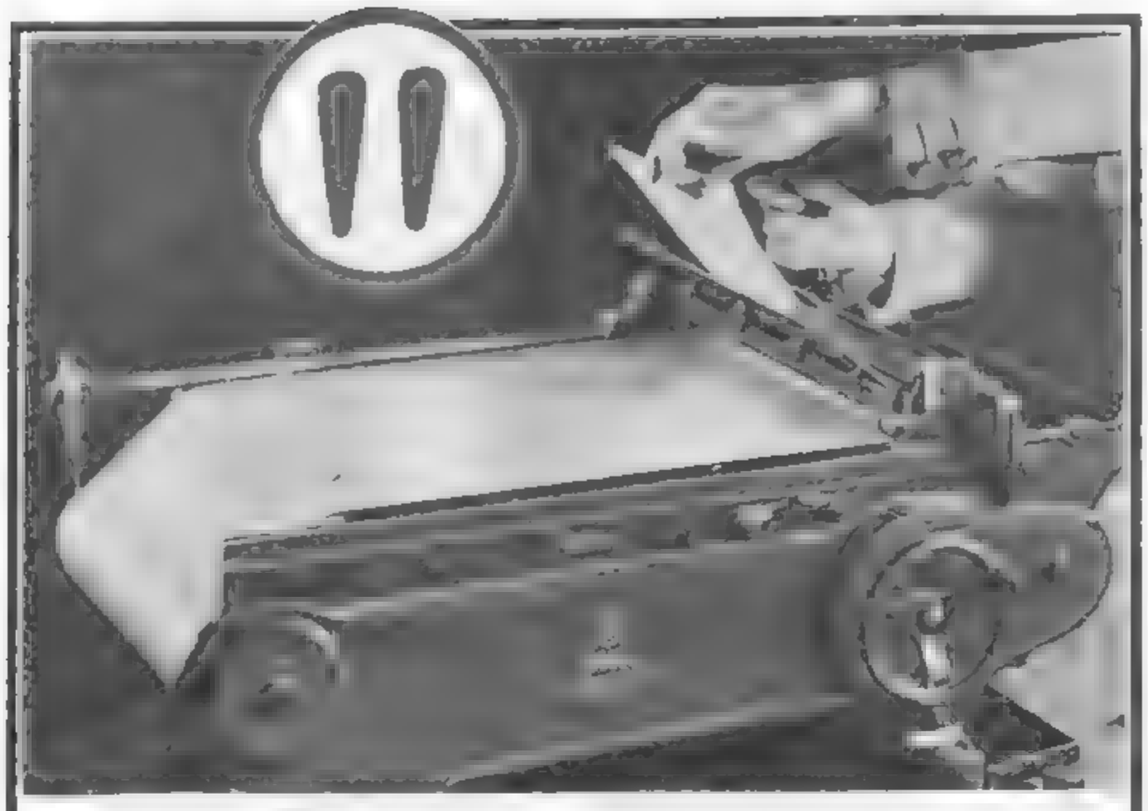

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In men, a premature aging takes place in the lips and tongue, apparently from the wasting of the jaws due to loss of the teeth. Here is another fertile region for cancer revolt. These three regions account for one-third of cancers in women, and about one-fifth in men. But with characteristic contrariness and illogicality, cancer rarely attacks the lip or tongue in women, though the selfsame loss of the teeth and wasting of the jaws takes place in them. However, under the marvels of modern dentistry our teeth are becoming far longer lived and there is reason to believe that the reproductive period in women is lengthening under civilization. So that possibly we may hope for a lessening of this cancer penalty for premature aging in all three of these danger zones.

It is again characteristic of the contrariness of cancer that if a germ cause is difficult to prove, heredity is even more unlikely and remote. There are so-called cancer families, and their number is increasing as our cases and their family histories are recorded and studied more carefully. But they account at most for only a very small percentage of cancer.

Surgeons of wide experience are impressed with the apparently increasing number of their cancer patients giving a history of other cancers in the family. But if they are all added together and compared with the great total, they scarcely reach 5 per cent. And of course cancer in the family simply means two or more cases in a large family group covering from three to five generations, according to the range of memory of those living. As cancer is responsible for about one-twelfth of all deaths, any family group has a right, so to speak, to one case of cancer for every twelve members reaching later middle life, by the law of averages without accusation of any special susceptibility. Moreover, nearly all these family cancers are in different organs, and while hereditary tendency of one organ to cancer is quite conceivable, it is difficult to imagine the whole body inheriting such a liability. Yet Dr. Maud Slye, in the most ingenious and extensive laboratory study of the heredity of cancer ever made, has apparently produced just this condition. Her work was done upon cancer in mice, on account of the large number of generations of these tiny creatures which could be directly observed and followed. Her laborious and gifted experiments have now covered scores of generations and thousands of individuals, and she is now able to announce her success.

First, by mating together for many generations those mice which were readily inoculated with the original cancer, she produced a strain so susceptible that a majority of those which reach cancer age, spontaneously develop cancer and die of it. Secondly, by similar long-continued inbreeding of the tiny rodents which resisted inoculation with cancer, there has grown up an ironclad breed of mousies, which are absolutely proof and immune against cancer and defy every possible form or combination of infection with it. And what is most interesting and important, these tiny champion cancer proofs are so prepotent that not only do they "breed true" indefinitely, when mated with other cancer proofs, but when paired with ordinary mice, or even with pure cancer susceptibles fated to die of cancer, all the offspring are cancer proof! In Mendelian terms, cancer susceptibility is recessive, cancer proofness dominant.

So that if cancer runs along similar lines in both mice and men and Doctor Slye's most interesting findings are confirmed by her colleagues, when she feels ready to turn over her material for control testing, we may feel hopeful of the possibility of control of the hereditary element in human cancer.

In fine, the message of modern medicine to the cancer threatened is one of encouragement. Curable in the forewarned and watchful, capable of long delay and marked relief from pain in the late awakened, not proved to be increasing, probably nearing a standstill, incapable of injury to race vigor because its brunt falls heaviest late in or after reproductive life, there is a fair fighting chance against it. "Threatened men live long," says the Spanish proverb.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 56)

station, and a stand for the sale of cold drinks and sandwiches.

"This proves the contention of my banker adviser, who told me that a piece of property may go unnoticed for years but when once sold, it immediately takes on new importance and is likely to be sold quickly after one buyer takes a fling at it. I have always kept this in mind and it seldom fails to work out—nearly always to my advantage.

"Since my first two ventures I have built and sold eight small homes, have owned two pieces of business property, and have bought and sold nearly two dozen small tracts of residential property. In buying vacant property I always show partiality to the property which can be made to return enough income to pay the taxes. One tract had been overlooked by everybody for many years because it was near a slaughter pen, where local butchers killed beef and hogs. Finally the city fathers, aroused by a new civic pride, passed an ordinance requiring the removal of this nuisance and the establishment of a modern abattoir. I saw possibilities in the near-by property and bought it. The next fall the local circus grounds were subdivided. I offered my property to the circus men and was paid fifty dollars for its use on one occasion and sixty-five dollars on another—which was enough to pay the taxes. No one seemed to want this property, so I persuaded a man to erect six tourist cottages on it as an experiment. Soon he had to erect six more and today there are twenty one-room cottages, two three-room cottages, one five-room cottage, a gasoline filling station, a grocery and delicatessen store and a small restaurant. I have helped finance and manage all of these enterprises, and small though they may seem, the income is interesting and the property is increasing in value. During the height of the tourist season we accommodate as many as 100 people a night.

"In my work, now, I have systematized most of my duties which were once carried on in the most haphazard manner. Card-index files have replaced hurried memoranda; hunches have given way to carefully assembled facts on every piece of undeveloped property in and near the town.

"After paying taxes, all fees, interest, and deducting one or two small losses, all advertising, and the expenses in connection with developing one or two small plots, my net return in 1927 was $4690. I've set myself a quota of $6000 for 1928, and I think I'll make it," she concluded with a confident smile.

This young woman has made a success of an interesting business because she has been content to capitalize overlooked opportunities right under the noses of hundreds of people who have been wasting money on wildcat oil-well ventures, stock-promotion schemes and various so-called easy-money devices. She has been content to confine her ventures to the less spectacular side of real estate, leaving speculation out of her operations almost entirely. Instead of trying to make a fortune in one year, she has endeavored to put real value into her offerings, and to build slowly but surely. When we consider that she started with $400 in cash and almost no knowledge of her business, who can say but that any intelligent woman, with the required nest egg, keen observation and a little imagination would not do as well?

—EUGENE WHITMORE.

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Coyote Danger

THE true meaning of the word "coyote" is prairie wolf, but the beast no longer confines his activities to the plains country. Formerly he ran almost exclusively on the great prairies west of the Mississippi and into the region now called Alberta in Canada. In Mexico he was a flat-country ranger. But how he has changed in the past forty years!

I have seen him traveling across Milner Pass, from the Atlantic to the Pacific side of the Front Range of the Colorado Rockies. This meant that the little scamp was loping over a divide at an altitude in excess of 12,000 feet above the sea.

Close by my home,which is around 8000 feet in altitude, he can be seen and heard constantly.

He runs the Arctic mainland wastes around the delta of the Mackenzie River, along the eastern Rockies of Yukon Territory and across the great Canadian plains all the way to Hudson Bay. He has been seen in Labrador, and his latest discovery is in Orleans County, New York, where a reward is out for his scalp. In this region, bordering the shores of Lake Ontario, he is at his work of crafty killing, with all the cleverness which has made him famous in the West.

How he came to New York is unknown, but the supposition is that travelers must have purchased pups in the West and carried them by auto to the East. In some way these pups escaped and have now gone into a colony within a few miles of Rochester and Buffalo.

The coyote appropriated the cut-over timberlands of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan while yet the lumber crews were working this timber. He followed the gold seekers into the Klondike and down the Yukon and is now growing in numbers over a large part of Alaska.

In all the intermountain states he has become a menace to livestock men and a war is being waged against him which is interesting from every point of view.

A New Trick Every Year

The coyote—pronounced kōyō-tl, kōy-yōt and kī-yōt—loves the companionship of man; but he loves man's chickens, calves, sheep and garbage better. And somehow he uses the society of man to educate himself out of the danger from man's traps, poison sets, dogs and guns.

What may be an effective means of his destruction one year will get no scalps the next; for the coyote, once he learns what man snares him with, avoids that menace or that locality. His cunning is unequaled by anything that runs in the wild.

When the grass-eating herds of the West were diminished or destroyed, the gray, timber and red wolf turned his killing genius to man's flocks and man exterminated him. But the coyote, when his food supply was endangered by man's occupancy of his range, set out to make man feed him. And under this order of things, he grew in numbers, while the great wolf, his brother, was destroyed.

The manner of trapping coyotes and wolves by scent, taken from other like animals, at a considerable distance from the range upon which it is to be used, has proved itself to be among the surest methods of overcoming the natural apprehension of the coyote or wolf. All predatory animals have definite runways, or paths of travel. The Federal hunters learn these trails, flick a bit of the prepared scent on bush, stone or what not, and farther along repeat the trick. When an animal of that species passes by and detects that scent, it at once knows a stranger has arrived on the range. It becomes excited, travels swiftly to the next scent and, after a few trials at sniffing such places, abandons fear and lights out to overtake the newcomer. Then he steps into a trap and is snared. But with the coyote, such procedure results in a broadcast information to his mates, a number of whom have possibly visited him while he was in the trap, and to these has come the knowledge of how he met his fate.

The wise hunters, when next combing that region, will slightly alter the manner of setting the trap or of distributing the scent. Cunning has to be met with cunning, and constant observation of the trickery of the coyote is enabling our government hunters to keep down his numbers or to drive him entirely off a range. I have actually known a sheep carcass to lie for seven weeks inside the rusty tire of an old wagon wheel, for the scent of the iron registered, to the nose of the coyotes, the odor which they always associate with traps, and none would touch that body.

The Family Man

Barbed wire thrown around a carcass will also keep away the coyote. Near my home a year ago a pair of mule-deer bucks were found, with horns locked in death. They had fought to the end through a barbed-wire fence, and when their bodies were found, that wire was so tightly wound and twisted about their heads and horns that it could not be loosened. The carcasses of these deer showed no evidence that they had been disturbed by coyotes. The barbed wire had sent an alarm to the coyotes that this pair of deer was but another clever trap set by man. The photos of those deer have been widely published in this country and tell a picture tale of how bitterly deer will fight for mastership of their harems. Undoubtedly this battle took place during the rutting season; and at this time coyotes, wolves, mountain lions and other killers of grass-eaters are inordinately active in their game of pulling down defenseless young and exhausted old.

However, I do not believe that coyotes are the danger to bighorn sheep, elk, deer and antelope some men regard them. It has been my experience that coyotes will not attempt to kill big game unless hard put to it by starvation, and then only in time of heavy snow or in spots where heavy snow is found.

The natural food of coyotes is rodent life. The picket-pin gopher, chipmunks, field mice, rats of all kinds, rabbits, prairie dogs, shrew, ground-nesting birds—these constitute the ration of Mr. Coyote if he has his way; but since man has settled up the Western open spaces, the coyote has learned that around a man's habitation are many attractive odors which are worth tracing to their sources. Garbage cans, henhouses, insecure hog and sheep pens—these the dog ranger has discovered hold more tempting morsels for his cunning than does the tough work of digging out rodents, especially when there is frost in the earth.

The coyote is prolific—more so than any of the other killers. And he is a family fellow strictly. I've seen twelve and thirteen pups taken from a single den, all presided over by a wise mother who had concealed her home in the most painstaking way. The average litter, I should think, would run somewhere between five and seven.

Due to love of family in both the male and female, the litter reaches maturity in larger numbers than do those of the wolf or any other predatory animal I know.

Both father and mother hunt for the young, both watch the den and guard the pups, both teach the little fellows all the tricks they know, and every coyote mother will instantly risk her life when hunters approach the region where her den is located.

Wolves, especially the male, often kill their young when driven to it by hunger, and it is not an uncommon thing to find wolf young abandoned to their own resources at a tender age. Coyotes never

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leave their pups until these are capable of taking care of themselves. These qualities explain why the coyote is a danger to man; for, with each generation, he is becoming wiser and more learned in civilized man's ways, and is increasing in numbers.

Ordinary ranch dogs will not bother coyotes. It takes trained hounds, Airedales and shepherds to track and trail a coyote, and then the job is a hard one when completed. In prairie country, where a wolf dog can jump a coyote, the chase is over in a short distance; but where the country is broken, hilly or brush-covered, it takes a mighty fine pair of dogs to stick to a coyote's sign and lead their masters to the den.

Time was when coyotes did not run in packs, but that time has passed. Naturally loving companionship, but not gregarious like the wolf in time of hunger, the coyote is more often to be found running with his mates on moonlit nights, out of the sheer sport of the thing, or for the purpose of mutually taking advantage of some weakness in man.

A wolf will seldom lead another wolf to anything he finds that serves as food, but a coyote will shrill his discovery to all the wild the instant he finds food. A magpie eats largely alone and is a glutton; so is the wolf. A crow calls his fellows to a feast and will often fly and bring them to the repast. The coyote has this habit also.

Recently the coyote has added another menace to his killing and thievery. He carries rabies to everything in the wild—bites cows, horses, farm dogs; invades sheep and hogpens fearlessly; and, in his madness, snaps at anything which comes within reach of his flashing jaws. The spread of rabies in the West in the past fifteen years has been directly traced to mad coyotes, and two of these epidemics were alarming and fraught with severe danger to human life.

The seriousness of the outbreaks is best told in one Nevada example. State authorities treated sixty persons with the Pasteur treatment who had been bitten either by wild or domestic animals; children were taken to school by armed guards; pedestrians, horsemen and automobiles were attacked on public highways.

Congress has taken special action and made instant appropriations to meet and curb the rabies menace on Western stock ranges. The Biological Survey in this work has had the universal assistance of state, city, county and business agencies to stamp out the spread of the disease.

The Stockman's Helper

So acutely has the coyote entered into the loss column of many sections of the West that he is now regarded everywhere as a nuisance and a growing danger, and all hands are set against him. Ultimately, perhaps, he will be destroyed; but his end is a long way off. And I'm not so sure that it is a wise thing to annihilate him entirely, especially in some of our desert places.

During the spring he is the largest check Nature has given us on rodents. Hawks, owls, eagles; bobcat, skunk, mink, weasel and the coyote love mice, rats, rabbits, shrew and other rodents. And these, especially the burrowing kind, are the forces which are destroying our grasslands and causing topsoil losses in times of heavy wash

It has been said that a single pair of picket-pin gophers will dig an average of eighty feet of tunnels and will nip the sprouts of an eighth of an acre of grass, weeds and other vegetation during one season.

To remove the checks on such rodent life would occasion a loss to Western stockmen far in excess of the $20,000,000 loss due to the killings of predatory animals.

In Eastern Colorado, where the coyote has been largely exterminated, a gigantic rabbit hunt, entered into by townsmen and ranchers alike, is engaged in for a few days each fall. This is done to check the increase of the jack rabbit. A few coyotes in this area would serve to keep the rabbit down and confine him to distant brakes and bottoms, where he would not prey on growing crops. Over this region few predatory animals exist today.

To see a coyote hunting rats and mice, alone, along a bottom-land meadow, is to glimpse somewhat of the cunning of this little rascal. With his nose to the ground cover, he works along, swiftly, surely, until he detects his prey; then he becomes a bundle of nerves, leaping here, dropping a paw there, jumping into the air and landing four-footed on a bunch of heavy grass beneath which is his victim, and then, with a forepaw, adroitly exposing his prey and nipping it with his mouth as the smallest rat terrier will do. I have watched a big coyote in the river bottom below my house catch as many as ten mice in thirty minutes—and how he loves this game! It is his play, and the reward of the sport seems to be his choicest food.

But when man is too alert, and the heavy snows come with intense cold so that the earth is frozen to such depths that he cannot dig out rodents, that is the time when the coyote runs deer, sheep, cattle, elk and antelope; and he will run in packs, relaying the victim until it is exhausted and falls an easy prey.

Tried and Convicted

However, deep snows in the West are not so frequent as they formerly were, and in spite of encroaching civilization, high-powered guns, coyotes, wolves, mountain lions and other forces, deer, elk, antelope, moose, buffalo and bighorn sheep are on the increase over the intermountain region.

The value placed on each coyote's annual kill is $50; that of the wolf and mountain lion $1000; a killer bear collects a toll of $500; and bobcats rank with coyotes. This is largely computed from livestock-association and Biological Survey estimates. But perhaps much of this damage is done by individual killers for which each species receives the blame as a whole.

Not all bears are livestock killers, nor are all mountain lions resolute enough to approach ranches or enter fields where horses and cattle run; nor do the coyotes in some sections forage among livestock as they do in other localities. The questions involved in the destruction of the predatory animals of the West are ones fraught with much danger lest the balance of Nature be upset to such a degree that civilization will find itself confronted with the necessity for supplying a check such predatory animals have heretofore represented.

Most Western states are anxious to destroy all killers that have been convicted as being a menace, but Colorado abandoned its contribution to the fund for predatory-animal survey work. It gave for a number of years $25,000 annually. Now that appropriation has been withdrawn. Why this was done we do not know, unless it was the individual expense of each animal's cost of destruction.

However, the United States Biological Survey is waging war against stock-killing animals, and its reflected influence has aroused ranchers, state hunters, livestock associations and kindred organizations to follow its methods of control and eradication. The recent high price of furs also contributed to the hunting down of coyotes, wolves, bobcats and lynxes.

In spite of all these agencies working toward the destruction of the coyote, the sly little rascal is spreading rapidly in alarming numbers. And if he gains a foothold in the sparsely populated regions of the Atlantic Coast and its mountains and hills, the country will have brought home to it the extent and character of his genius as a four-footed outlaw.

The wolf is almost extinct; the lynx and lynx cat, the mountain lion and the grizzly are nearly so, and yet the coyote is causing man no end of trouble and is liable to keep on doing it for a long time.

It is a fine thing that in the body of the wolf there reposes no coyote brain.

—CLEM YORE.

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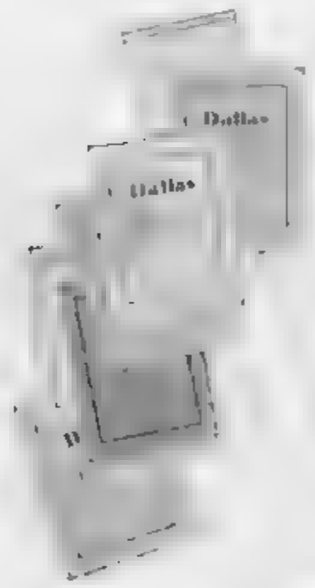

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A FRIEND

(Continued from Page 52)

it had in it intimations of age-long weariness and woe. He sang it lightly, but even his own cheerfulness could not make it gay.

Florence stood spellbound; then tears began to run down her cheeks. She had strange unaccountable joys—this was such a joy. While she listened she was outside herself; she forgot all but the source of rapture. When she remembered who she was and where she was, she felt as though she had been struck. Recalling instantly all her griefs, even her nose, so much too large for her face, she hurried on through the door, up the street toward home. A few squares beyond, the town came to an abrupt end against a mountain of black culm; she felt a wild impulse to run on furiously and strike her head against it and die.

The apartment was empty, except for grandfather, who could be heard moving about behind the closed door of his room. All was as she had left it, except that mother's breakfast dishes had been carried to the sink.

Mother was out; with fifteen dollars in her possession she would not be likely to stay in. When she returned, which might be at any moment, she would expect her dinner. Father would expect his dinner, the twins would expect theirs. Only grandfather and Florence did not care if they never ate. It was quarter to twelve; at quarter-past one she must be back in school for the last session of her life, for the perfect recitations which were hers, for the presentation of her farewell gift. To most persons Miss Canfield was an efficient machine; to Florence she was a combination of Venus and Minerva.

She began to run about, into the dining room, back into the kitchen, into the dining room again. She put the coffee on the gas stove; and looked at the clock; she opened a can and looked at the clock; she tied a bit of rag about a cut finger and looked at the clock. She manipulated the bread knife awkwardly and saved herself from another cut by a miracle. She heard her name called; she ran down the steps. She toiled up, a twin in her arms. He crowed with delight. She sobbed with a sharp sound; she carried him to mother's bedroom and laid him down. He howled.

She looked at the clock—quarter-past twelve it was now. Mother came up the stairs, the other twin in her arms. She was panting from the exertion. The twin was uncertain in her grasp; he howled like his brother, and in the duet was no Slavic mournfulness, no almost unendurably sweet cadence. Mother was fond of the twins, but she bade them "Shut up!" She was visible as she passed the door to lay down her burden. It was no wonder that she panted; enfolding her large body was a coat of fur, or near fur, new and enormous. She presented an extraordinary aspect as she went down the hall. The coat was short, though vastly broad; her pink-clad legs had much the same proportion; her feet pitched forward on high heels.

Florence looked at the clock; it was half-past. She heard the steps of father; she heard a bumping sound—for him had been left the double coach. She took the coffee from the stove, the warmed beans from the can, the sliced sausage from the bag. Mother was sitting at the table. Beyond in the bedroom lay the twins, their feet high in air, each happy with a cracker. Mother's elbows were on the table, her chin was in her hands.

"My feet's that tired!" said mother.

Father entered from the hall and sat down; grandfather entered from his room and sat down. Florence carried the coffee cups round the table. It would soon be quarter of; it would soon be one. Then she must run—run with all her might.

Mother was in a good humor; she did not complain because the beans were not thoroughly heated; she made no remarks about the coffee. She said, however, a great deal about the twins.

"I tell you I get the compliments when I go out! I met my cousin Stanley; he says, 'My what legs!' he says. 'And all four alike as tenpins!' I met my cousin Mamie—my, she has the meager kid!"

Father said nothing, grandfather said nothing, Florence said nothing. In the bedroom the babies crowed; they were really extraordinary for amiability. Florence chewed her small bites fine; only thus could she get them down her throat. She listened to mother with half her mind. Mother's good nature was never reminiscent of past pleasure; it was motivated, politic, cunning.

"My cousin Stanley, he said, 'They sure are your kids, Berlie!' He said he bet Gene Tunney had such legs, or Douglas Fairbanks, he said. He ——"

The clock struck one, Florence leaped. "I must go!"

Grandfather remained silent, as was his custom; father continued to eat beans and sausage; mother made no comment on Florence's departure. The reason for her affability became clear in her next remark.

"They had fine fur coats at Simkovitch's," said she—"five dollars down and five a week. I ——"

"What!"

About once a year father roared like that. Florence dashed down the stairs.

At four o'clock Florence ran home. She was without books; the property of the school board, they had been returned. The words were said. Miss Canfield accepted her parting gift—a drawing of the schoolhouse with Miss Canfield herself stepping out the door. Miss Canfield seemed to feel no regret; she was as composed as Florence herself. She showed the other pupils Florence's drawing; they admired, but not many were sorry that Florence was going; she was an example, an odious comparison.

Florence hurried up the street, crossing the railroad tracks, but avoiding the station with a shiver. The little boy might still be there—the new arrivals sometimes had to wait for hours. She could endure no singing. The wind still blew; it whirled her skirt against her jersey bloomers so that she had to turn round and let it whirl back. This was no afternoon for the twins to be taken out; she would go on with their washing and amuse them as she worked. The twins were like their mother in other ways besides size—they were indolent, satisfied to stay where they were put, provided only that they were fed.

The twins were already out. The rabbits whose skins had been sewed together for mother's coat seemed to have imparted their active impulses. For her to go out twice in a day was unprecedented, but here she came, wearing her new coat, her diaphanous pink stockings, her high heels. She leaned upon the coach, pushing it slowly along. In her countenance was an expression of victory with honor.

"You get the things washed up, Florry," said she. "Put them in the rinse; then you can hang them up at bedtime. I got a steak and there's plenty of onions. I'm going to buy a pie."

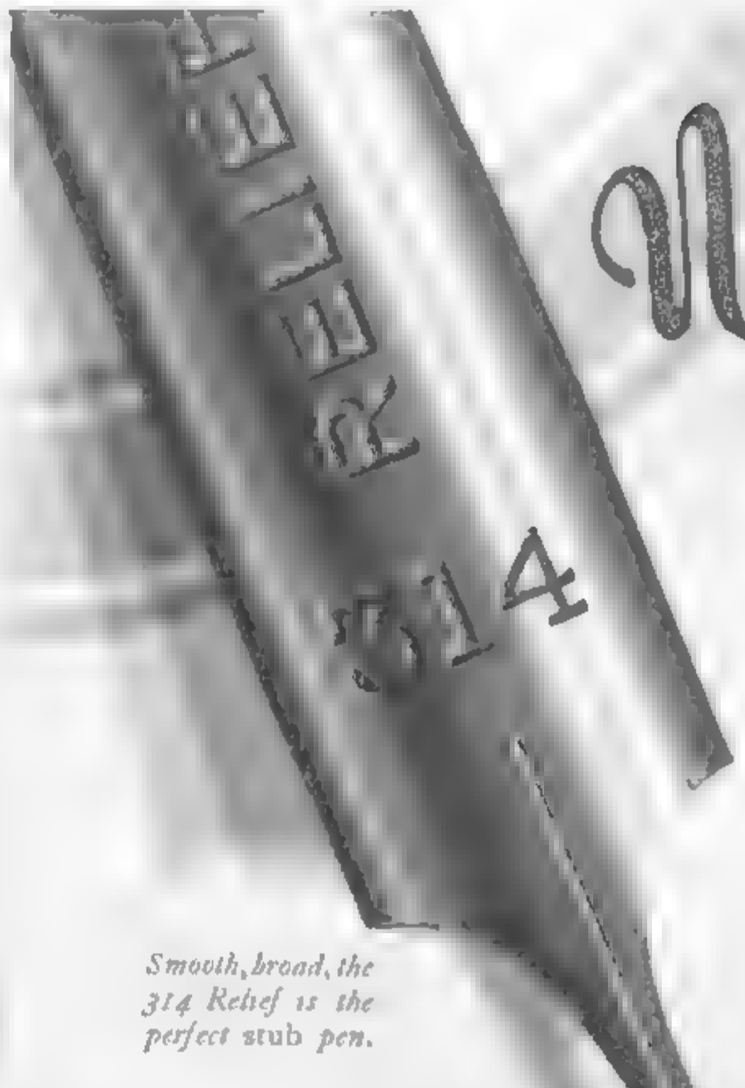
Florence felt a motion within, as though her stomach turned over bodily.

"You ought to be glad you're free," said mother. The last word was a squeal—it was mother who was free, and knew it.

"When I holler through the tube, you come down and help with the kids. We'll have to take the coach up. I don't trust that Yetts woman." Mother's loud voice spoke under Mrs. Yetts' window. "You needn't have a grouch on, Florence! I stopped school when I was ten."

Florence climbed the stairs. She washed the babies' clothes, she made mother's bed, she set the table. There was no sound except what she produced, for a long time. At last came mother's voice from far away. She ran down and took a baby from the coach.

"I'm done for," declared mother. "You'll have to come again, and you'll have to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fetch the coach. I shouldn't be surprised if there was something the matter with my heart."

Mother took off her slippers and went in her pink-clad feet up the stairs. "Why don't they sometimes wash the stairs?" she demanded in a loud and angry tone.

Florence put the steak into the pan where the onions were already cooking. She did not lift her head toward the clock; she saw only that which was on the level of her eyes, or beneath it.

Grandfather came up the stairs, father came up the stairs, mother rose from her bed. "Florry," called she, "is supper ready?"

"Yes," said Florence.

Father sat at the head of the table, mother at the foot, Florence and grandfather at the sides.

"This meat is tough as tough," declared father.

"I'll settle that butcher!" Mother spoke with angry sympathy; a victory made mother complaisant beyond words.

Grandfather began to eat, his head bent, his eyes fixed, as though he could not escape from thoughts of the deep pit. Florence tried to eat in vain.

"My cousin Stanley ——"

"I don't want to hear about your cousin Stanley!" declared father. "I ——" He stopped short, the carving knife held like a baton. It was no change of mind which stayed his downward and altogether innocuous motion; it was a tap at the door.

"Come in!" called mother with relief. "Come in!"

The door opened and Florence uttered suddenly her bleating sob. In the doorway stood Miss Canfield, known to her, strange to all but her. Grandfather, father, mother—all were silent.

"I'm Florence's teacher," Miss Canfield explained. She looked from face to face; it was as she planned; Florence's family were all here—not only her mother, whom she knew by sight, but her father and her grandfather, so famous for his adventure and his rescue. "I'd like to talk to you about Florence." She looked about as if for a chair.

The charms of mother, it is sorrowful to relate, no longer moved father to gallantry, but this lady somehow lifted him to his feet. He placed a chair for her.

"I hope she's not been cutting up," said he.

Miss Canfield smiled and shook her head. When she smiled, the adoration of Florence became comprehensible.

"Far from it. Will you go on with your supper if I sit here?" Miss Canfield looked at father and mother, and last of all at grandfather. Florence gazed at her, round-eyed, but at Florence she did not glance.

"Florence told me today that she'll be fourteen tomorrow and that she's not coming to school any more."

Florence pressed her hand to her lips; vague hopes threatened suffocation.

"That's a true word," said mother, and Florence plunged back into the pit. Mother spoke and chewed her beefsteak; she spoke and drank coffee. She did not often have a new auditor, and she took the floor, as was proper. She was the head of the family—no one need think otherwise! "That's the fact," said she. "Florence has had schooling enough; she don't need any more. I stopped school when I was ten, and to tell the truth, what I had before I was ten didn't do me much good. If you send the girls to school longer they get the wrong ideas. You know these spindly flappers. When I was ten and stopped school I had seven little brothers and sisters. Florence can be glad she has only two little brothers. It don't do any good to talk, miss; I've got her permit from the superintendent already, and the matter's settled. For once the law is on the side of the poor mother. I slaved for this family all these years and I can't do it any more. I feel my age. If you had three children to bear and look after, you'd know what I mean. As it is, you can understand something from woman to woman." By this remark mother meant nothing at all, but it sounded well. "Would you have some supper?"

Florence saw Miss Canfield's eyes turn toward father. It was useless—father's eyes were on his plate.

Miss Canfield uttered sweet words: "Florence has been my best pupil."

"I don't doubt that," replied mother. "Florence has had every chance." The sudden light of a new idea came into mother's eyes. "Why, my father's a very smart man. If he didn't have to work in the mines there's no telling how high he would have gone. And him not being a boss is the result of jealousy. My cousin Stanley, he's a boxer; he ——"

Florence joined her hands in a painful clasp—why did mother bring in cousin Stanley? She was ashamed of cousin Stanley—of his enormous body, his broad face.

"Then why not give her a chance to develop her mind?" asked Miss Canfield. Florence saw Miss Canfield glance at grandfather. Grandfather had bent his chin into his collar; he looked, to Miss Canfield, with his sparse beard and his narrow forehead, like a goat who might charge. There was, she decided, no hope in him. Florence saw her eyes return to mother. "We have hundreds of children who haven't a good mental inheritance, but here's one who has. Why not give her good mind a chance?"

"Here's right where she can use her good mind," said mother. "You teachers may look down at us housekeepers, but it takes a mind to wash, to cook, to bake, to sew, to—to"—the multiform accomplishments of a good housekeeper did not come at once to mother's mind—"to sweep, to dust, to polish, to ——"

"But ——"

"I'd like you to see Florence's brothers," said mother. "You fetch them, Florence."

Florence rose dumbly and fetched them both.

"Give one to me and one to daddy," said mother. Stiffly father put out his arms; he looked embarrassed, even ashamed. "Look at them!" cried mother. "You can see whose they are, can't you? I met my cousin Stanley today; he said such ——"

Florence saw Miss Canfield rise. She looked from one to the other, but she caught no eye but Florence's, and from Florence she looked quickly away. Father looked down, grandfather's head bent still lower. Miss Canfield rose, not because she meant to depart at once but because she meant to toss on the table her last card. She took from a Manila envelope several sheets of paper.

"Florence has more talent at drawing than any child we've ever had in the city schools," said she. "Here's some of her work. It would be ——"

"That's not strange," said mother, another bite of beefsteak in her mouth. "When I was in school I ——"

Mother ended her sentence with a shriek, father looked aghast, Florence gaped like one bereft of sense, a twin echoed his mother's yell. Grandfather had risen from the table, upsetting his chair. He rushed like a madman from the room. Mother raised her finger, pointing it to her forehead. She had another bright idea; she looked at Miss Canfield with strong disapproval.

"It's a pity to come and disturb the peace of an old man," she said acidly.

She was still pointing to her forehead and talking when grandfather returned. He carried his black satchel—did he intend to leave, taking all his wealth with him?

He carried his satchel not to the outer door but to the table. He set it down, pushing cup and plate and knife and fork aside. He looked intensely enraged, but not insane. He opened his satchel and took out a little sheaf of papers. His hand shook, but it was from emotion, not from age.

"There!" said he, with a rolling burr. "There!" He thrust into Miss Canfield's hand a few drawings. There was a drawing of the twins, there was a drawing of the bleak hills, there was the drawing of a church steeple, there was a drawing of mother taken from the rear. Miss Canfield choked back a hysterical laugh and covered it quickly. There was a drawing

(Continued on Page 214)

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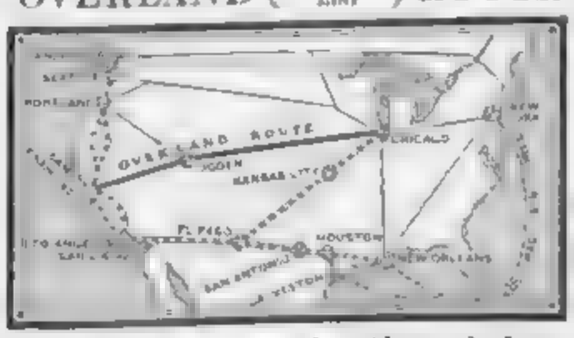

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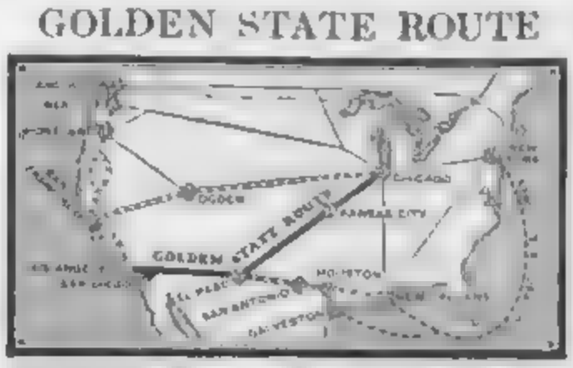

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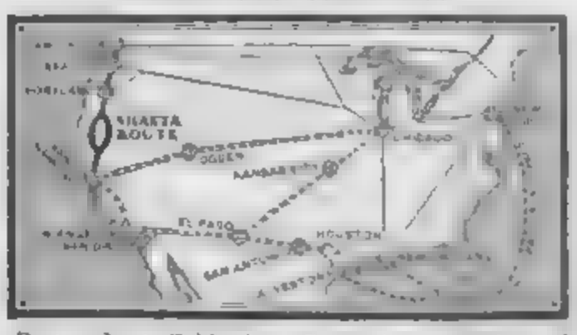

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(Continued from Page 210)

of Florence standing by the sink. Miss Canfield's lip quivered, but not with amusement. She determined to keep this if begging would secure it. Her affection, not often given, was deep.

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"These are the finest things she has done," she said, astonished.

"She!" mocked grandfather. "She!" Grandfather pointed to his own breast.

"Did you do them?" asked Miss Canfield.

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"She'll stay in school," he announced with the authority of age, of superior intelligence, of great riches.

"She ought to have a quiet place to study," said Miss Canfield quickly.

Grandfather lifted his voice once more in thunder:

"That she shall," he roared, "or she and I will leave!"

To the lovely lady
in the rear seat

It is you—lovely lady, who has inspired most of the refinements in our modern automobile. For your comfort we have closed cars where you may ride safe and snug through the storm. The fine appointments—the graceful lines of modern motor cars are a tribute to you.

—and for you—who so often ride as the rear seat passenger—Trico has perfected this marvelous twin-blade cleaner that gives to you the same clear view of the road as the driver or the front seat passenger.

The two vertical blades of the Visionall *drain* as they wipe—lifting no water upward. The entire windshield becomes a clear field through which everyone riding can see perfectly. For your comfort and safety ask to have a Trico Visionall put on your car today. Dealers will make liberal allowance on your old windshield cleaner.

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Grubby little Hands and Faces

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narmosets for little monkeys,
to guide toy boats in the tub,
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They watch their expenses
ad know that Cannon towels
and that they last longer

CANNON

Trade mark label that identifies Cannon towels.

The Teddy Bear towel comes with pink, blue, gold, lavender or green borders. It delights the youngsters and costs about 75c.

and give more pleasure when changed daily. Let Cannon save towel money for you as well as for the buyers who order thousands at a time. There are Cannon turkish and huck towels, wash cloths, bath mats
and depart
25 cents to
70 Worth S

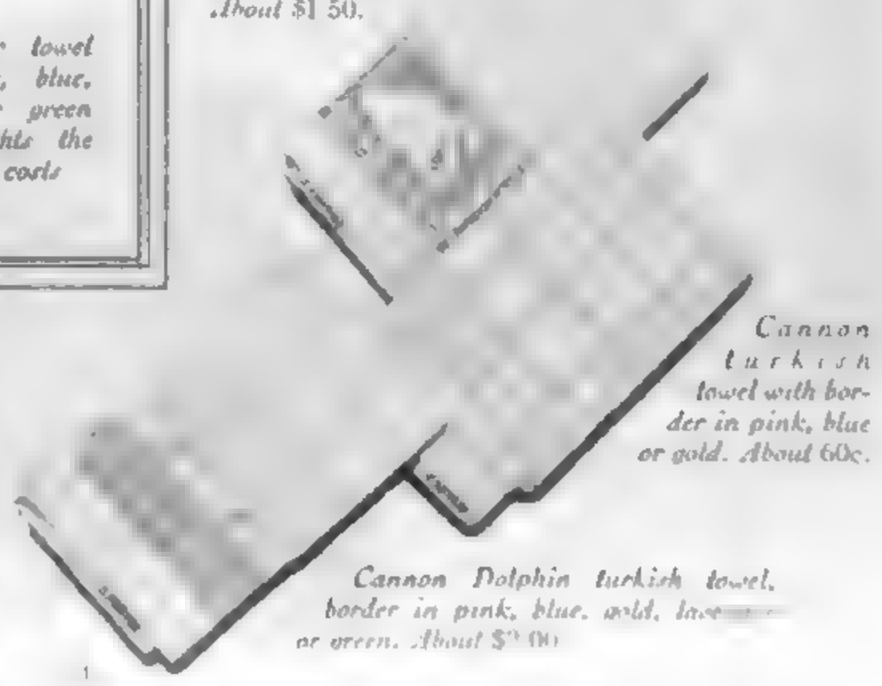
NEW! CANN
guaranteed not
finest sheet in the
Fine Mu

Children like likable baths

The only way to make a child like a bath is to make the bath likable. And you'd better start with the very first bath the baby gets! Don't let the child associate bathing with chilliness; have room and water warm enough. Nor with a burn; don't have water too warm. Remember that the child's skin is more sensitive than the skin of your hand; use a bath thermometer to get the temperature right at about 98 or 100 degrees. When the time comes to put the child in the bathtub, be sure the tub itself is warm, as well as the water in it. Don't frighten a child by putting it in too deep water; hip-deep usually is enough at first. Put a floating toy in the tub and make bath-time a play-time. Don't end the bath with cold water except on the doctor's advice, and then make the cold the excuse for a quick, exciting, amusing splash. Wash and dry gently with the softest Cannon wash cloths and turkish towels, for baby's skin is much tenderer than yours. If you make the daily bath as pleasant for the child as you do for yourself, you'll never be troubled with bathing rebellion.

Cannon Dobby Border turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold or green. About 50c.

Cannon Flamingo turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold, lavender or green. About $1.50.



Cannon turkish towel with border in pink, blue or gold. About 60c.

Cannon Dolphin turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold, lavender or green. About $1.00

Grubby little Hands and Faces need so many Cannon Baths

CHILDREN are so hard on towels. Especially when they are old enough to be told "go right upstairs and wash your face and hands, and just look at those knees! What *have* you been doing?" For then part of the dirt is washed away and the rest wiped off on the towel! There's no occasion to worry overmuch about the appearance of those towels, for all children soil their towels the very same way—and Cannon towels cost so little and last so long that you can give every child a private towel and a clean one each morning, or even oftener. It certainly helps a child grow out of the grimy age, that frequent clean towel, white, sweet-smelling and soft.

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Cannon turkish towel with border in pink, blue or gold. About 60c.

Cannon Dolphin turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold, lavender or green. About $2.00.

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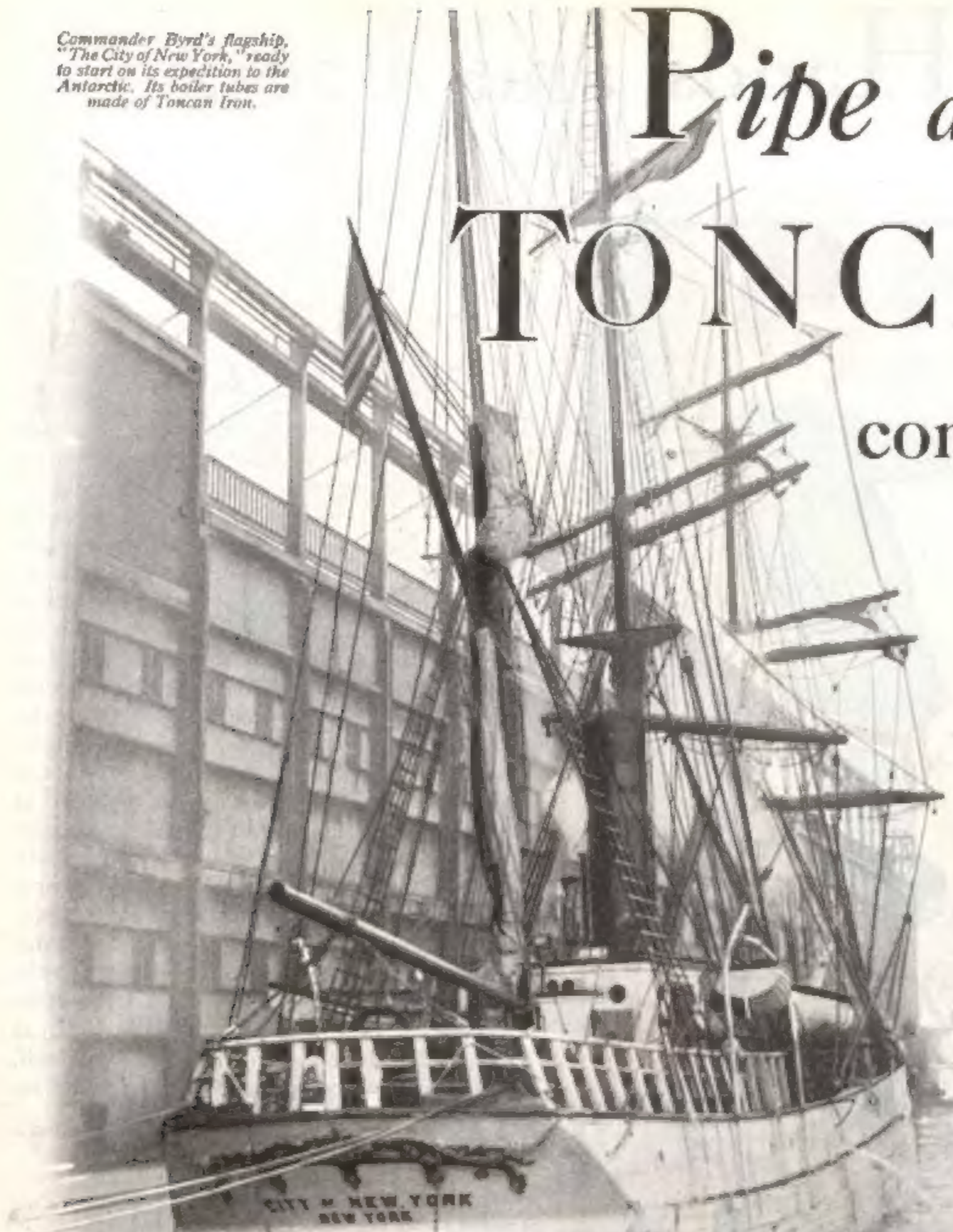
CANNON TOWELS



Commander Byrd's flagship, "The City of New York," ready to start on its expedition to the Antarctic. Its boiler tubes are made of Toncan Iron.

Pipe and Tubes of TONCAN IRON *combat rust and corrosion in all climes*

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COMMANDER BYRD'S outstanding success as an explorer is largely due to the infinite care with which he prepares his expeditions. His adoption of Toncan Iron boiler tubes, made by the Babcock & Wilcox Tube Company, is an example. Assured by their surpassing performance in the locomotives of America's great railroads, he chose them for service in the vast Antarctic where failure can have but one result.

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Know this durable iron better. Send for the Toncan book—"The Path to Permanence."

Naylor Spiralweld Toncan Iron Pipe made by the Naylor Pipe Company, Chicago, is used in many industries for handling materials of a corrosive nature.

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P & A Photograph

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